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The Treasures of Mayvi

Fiction (American)

Schuster
NBO

THE TREASURES *of* MAYVILLE

BY

O. Otto John SCHUSTER

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DEDICATION

We learn to understand thoroly only those forces against which we must struggle strenuously for achievement. This is one of the fundamental principles on which THE TREASURES OF MAYVILLE is founded. To spend one's self for the general good, to meet hardships and difficulties courageously and cheerfully rather than seek to escape them, is the only solid basis for abundant physical and spiritual life. One must be devoted to principles instead of to personalities, to the impersonal instead of to the personal, if one's achievements are to stand the test of time. The individual must lose his own life in the welfare of all if he would gain those vast riches the whole world is anxious to give.

Varied and extended experience alone can lead to a broad view of human life. This principle is exemplified by the leading characters of Mayville and by the preparation required of its teachers for their work. The author feels that he is extremely fortunate in having been compelled to struggle for many years against powerful opposing forces. He is also grateful for the extended and varied experiences he has had as high school principal, manager of a private summer school, city superintendent, and for more than seven years as State Institute Conductor in connection with a State Normal

School; but among his richest experiences, even from an educational standpoint, have been those crowded into the past eight years, during which he has been a vital part of the development of an agricultural colony in a section of the south that before the "War between the States" was a veritable garden spot, but which later reverted, in large measure, to a primitive state. Nowhere does determined, intelligent industry enrich life more generously than in the evolution of such a rural community; nowhere is the lack of such industry and foresight more severely punished. In such a community one finds the enterprising farmer who during the past quarter of a century has converted an unproductive tract of less than forty acres into an ideal farm which gives him and his family an independent income and a home with all modern conveniences. Near him may live another farmer who, with much better original opportunities, has grown poorer and poorer in purse and in spirit during the same period.

The past is valuable only as it contributes to the building of a better future. As I review that past, especially my own experience of the last quarter of a century, I am filled with confidence in the future. That confidence is greatly strengthened as I recall my long and intimate association with young people. Among the many thousands of young men and women who were my students in past years I remember, with great satisfaction, that the vast majority were not only forward-looking and confident that the future on whose threshold they stood would

be better than the past but were also determined to contribute their full share to a realization of the social progress in which they believed. As I follow them in their life-work I am cheered by the abundant evidence that they are making their faith whole with deed. To these heroic children of earth who are

> . . . . . strong in will
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

this book is dedicated in grateful memory.

O. J. SCHUSTER,

Spring Grove, Virginia.

July 1, 1919.

THE TREASURES OF MAYVILLE

CHAPTER I.

"To hold men together by paper and seal or by compulsion is no account;

"That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as the hold of the limbs of the body or the fibres of plants."

—*Walt Whitman.*

Unusual industry and excitement prevailed in Mayville, a village of two thousand inhabitants located in one of the states of the middle west. Tomorrow it would welcome back to the place of his birth and childhood one of the most distinguished citizens of the nation, John Bergson, United States Senator, who had accepted Mayville's urgent invitation to visit his old home on the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday. It had taken a good deal of persuasion to obtain the promise from the Senator who had at first refused; but there was something so irresistible about the many letters he received from old friends and acquaintances that he at last consented. Something in the deeper waters of the stream of his consciousness was stirred by these warm penetrating messages and made him respond. Perhaps he was influenced in this decision by a vague feeling that the occasion would in some way

contribute to the realization of a deep-seated desire he had always felt but which, in political life, seldom could be given full and free expression—the desire to have his life free from all artificial factors, to make the real take the place of the seeming everywhere. However this may be there is no doubt but that the direct and genuine expressions of affection that came to him from the people of Mayville awakened like emotions in his own heart and impelled him to enter heartily into the plans.

No sooner had the Senator's acceptance been secured than preparations were begun for the great event. Never before had there been quite such hearty coöperation among the people or quite such generous contributions for a civic purpose. It was war time and the decorations must concede something to the war spirit. Flags, banners, and bunting were everywhere displayed from homes and public places; a wonderful pageant of high educational value, representing the development of Mayville's industries, was planned; and the large, handsome "Peoples Theater" in which the evening meeting would be held was artistically decorated.

One of the features of the celebration was to be an automobile trip, planned with the utmost care, the itinerary to include the humble home in the village in which John Bergson was born; the farm home to which the family had moved while John was still an infant and in which he lived until he went away to college; the little stone schoolhouse in which

he had gotten his earliest education; the academy in Castleton, a nearby little city, where he had prepared for the University; a favorite spot along the creek where in his childhood the Senator had loved to swim and fish with his friends and companions; and other places known to have special attractions for the expected guest. An interesting little program had been planned for each stop, including a quaint, old-fashioned but delightful dinner at a large farm home where for half a century the young people had loved to go for sumptuous midnight suppers and little dancing parties.

The preparations had been completed, but a half dozen citizens still lingered in the great hall of the theater, talking for a few minutes before going home for supper and a good night's rest that should prepare them for the strenuous program of tomorrow. They were just about to leave when the mayor walked into the room.

"We're glad you came, Tom," said Sydney Milner, one of the most devoted and most efficient members of the committee. "You have been inspecting everything outside and now you must take a look at what we have done in here. It all looks good to us but we have been so close to everything for so long a time now that I fear we have lost perspective and are incapable of judging. Tell us what you think of the streets and the hall."

"It's all splendid. I don't see how it could be improved upon," said Tom Berton. "What I like most

in everything that has been done is that there is simplicity in all the splendor."

"We aimed at that but hardly dared hope we should attain it," said one of the lady members of the committee. "Our greatest difficulty was to keep people from overdoing, they were so anxious to show their interest. All the pride the citizens take in their own achievements and their affection for this community seem to have centered around Senator Bergson. It is a little difficult to understand the genuine affection which even the humblest manifest for this man whom most of them have never seen."

"The celebration represents more, of course, than the return of John Bergson," replied the mayor, "but the mind must have some concrete object about which to center the rejoicing. Then, too, the Senator's record is well known to all the people here. He has been genuinely devoted to many great reforms in the interest of the people of this nation, and he is generally regarded as the one great man this village has produced. Bergson is such a splendid man I don't blame them."

"Bill Jones is the only man whose attitude I do not understand," said Milner. "It is generally understood that no citizen is a closer friend of Bergson, unless it is Fred Nelson. Jones contributed willingly and liberally and is certainly interested in all that has been done, and will be done tomorrow; but now and then he drops a remark that sets you thinking and makes you wonder what he means."

"That's just his way," replied the mayor. "Bergson does not have a better friend anywhere than Bill Jones. You know they were boys together; in fact, roomed together when they attended the academy over in Castleton."

Bill Jones was a genius in his way. He was a few months younger than Bergson, had always lived in his native village, and, tho he had never gone to any school higher than the academy, he was as close a student of men and events as any man or woman in Mayville. A few extended trips in this country and one to Europe had given him a practical basis for judging world events. His family life, too, contributed to his interest in and understanding of current affairs and general knowledge; but the limits of this narrative will not permit us to enter upon such details. While the friendship between Jones and Bergson had continued from their boyhood days it was almost wholly an intellectual friendship and so lacked the intimacy we usually attribute to real friendship. Letters frequently passed between them, but they pertained, for the most part, to pending bills and to affairs of general public interest. Bergson often said that the letters he received from his Mayville friends were more suggestive of good things than any others, and he welcomed them as heartily as tho they came from within the borders of his own state. Jones knew Bergson's record almost as well as Bergson knew it himself, and while he approved of most of that rec-

ord, and felt a real affection for the Senator, he was not always free from a little doubt regarding some factors in his friend's career. The particular remark to which Milner referred was made by Jones about a week before the opening of our story. Several citizens had been lauding Bergson and then turned to him for his judgment. Jones replied:

"Better wait and see. It takes a mighty big man to live up to his innermost, his truest convictions."

Asked if he did not regard John Bergson as just such a man he had adroitly led the conversation into other channels.

It should be explained here that the familiar name of "Bill" by which Jones was universally known to even much younger men than himself, had simply clung to him from boyhood. Having always lived in Mayville, the name of the mature man but expressed the close continuity of life from boyhood and did not indicate any undue familiarity. In fact, he was an object of great respect thruout the village and surrounding country and the designation "Bill Jones" represented much the same sort of attitude as we have when speaking of Luther Burbank or Thomas Edison. His keen intellect and wide knowledge; his unquestioned integrity of character; and his deliberate manner and forceful speech united to call forth respect. He was, moreover, always public spirited and frequently gave more liberally than his limited means warranted. So it is not strange that any deliberate remark made by Bill

Jones, especially when the occasion was an important one, tended to make the more thoughtful citizens pause to consider, and sometimes wonder. And so, perhaps, it should not surprise us that long after he had retired that night Sydney Milner was still musing:

"I just would like to know what Bill Jones was thinking about when he made that remark about the Senator."

CHAPTER II.

It was a beautiful dawn that greeted the early risers of Mayville on that fifth day of October, 1918, and thruout the day the weather was as ideal as heart could wish. The train that brought John Bergson arrived on schedule time, and from start to finish there was not a hitch in the program. For weeks preceding the event, Bergson had been preparing himself to enter into the spirit of the celebration; to be, for this one day at least, one with and of the citizens of Mayville; but now he found that he could not quite forget the position he held and the reputation he had to support. He mentally criticised himself for being too formal in his greeting but even as he did so he walked with "Senatorial dignity" to the nearby platform from which he was to behold the great pageant which at that moment began.

The people, however, while at first a little awed by the symbols of power and polish shown in the dress and bearing of their hero, were too enthusiastic and exuberant to bow to any divinity, not even the sacred divinity that is supposed to hedge about a King or Senator. They never doubted that their great love and loyalty expressed the feelings of their guest as much as their own. In their efforts

to assimilate him completely they wrapped him in their joy and enmeshed him in the abundance of their life. It was a new experience to Bergson. He had never before been in so invigorating an atmosphere, in so wholesome an environment. There was not only spiritual and physical health of exceptional richness, but that health was contagious and he was catching it. By the time the beautiful and highly expressive pageant was over and he started on the automobile trip it had reached the incurable stage and he was glad of it. When he sat down to that "old fashioned dinner" on the lawn of the old home of Major and Mrs. Wheelock he had forgotten Washington, his titles and "a' that," and was living a real and glorious life among real people.

At one point the procession of autos stopped by the wayside to see a great farm tractor at work pulling a four bottom gang plow. Bergson went into the field for close inspection and was deeply interested in this evidence of progress in farming since the days of his own boyhood. He had heard of the tractor often and had even seen a number of them, but he had never before witnessed a demonstration of their work. Being familiar with the running of an automobile he was even able to operate the tractor for a few rods, but he decided it would be much more satisfactory to try the method he had employed when he was a boy and so he walked over to another part of the field where a pair of heavy percherons were pulling a walking plow.

Taking the reins from the farmer in charge of the team he made a complete round behind the plow, turning a steady, even furrow. It was the expression of an inner impulse, with no thought of a gallery to applaud, and the people accepted it as the most natural thing in the world for Bergson to do. As he emerged from the furrow Harriet Nelson, a beautiful and intelligent young lady, remarked to him:

"If you've got another pair of shoes with you, Mr. Bergson, and will let me have the pair you have been plowing in I will polish them myself and have them ready for you to wear tomorrow morning. I'll prove to you that I'm the best bootblack in the state."

"It's a bargain," responded the Senator with animation. "I always pay ten cents for a shine in Washington where it is done by Tom, Dick and Harry. To have it done by the best bootblack in this state, especially when that party is a most charming young lady of my own native village, I am ready to pay a very liberal bonus."

"Oh, I couldn't think of accepting more than the regular price, which in Mayville is five cents. Besides your plowing that furrow is worth a good deal more than the price of many shoe shines. I'll hand my bill to the local committee and take my chances on its being allowed."

Then with a roguish laugh and shaking her finger at him she added:

"Remember our bargain, and mind that you stick to your part of it," and hurried away to join her friends who had already entered the car to continue the journey.

As Bergson started for the waiting automobile he grasped the arm of his friend, Fred Nelson, and inquired:

"Nelson, who is that remarkable young lady who just now made that astounding proposition to me? She reminds me of some one, some one I should know, but I cannot make out who it is."

"That's my daughter, Harriet; I thought you knew," Nelson replied and seemed to be suppressing an impulse to say more.

Before Bergson could reply the mayor had carried him off to the waiting car so that the time schedule might be kept. They were to be back in Mayville by 5:30 and there were still several stops to be made. Fortunately there were no mishaps and a few minutes before the appointed hour the last auto re-entered the village. As they approached the recreation grounds Bergson noticed that a large crowd had gathered in the open air amphitheater and he learned that a special feature of the day's program was to be given here, a feature wholly unexpected by the guest and one which not only intensified his love for the place of his birth but also increased his respect for the people who seemed to have evolved a new type of community life, yet were hardly conscious of its exceptional excellence. The

pageant of the morning had portrayed in epic form the evolution of Mayville's rare educational system, with such adjuncts as the shoe factory, canning factory, and hospital. Now the mayor announced that there was to be offered a "Movie" gotten up entirely by home talent, and made possible not only by the generosity of the citizens of Mayville and the surrounding territory, but more especially by the intelligent and hearty coöperation of the young people who had staged the various scenes for the cinemagraph.

"Senator Bergson has not been told of this feature in our program," announced the mayor, "but he is likely to recognize, in this movie to be presented, some familiar scenes. He may even see himself playing an important role in some of the phases of the story to be told."

Then on the great canvas before them the cinema began its interesting history. The first series showed Fairfield Farm, located on the outskirts of the village, as it was sixty years ago—a rude log house, a few crude sheds used as stables, a shallow open well with a sweep, and a small open field with a vast stretch of brush and trees beyond. Then followed a picture of the same farm as it was ten years later when the parents of Fred Nelson had gotten possession of the place and Mrs. Paul Nelson had started the first little nucleus of a dairy. Mrs. Nelson was shown at the churning process in her kitchen and every stage of the butter making of those

early days, as well as the part each member of the family took in the work, were realistically reproduced. Even the handling of the milk in tall cans set in the fine spring on Fairfield was reproduced. Labels, and now and then a descriptive sentence, aided materially in making the history complete and clear. The development of the creamery business out of that crude beginning was particularly emphasized and the young people had shown great skill in reproducing the past, as the pictures clearly showed, and the audience applauded tempestuously the impersonations and the acting. Mrs. Nelson's little home dairy grew into a larger home dairy, still on the Fairfield Farm but now coöperative in form, two neighbors bringing the milk to the Fairfield spring to be cooled and the cream to be converted into FAIRFIELD FARM FANCY BUTTER, as the product now was named. The spring now had a good milkhouse over it; the old dasher churn had given place to the barrel type; and other improvements were shown. Then came the first creamery, the outgrowth of the Fairfield coöperative dairy butter plant; the appearance of a new type of barn, especially designed for handling a dairy herd; the milking process was shown, to emphasize methods of cleanliness not only in the care of the barn and the cows but also in the dress of the milkers and the care with which they washed their hands before sitting down to milk. A milking contest between John Bergson and Bill Jones was reproduced, amusing

and delighting the Senator as well as the audience as a whole. Then followed pictures showing the creamery methods of converting cream into butter; the extension of the patronage until the little creamery no longer was adequate and had to be enlarged; the installation of an improved equipment, including the Babcock tester; and many other interesting items in the evolution of this industry were graphically presented. Mrs. Paul Nelson, who had started the whole movement, was made to appear as the presiding genius, exercising a supervision over the process even after the creamery had been established, and her stalwart figure constantly appeared on the canvas. The final stage in the development of the creamery showed a vast increase in the number of cans of cream brought daily by the four hired wagons which now had taken the place of the many individual wagons of the farmers, and at last the four wagons gave place to a single automobile truck that gathered up the cream over a large area. Then in 1913 the creamery itself was outgrown and a large coöperative condensery took its place, and the processes thru which the milk passed preparatory for market were again demonstrated.

A series of pictures showed the evolution of the dairy herds from a few small grade cows to the fine pure bred animals of the present day, and legends connected this development with the invention and introduction of the Babcock tester. The change from the pine rooter type of hog to the pure bred

Berkshire was shown as a concomitant development of the dairy business. So excellent was the whole production that the vast audience applauded almost constantly, and Bergson was as enthusiastic as a college rooter at a modern football game. In referring to the "Movie" the next day he said to his friend, Fred Nelson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Nelson:

"That was one of the few moving picture shows I have ever enjoyed. It was not only exceptionally educative, but exceptionally well dramatized. It doesn't seem possible that the young people of even this community could exercise such discriminating judgment in the selection of data and display the ability to reproduce them with such fidelity. They have taught me an immense amount thru that production, and, of course, what they learned in doing that work is much more than they could teach. To put those young people to work on that program was like sending them to college."

"Yes, even better than college as most colleges run," Fred had replied. "It developed a lot of creative power in them, a power they are ready and anxious to use in furthering the development of existing industries in the community, a power, too, which becomes ever more creative as it feels the strength and reliability of its own force."

The "Movie" had closed by flashing on the screen in bold letters, after the last step in the condensery process had been revealed, the following sentence

which was left on the canvas for a full half minute:

WHAT SHALL BE THE NEXT STEP IN MAYVILLE'S ADVANCEMENT?

As Bergson thought of this and some of the experiences of the day he remarked:

"Yes, come to think of it, everything here seems to be forward looking. Not a single person with whom I have talked dwelled on the past. They seem to be so busy thinking about what Mayville is going to be that they have no time to brag about what she has done."

But this has been a digression and we must return to the program of the day. The performance in the amphitheater closed a little past 6 o'clock and, as the evening program was to begin promptly at 8, every one hurried away so that they might return in ample time for the evening meeting. It had been arranged that Bergson would go to supper with Bill Jones and spend the night and next day with his warm personal friend, Fred Nelson. Believing that the Senator's address delivered that evening is worthy of special attention we shall devote a separate chapter to its consideration.

CHAPTER III.

Long before 8 o'clock every seat in the auditorium was filled and chairs had been placed in every available space. Even standing room was at a premium. Fully 2000 people had crowded into the hall and hundreds more were gathered outside, looking in thru the windows which the mildness of the weather permitted to be left open.

A few minutes to 8 the community singing began, led by Leo Parlotto, a young man of marked musical ability. Never had the Senator heard such singing, singing in which every one seemed to be taking part and which, in a great tidal wave, expressed the fine and strong emotional life of the people. Bergson, deeply moved and greatly astonished, leaned over to the mayor who sat at his left and asked:

"Who is this Parlotto, and how has such singing been made possible?"

"He's a splendid fellow. His parents moved here fifteen years ago when the boy was about thirteen. His father is a skilled mason and also an excellent amateur violinist. His mother, tho born in this country, is of Swiss origin and is a woman of ability and great strength of character. She is passionately devoted to community welfare work, especially to music. Tho her voice has never been trained,

she sings with rare sweetness and fervor and she has the art of inspiring old as well as young with a love for music. Leo has been greatly interested in all outdoor sports as well as music and he has had special training to fit him to lead not only the community singing but also all the other recreational work. Mayville is paying him only $2000 a year to minister to these needs in its social life and I doubt if there is any other expenditure that brings such excellent returns. He spends two months or more every year in Chicago, New York, or any other place he wishes, thus keeping abreast with the rapid progress the world is making in recreational service. The expenses for these trips and courses are all borne by the community for we believe it is a necessary and splendid investment. We have already decided to send him to Europe next summer, provided the war is over by that time, as we are confident it will be, so that we may have the benefit of what England, France, Germany, Italy, and other countries are doing in his line. Parlotto's parents have been a great help to him and to the community; and I need not tell you that the Nelsons have had a tremendous influence on the development of this community, tho their work has been so quiet and unobtrusive as hardly to be perceptible."

Following the singing the mayor told in simple, frank words the pleasure the people had taken in the preparation for the celebration, expressed the joy the day's events had brought them, and gave

voice to the pride which the citizens of Mayville had always taken and would always feel toward their honored guest. He announced that before he would call upon Senator Bergson to speak he was going to ask a few of his old friends to precede him with a few remarks, and that he would call on Fred Nelson first.

Fred Nelson reviewed the boyhood of Bergson, showing rare judgment by selecting such facts and events out of the early life of the Senator as connected him most vitally with the chief industries of Mayville as it is today. He told how, nearly half a century ago, Bill Jones had challenged the Senator to a milking contest,—referring to the reproduction of this contest by the "Movie" shown before supper,—and how the boy, John Bergson, had lost by a margin of two minutes. Then he continued:

"But I have noticed that the defeated party in a contest, even in war, often gains more than the victor, tho, in my judgment, a man's development—or a nation's, for that matter—is best when he loses and wins in the struggles of life. At any rate, John Bergson's determination to succeed had not been conquered and he promptly challenged Bill Jones to a plowing contest in which Jones came out second best. Now, the value of such a contest to the winner depends upon how he takes his success. If he looks upon himself as a hero, entitled to special privileges, he at once tends to break down democracy and give himself a title in the ranks of nobility

and kingship; but if he seeks not only to excel personally but also to use his own excellence for the general good then he remains a true democrat. Let me illustrate my thought a little more: The reputation John Bergson gained in winning the plowing contest—I remember that he was hailed far and wide as the best hand at the plow among the boys of the whole section—did not so much express the existence of a skill already achieved as it served to stimulate him in the months and years immediately following to develop the skill that would really merit the reputation. Just as a boy, when dressed in a neat new suit of clothes, tends to live up to the more refined ideal of himself represented by his dress, so will he, if he is made of the right stuff, likewise strive to reach the ideal symbolized by a good reputation with which the public has adorned him. Under the tutelage of such an ideal Jones soon really became the best hand at milking cows, Bergson the best hand at the plow—the sample he gave us today testified to good work in youth—Henry Page the best hand at binding grain, and Arthur Hill the most expert corn-husker in the section. Such little beginnings often have far-reaching consequences, the by-products usually having much greater value than the direct achievement, as you will all realize if you think about the excellent service each of the four men I have named have rendered this community and nation. In illustration of this I wish to recall a debate which some of you remember and in

which John Bergson and Bill Jones took part. It occurred about forty years ago here in Mayville and the relative merits of the sciences and the languages in education were presented. Jones and Bergson argued in favor of the sciences while two young men from Castleton supported the languages. Science won. Mayville was enthusiastic, of course. I have always felt that to that little beginning may in part be traced our present interest in the sciences and much in our present school work. On the personal side, each of the winners found himself with a reputation to sustain and Jones has become one of the closest students of science and human life generally, while Bergson has become one of the best public speakers and statesmen in the country. It is of little value to us if we accept blindly the general idea that these are great men. The important thing is that we shall each come to understand the steps by which they achieved greatness and then learn how to take those steps, or others of equal value and more fitted to our nature, so that we, too, may achieve greatness. We should have, and can have, a thousand great men where now we have one. We needed this celebration for our own sakes. Senator Bergson is here as an inspiration to all of us and I am sure this community will receive a hundred fold more than it is giving."

Bill Jones followed with a very brief but straightforward statement regarding the Senator's connection with national legislation, giving special empha-

sis to Bergson's many years of devotion to the pure food bill, the income tax, the child labor law, and other movements in the interest of the general public. He stated frankly that he regretted that his friend had seen fit to oppose the seamen act up to almost the last minute before its passage, but that he was very glad that when it came to a vote Bergson had cast his in favor of the bill. He closed by saying:

"No official can always represent the wishes of the people and it would hardly be desirable if he could. The essential thing is that he shall struggle earnestly and openly on one side or the other of all great questions before the people of the nation. We should all welcome honest opposition, both in public and in private life; but we should hunt and destroy secret diplomacy and secret conniving for personal or class gain as we would hunt and destroy the snakes and tigers of the jungle that terrorize human life and make human safety impossible. We are proud of John Bergson, even for his opposition, because his record has been exceptionally clean and progressive, he frequently having thrown the whole force of his great personality against the most powerful political influences of his state."

Then the mayor briefly announced John Bergson, "Mayville's honored guest and distinguished son."

As he rose to speak it was evident that he was deeply moved. For a few moments it was almost impossible for him to find words to express what he

wished to say, but long experience in public speaking had developed the habit of self-control and gradually he became master of himself and of the situation. We shall reproduce his address from stenographic reports, omitting only a few minor parts which seem to us unessential.

"*Friends:* During the past weeks I have tried to picture in my mind the events that this day would bring. From the many letters and sketches of the program which you sent me I felt sure that I could image all that was going to take place. The information which was sent me was accurate and clearly portrayed what has taken place, but my imagination lacked the training and the skill to properly conceive the spirit and significance of the events of this day. I thought I knew many of your citizens intimately, and especially did I feel confident that I understood fully the life of my personal friends here; but I did not. I thought I knew this community; but I really knew nothing vital about it. I had pictured a glorious celebration and prepared with considerable care an address which I was convinced would befit the occasion; but it is an antiquated composition, a generation behind the times, and an hour ago I converted the typewritten sheets which contained what I meant to say into a scrap of paper and consigned the rubbish to the flames. I wish I might destroy with the same completeness all memory of the contents of that manuscript.

"What I shall say to you, however inelegant the language or haphazard the thought, will at least have the merit of coming direct from my heart. The seeds of the thoughts which I shall express have been in my mind for many years. They did not merely remain there as seeds but they sprouted and many of them grew into plants; but they never matured. Under the influence of this day's program and the life-giving power of your rare community, those dwarfed and faintly struggling plants have, as if by magic, within the last few hours, produced a rich harvest of fruit. I know that what I shall say will bring to me a certain personal loss. The halo of hero worship in which you have so generously and affectionately wrapped me will be dissipated and you will see me more nearly as I am, as the artist, Experience, has given form and feature to native raw material.

"One of the things I appreciate most in your program is the honesty and accuracy with which you have reproduced the early life of this community. I do not even have a right to praise the great pageant of this morning and the "Movie" of this evening, for in doing so I would but be assuming a superior knowledge of these things than you possess locally, whereas hundreds of you could teach me the rudiments of such work. I need not tell you, however, that I enjoyed everything I have experienced today and I assure you that I have learned more than I have ever learned in any other equal period of my

life. Thruout the day there has everywhere been reality, wholesome reality, and I would not be worthy of the honor you have shown me nor true to myself if I did not help you to distinguish between the truth and the fiction that envelops a public official. The conception people have of public men, and what they really are and do, too often are very different things. I have no doubt but that your conception of me is as faulty and out of date as was my conception of the kind of speech I ought to make to you this evening.

"It is true, as my friend here said, that the debate of forty years ago had far reaching effects. What I have to say later requires that I call attention to a personal influence which that discussion exerted upon me. Among other things it awakened in me a desire to be a platform speaker, an orator as I conceived it in those days, and from that time forward I used every opportunity to speak in public that presented itself. Supporting, as I did, the cause of the sciences, in that youthful debate, led me to select the college course in which certain sciences were offered. Partly because of this, and partly because of my friend here with whom I roomed during most of my college course I became deeply interested in the doctrine of evolution and read such authors as Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley, tho never as thoroly as Fred Nelson did. There was a strong tendency in those days among the free thinkers in college to drift into the atheist camp, and I have always felt

that Nelson was the strongest force against this drift to be found in the University during the years he attended. How much he may have influenced me I do not know, but I am certain that his large view regarding evolution and his fine faith in the progress and goal of the human race led me to adopt a few fundamental principles as a sort of philosophy of life. I have never abandoned them either, tho I frankly confess that there have been many times when I failed to put them to such practical use as to make my philosophy of life a seven day a week guide, as every man's philosophy of life should be. I refer to these details because I wish to quote, from a political address I made during my second campaign, a short passage into which I had condensed the most vital part of my creed of life. Many of you will recall that I was defeated in my first campaign for Congress. I have always regarded that as fortunate. It helped me to get rid of some of my surplus vanity, and it made me determined to merit success in the future.

"During my second campaign two years later my opponents must have become alarmed by the progress I was making for they changed their methods from arguments to abuse. They harped on the failure of my earlier campaign, ridiculed me and my attainments, and even suggested that there were dark chapters in my university life. I was roused as I had never been in my life. Conscious of the malicious nature of the attacks and of their baseness, and

with full faith that such methods would defeat themselves, I never even attempted a reply, but sought in every way possible to awaken in my audience the same faith that possessed me, for, as I said:

" 'In Heaven itself was waged the mighty conflict which overthrew the forces of evil, routed Satan and his host, and forever established the omnipotence of goodness. That conflict of the angels was the decisive battle in the evolution of the human soul. In the Fall of the Angels there is crystallized untold ages of human experience, assuring us that the good, the true, and the beautiful, joined in holy trinity, must come to rule in the hearts of men.'

"The point I wish to emphasize is that after those personal attacks had begun and my whole nature was aroused I became absolutely indifferent to everything except the principle contained in the quotation just given. Had I shown that same indifference to everything else in every great struggle which I have made since that time I would be a greater man than I am today, no matter what title I might be holding. These words remain with me because they were burned into my experience during those difficult weeks of that political struggle, and I have been reminded of them today because I have seen abundant evidence that here that philosophy is being put into practical operation.

"I have rendered the people of this nation some service in the national Senate, but honesty compels me to say that I have also been credited with some

service which I never rendered. You may be surprised when I tell you that in all the years of my experience in Congress I never really originated a bill that became a law, tho many of them bear my name. All important bills are growths, just as the Mayville creamery was a growth out of preceding conditions and forces. Nearly all legislation is drafted by interests outside of Congress and I am frank to say that it should be. Every industry knows its own problems best and if it is made responsible for the drafting of new legislation regarding that industry, it being understood that the proposed bill shall represent the views and interests of the employees as well as the employers, then the legislators need only serve as representatives of the third party concerned in the matter, the general public to which we all belong and of whose interests we have reliable knowledge. Laws enacted in this way are likely to be fair and just, and they are also likely to be effective because they grow out of the needs and wishes of the parties directly concerned and are acceptable to the people at large. To use an illustration, the danger is not in allowing the railroads to draw up their own bills but in permitting a single one of the three parties directly concerned in the matter to draft the proposed legislation and then allowing that party to shirk the responsibility of authorship and use Congressmen as buffers between themselves and the other two parties vitally interested.

"Truth demands that I refer to another service for which I have received more credit than is my due. As you know, it took nearly a score of years to enact the national pure food law. I am credited with being one of the three or four great leaders in the long struggle for this legislation. This is practically all fiction. One or two of my colleagues deserve all the credit that has been given them, but we must not forget that back of even these leaders in Congress was a little band out in the field, in the trenches, so to speak, who did the real fighting. One state after another took action and pointed out the way to the national government and when the sign boards were all up and the roads leading to victory were well paved then we Congressmen buckled on our silver swords and, arrayed in bright uniforms with glittering epaulets, rushed on the conquered foe and proclaimed the victory.

"My training for the legal profession strengthened an innate disposition to regard laws as sacred, to be carefully interpreted and not to be evaded. I now know, tho the conviction did not come until recently, that to this trait of mind I owe at least a part of my reputation as a Senator. It is to this trait more than to any other that I owe my reputation as a leader among the statesmen of the nation. Let me illustrate. When the first bill looking to the abolition of child labor was introduced I read it with care and was convinced that it was unconstitutional, and I stated this as forcibly as I could when it came

up for consideration, going into the matter with some care. I was immediately hailed by certain dailies as a 'great constitutional lawyer,' as 'another Webster.' Naturally I was proud of the distinction and"—here Bergson smilingly turned toward Fred Nelson who sat on the stage back of him—"tried to live up to the reputation that had been given me. I used the talent ascribed to me and I fear for a time became rather more interested in finding flaws in pending bills than in seeking methods of correcting those flaws and so my reputation as a great constitutional lawyer grew out of all proportion to reality. I have come to see this and have determined to give my best efforts henceforth to either framing a measure that is constitutional or if that does not seem possible then to make every effort possible to get before the people an amendment to the constitution that shall give Congress the necessary power. The essential thing is not to find conflicts with the constitution but to find some legal way to free the children of this country.

"We are all in large measure the creatures of our environment, and the environment of the United States Senate tends strongly to produce lords and princes with all the evils of courts and courtiers. The Lord or Senator or Representative or any other titled official in time becomes just as much a slave to the whole system and is often as unhappy as are the more humble members of it. Our whole life is

permeated with the unnatural and enslaving practice, Mayville being the first real exception I have found. There would be no Kaisers or Tsars if the multitudes were not hypnotized by the glitter and glare of their courts. There would be no King George nightly to knit garments for the Tommies at the front if there were not millions of stupid people who are willing to pay millions of dollars annually to keep up the show when a machine will do the same thing for a few cents, and do it better. Not only the king's 'ribbon, star, and a' that' but the United States Senator's court dazzles multitudes of people in this country. Yes, even the tinsel show of our Lord Sunday and Sir Barker are taken for true gold by hundreds of thousands who gladly pay tribute to their Overlordships. It is because I realize that here in Mayville practically every citizen may be likened to:

> 'The man of independent mind,
> He looks and laughs at a' that,'

that I can speak so freely and frankly of these things.

"I agree most heartily with my friend, Bill Jones, that there are regrettable factors in my record as Senator. Such criticism is real kindness. If every public official were to meet frequently with groups of his constituents who have no personal favor to urge and listen to their frankest criticism with the determination to profit by it, he would grow men-

tally and morally strong and he, too, would feel something of the joy in life that has been so much in evidence all day. It is because, in spite of the censor, the voices of criticism have been raised above the storm of war that men and women everywhere have been growing so rapidly in mental and moral stature during the past four years. Every thinking mind has become a search light, seeking to illuminate the dark and devious paths over which we have been traveling during recent years, paths which brought us to the brink of this awful abyss into which mankind has been hurled. In re-examing the paths over which I have traveled I see many side paths which it would have been wiser to follow and, whether I wish to do so or not, I must assume my share for the responsibility of this war.

"I cannot close without a reference to my experiences of today. All day I have been in a wonderful school. You cannot realize how fortunate you are to live in this wholesome and stimulating community of which your celebration is but an expression. I am not unmindful of the fact that today's celebration is really in commemoration of Mayville's own great achievements and that Senator Bergson is only a convenient myth about which you could crystallize and stage the performance. This realization does not lessen but greatly increases my interest and satisfaction. Perhaps the greatest compliment I can pay you is to state this fact: that if I had children to be educated I would make every

possible effort to have them come and live in Mayville, for all people, but especially children, are molded not merely by the home and the school but by the whole environment in which they live.

"During the last six hours or more I have been asking myself over and over for an explanation of this fine community life. I have not found the answer but I have begun to suspect that there lives among you some mighty spirit, far greater than Senator Bergson. We always find the biggest and best things near at home if we but have eyes to see and ears to hear. Let me tell you a few clues that led me to this suspicion, a suspicion that has almost become a conviction.

"My first clue came when we were approaching the farm on which I lived and worked as a boy. From the automobile I saw a very familiar field in which there was a ditch that I used to regard as the biggest nuisance on the farm. I had not seen the old homestead for thirty years and was greatly surprised to see that the little ditch had become a great gulley, broader, deeper, and very much longer than it was in the days when it interfered with my plowing and when my horses, I fear, sometimes suffered for what more properly should have been attributed to the ditch. But this morning as I approached the old farm I focused for a few minutes all the light I had gathered in my college course upon that ditch. I thought of the changes that had been wrought by the rain and the frost during the brief space of

thirty years. To one under whose eyes the changes were going on they would seem trivial and perhaps not even be noticed, but measured by a period of thirty years, they were tremendous. What would they be in a hundred years, five hundred years, a thousand years, a million years? How silent, unobtrusive, and apparently insignificant are the forces that are carving the form and features of Mother Earth? Yet how persistently they work. Like the tortoise they win many a race over fleeter powers. My thoughts, however, were interrupted by the stop at the old homestead and the memories awakened by the old familiar objects.

"The second clue came when in company with your mayor I was walking over the ridge that is on the old farm. You must have had a fine rain within the last two or three days for we found a little shallow pond right on the top of that ridge. I noticed that with a hoe or spade I might have drained that water toward either slope in a few minutes and I was reminded of the time when, in company with a friend who was a great scientist, I stood near the head waters of the Mississippi River and my friend pointed out how easily the little body of water before us could be drained either to the north or to the south. I have often thought of that. By a little effort those waters would have started on their long, almost infinite life journey northward. With each step in that journey the environment would grow colder and movement less free and rapid until,

perhaps, at last, congealed into snow and ice, progress would be reduced to a few feet a year. And once that little effort is made and the waters started on that long and dreary journey toward that uninviting goal, no human power, however great, could wholly undo the effect of that first little effort.

"How different the effect had that same little effort turned those waters to the south. Joyously would they have played and journeyed with the great Father of Waters until in time they would have reached the great ocean of life.

"I could not but be reminded that, just as a little physical force may result in vast physical changes, so very small spiritual forces may bring about tremendous changes in the life history of an individual. And if in the life history of an individual, why not in the life history of a community, or even of a state? And I asked myself: Suppose that such a spiritual influence has been operating as silently and persistently as have the forces that formed the great gulley out of the little ditch, what new forms may not have been given to human life? Then it occurred to me that if such an ever present guiding spirit had been at work here then surely these people of Mayville would long since have found it out and worshipped it instead of the mythical Senator Bergson. But, the question came: '*Would* they have found it out? Have they been conscious of the forces that have formed the great gulleys and ditches and other features of the topography about

them?' These changes are much grosser than are those going on within man's mind and in community life.

"Many other cues have come to me since then and some day you will discover that spirit and then John Bergson will be glad to join you in your preparation for the still greater celebration which you will plan."

As John Bergson finished speaking the wrapped attention with which he had been followed seemed to continue. The audience appeared to be entranced with some great thought which it was reluctant to relinquish. The applause which finally burst forth was hearty but subdued. It was apparent that the address had produced a profound impression. If the idol of their celebration had been taken down from the pedestal on which he had been placed he had only been brought nearer to their own lives where he could be better understood and more highly appreciated. Hundreds came forward to say good night. None praised him or his address but their faces glowed with interest and respect.

Harriet Nelson had gone home promptly after the close of the meeting and when her father and the Senator entered Fairfield home they found a cheery fire in the hearth, a beautiful bouquet of asters on the mantel, and a light lunch of bread,

milk, and fruit on the table. Beside the plate laid for the guest lay a note which read:

Dear Senator:—

Please do not think that the failure of the hostess to greet you in person when you enter our home indicates any lack of appreciation of your visit. I am obeying the urgent summons of sleep that I may prepare myself the better for the joys of tomorrow, the first of which shall be a demonstration of the bootblack's art. You will find your shoes with a Fairfield Farm Fancy polish just outside the door of your room by 6 o'clock in the morning until which hour you may regard yourself as a prisoner.

HARRIET.

John Bergson smiled as he finished reading the note, folded it carefully before putting it into his pocket, and then said:

"I am sure you have a great treasure in that daughter. I am very anxious to learn to know her."

"I am just as anxious that you shall. You cannot really appreciate her until you know her intimately," and Fred invited his friend to partake of the refreshments. When they had finished, the two men chatted for a few minutes in the glow of the hearth fire and then Bergson suggested that, even tho sleep had not yet laid a heavy mandate upon them, they follow the dictates of common sense and retire.

Nelson showed him to the large, neat, comfortable room and was about to leave him when Bergson seized him gently by the arm and said:

"I've never felt more at home anywhere than I feel now and here. It's good to be somewhere where there's no fuss made over you. Good night, old boy. Call me if I don't show up by 7 o'clock."

In a hundred homes that night the Senator's speech was being discussed thoughtfully. The statements regarding the mysterious influence at work in Mayville was generally regarded as referring to the Community Spirit of which they, too, had become more conscious and appreciative as they followed the address. Bill Jones was perhaps the only one who was not wholly satisfied with the general interpretation on this point, tho he remained silent.

But we have gotten far ahead of our story. We have presented to our readers the beginning of the end of our narrative and now must go back to the beginning of the beginning of it,—back to the days when Bill Jones, Fred Nelson, and John Bergson were children. We must know something of the early life of our hero or heroine, if there be one, and it is hoped our readers will make this backward flight over half a century of time cheerfully, confident that in due time we shall come to waken the sleepers to whom we have just said good night.

CHAPTER IV.

In the years following the Civil War, "The War Between The States," as it is called in the South, Mayville was a mere hamlet, located in a promising farming district of one of the states of the Middle West. The production of wheat and other small grains was the common type of farming in those pioneer days. The first settlers in and about Mayville were an unusually fine type. They regarded a school as the first essential of community life. The school district which was formed included a large farming area as well as the village and, in order that all interests might be served with as much fairness as seemed possible, the small one-room school building was placed at some little distance from the village. A public road passed within a few rods to the west of it, and less than two hundred yards to the south rose the steep slope of a high hill. Half way up the slope the hillside had been torn open and excellent building stone was quarried for the construction of the school building and to supply material for basements of barns and homes thruout the neighborhood. Two or three men were always at work in the quarry and frequently resorted to blasting as the best means of loosening the rock, the explosions shaking the little

building as an earthquake might. The older pupils, especially the boys, would invariably feel an irritable itching to leave the building and a regret that the explosion had not taken place during an intermission so that they could hurry to the scene and witness the results. On rare occasions, when the children were on the playground, one of the workmen would inform the boys of a forthcoming "charge" and designate some safe rendezvous from which they might witness the effects, and then the whole school would be filled with expectancy and breathlessly await the blast. When it came and they saw a great mass of rock hurled from its bed to the floor below and smaller pieces of stone thrown many feet into the air and fall within a few rods from where they stood in a group, a great shout of glee would go up and a sudden rush for the quarry would begin.

In those early days the educative value of such experiences was not appreciated. Teachers were unconscious of the fine opportunities such places as this quarry with its great rock layers filled with fossils, and its interesting industry, offered in the teaching of geography and other subjects; and even now in the twentieth year of the twentieth century only a very few teachers realize their value with the force and vividness that translates thought into action. But Mayville was unusually fortunate in its teachers and at the time when our story begins its school was in charge of a man who had been pre-

paring for college in an academy of the east and had migrated to the west in response to a natural yearning for a larger, freer life which the west seemed to offer. He had a large fund of common sense and, fortunately, was not tied with tape, red or any other color, to text books or "professional methods," those twin locks which modern education has placed in the stream of life to lower the child by this noiseless, soothing, anesthetizing process from the high level of pre-school life to the level of the lock step of the grades, and later from the level of this goose step to the dead level of the high school classics. For would it not be extremely hazardous and most unfortunate to permit the child to swim the rapids in life's current, to feel the delicious coolness and swirl of the waters, and become conscious of and experienced with the powerful forces that help and hinder his progress toward the great ocean of mature life for which he yearns?

But let us return to the Mayville school and its teacher, Charles Barlow. Barlow was about twenty-two years old, of medium height and weight, athletic in form and movement, and rather serious tho pleasant in disposition. He was natural and simple in his methods of teaching and skilled in translating his own thought into language which the children could clearly understand and appreciate. He was interested in all the activities in his environment and, without conscious effort, wove those activities into his classroom work, thus giving to the

life of the children a unity that does not, and perhaps cannot, obtain today.

The children, about twenty-five in number, had come a little earlier than usual this morning, having no doubt been stimulated by the invigorating air and sunshine of spring to hasten their steps. They were playing noisily and vigorously one of the running games common in that period, but now and then casting anxious glances toward the quarry for they were awaiting a signal for the explosion that had been promised. Suddenly the shout of the workman was heard and instantly every child ran to the top of the little eminence, the vantage ground from which they always watched the shower of rocks and heard the thunderous sound that would be the signal for a race to the quarry. They had not long to wait. Hardly had they reached the rendezvous when they saw the man who had lighted the fuse run to shelter and a moment later came the explosion. Barlow, who stood in the door of the school house, watched the children with kindly interest and, when he heard their great shout of joy and beheld the stampede that instantly followed, smiled in sympathy and also started for the stone quarry. When he arrived on the scene he found the older boys creeping and crawling over the rocks, peering into every crack and cranny as tho anxious to find some trace of the monster that had caused the destruction. Joe Brown, one of the older boys and called "Chub" because of his weight, climbed on top

of the largest slab that had been broken loose by the explosion, stamped his foot on the solid stone and remarked:

"Gee, but that's a big one."

"It aint as heavy as you are," said Nellie Worthington, a little girl of nine.

All the boys laughed uproariously and the girls joined them thru sympathy.

"I don't weigh over a hundred and twenty pounds, and I bet this stone weighs five hundred," said Joe, pompously, and again the boys laughed, this time with a tone of derision.

"Five hundred? I bet you it weighs a thousand," said ten-year-old John Bergson. "I saw pa and those two men trying to lift a stone that wasn't nearly as big as this on to the wagon the other day and they couldn't even lift it off the ground. Pa said that stone weighed over eight hundred pounds."

"Heavier'n that, Johnnie," said Lew Post, one of the oldest boys. "It weighs more'n two ton."

"No it doesn't, does it teacher?" said John as he turned to Mr. Barlow.

"I'm afraid that my judgment isn't very good in this matter. Willie here has been lifting several stones while the rest of you were guessing and he has come to one that is just a little too heavy for him. Perhaps he can make a guess, and when you are all thru guessing you better ask Mr. Hillery to tell you how much it weighs. He has been handling

such rocks for years and so will come pretty close to the truth."

All eyes were turned toward "Bill" Jones, the little boy to whom the teacher had referred and who had been trying his strength on smaller rock pieces.

Somewhat embarrassed and blushing slightly the little fellow, who was the same age as John, replied as he kicked his foot against the stone he had been trying to lift but had failed to raise entirely from the ground:

"This here stone is just about as heavy as the keg of white lead I tried to lift the other day and that weighed fifty pounds. It would take about fifty stones like this to make one as big as that there."

And so the boys went on discussing and guessing. The girls, standing in a group at a little distance, were an interested audience and expressed their approval or disapproval in the free and effective manner natural to healthy, normal children. A student of human nature might have noticed that the few guesses made by individual girls showed sympathy with one or another of the boys, rather than experience or thinking on which judgment should rest. Finally the question of weight was turned over to Mr. Hillery, the head workman in the quarry. Hillery walked very deliberately over to the stone, carefully looked it over from end to end and from side to side, stooped down to note the thickness; got his crowbar and, slipping the point of it under one edge of the rock, tested its mass by prying down upon

the end of the lever; and then, standing before the stone deliberating as tho the fate of a human life were at stake until the patience and endurance of the children were all but exhausted, at last pronounced judgment:

"That stone weighs just a little more than a ton and a half, about 3100 pounds," and then he went back to his work with an expression on his face that plainly announced that the last possible word had been spoken on the subject.

"I was pretty near right," said Lew Post who had guessed "more'n two ton."

"No you weren't," said Chub. "You said it weighed over two ton."

The children were still jangling over their guessing contest when their teacher clapped his hands as a signal for silence and then said:

"It is almost twenty minutes after nine, but I think it has been worth while to spend the time here. Next time you will all guess better and that is the important thing. We don't need to be ashamed of our mistakes, but we must try and make fewer next time; and it is just as necessary that we should try to speak correctly as that we should guess the weight of a stone with some accuracy. Now we'll see which one of you four boys can get to the school house first and ring the bell.

Instantly the race began. "Chub" Brown, whose position gave him a lead at the start, kept ahead

until over half of the distance had been covered when he glanced back over his shoulder to see who was next to him. At that moment his foot struck a projecting root and he tumbled in a heap, to the great amusement of the whole school, and John won the race with Bill Jones a close second.

A moment after the bell had sounded every pupil was in place, ready for the singing with which the school always began the day's work. No reference was made to the experiences in the stone quarry but immediately after the singing Barlow wrote with care on the blackboard:

"This chair is not so heavy as that one."

"It does not look so heavy."

Then he suggested to the children that one way of showing that they were getting an education would be to use these correct forms at home and on the playground, dropping the incorrect forms which he sometimes heard. This was a method he frequently used and there was seldom a morning when two or three sentences did not appear on the blackboard. The pupils watched eagerly for these statements which at times were for the purpose of correcting errors common among them and at other times took the form of questions to awaken thought regarding some essential point in a lesson. They knew that whatever was written in this way was sure to come up again in some form, however incidental, before the close of the day.

To the second reader class, which "recited" just

before the morning recess, belonged Bill Jones, John Bergson and other boys of about the same age, as well as a number of girls, the youngest of whom was Jane Sanger but who read with as much expression as any girl in the school. Jane was only eight. Barlow, who had immediately detected the little girl's ability and had especially noticed with what vivacity and expression she read, often called on her to read, or re-read, some interesting part of the lesson that the children might get the meaning in this most natural way. It fell to John to read a humorous part of the selection and he did so with as much precision as might be expected of even an older boy, but without the slightest suggestion that he appreciated the humor. Later during the recitation Barlow called on Jane to read the same passage and as she did so the expression of mirth in her face became more and more prominent and more and more suggestive of laughter. As she concluded the passage she said:

"It's so funny. I don't see how John could keep his face sober when he read that. It makes me want to laugh out loud."

"I don't see why you shouldn't if you want to, Jane," said the teacher, kindly.

And she did, and the whole school laughed with her, the teacher included.

At recess the older girls and boys played ball and the younger children "Pull-a-Way." John was "standing," as it was called, but for some time failed

to catch any one because he centered his efforts on Jane who proved too clever and fleet for him. He finally directed his attention reluctantly to easier prey and captured one of the smaller boys, and then others of the youngest players were rounded up. At last all were caught but Bill Jones and Jane. John headed his forces toward Bill and he was taken by the group of bandits. Jane alone was left.

"Give up. Give up, Jane," the children shouted; but Jane shook her head and said, simply:

"No," and walked back and forth in her goal, trying to spy out an opening in the hostile ranks before her.

The children began to count:

"One,—two——" but before they had gotten to "three" Jane had dashed toward the right flank, but just as the whole group had gotten under way in the same direction she dodged to the left which she had selected as the weakest point between her and the opposite goal and passed across in safety.

"Pom, pom pull-a-way," shouted the children, now thoroly aroused to the game and more determined than ever to catch the elusive playmate.

But Jane did not wait for the "one—two—" this time. She rushed toward the middle of the rank before her, suddenly stopped and dashed to the right, then to the left, thus causing a gap in the middle thru which she attempted to escape. John made a desperate effort to head her off and succeeded in grabbing her arm, but she jerked it away and dashed

on. The act had, however, delayed her just an instant and this had been sufficient to permit Bill to get ahead of her. He seized her about the waist and held her firmly while the others patted her on the back, sealing symbol of capture, and the game was renewed.

As the bell rang at the close of recess John slipped thru the crowd to Jane's side, took a small but beautiful apple from his pocket and handed it to Jane. Then he ran and was one of the first to enter the school room.

Months passed. Spring gave place to summer, summer to autumn. Barlow who had planned to leave at the end of the previous year in order that he might continue his education had been induced to stay for another year, a change in his plans that was brought about largely thru the efforts of Jane's parents, who had recognized early in the year Barlow's skill as a teacher. Thruout the year Mrs. Sanger had used every opportunity to speak to neighbors and more remote citizens about the school, calling attention to details of excellence and pointing out the value and importance of a good school in the community. Being a woman of culture and refinement she exerted a large influence in shaping public opinion regarding school work. She made no personal reference to Barlow, but never failed to mention some exceptionally good work of the school or influence in the community. Mr. Sanger, who was a member of the school board and who viewed the

matter in the same way, also helped to create public opinion by making some "remarks" at the close of an "Exhibition" given by the school. He spoke of the school as being a well behaved and intelligent family and especially commended the singing which he said was very natural and inspiring, and he was glad he could understand the words of the songs. So it had come about that Barlow was urged by many people to return for another year and he finally consented on condition that his wages be raised. This the board was prepared to do.

With the opening of school late in September a number of new pupils were enrolled, most of these being younger members of the families already represented; but among the new-comers was Fred Nelson, a boy of nine whose parents had recently bought the Williams farm on the outskirts of the village and adjoining the Sanger farm. The Nelsons had been tenants on a farm in New Jersey until the preceding spring when the owner had sold the farm and given the tenants a cash consideration for their interest in the season's crops. They were anxious to go west but decided it would be best not to migrate until they could learn more of the relative merits of the different sections then attracting settlers. When they chanced to see the advertisement of Mrs. Williams, who had recently become a widow and so was anxious to sell the farm which she could not herself operate, they at once packed their few belongings and, with their three small children,

started for Mayville. The advertisement had read:

"For sale, cheap, a farm of 160 acres. Fertile soil, good house, a stable, fine large spring near house, good school within half a mile, railroad passing the farm, and depot three quarters of a mile from the home."

They felt sure that their limited funds would not be sufficient to cover the whole purchase price but they had faith in their own industry and purposes. On reaching Mayville they immediately examined the property, liked it even better than their hopes had anticipated, and had little difficulty in closing the bargain. They were permitted to move in at once on condition that Mrs. Williams might have a home with them for a few months, or until she found permanent quarters to her liking. Mrs. Nelson was especially interested in the school, its nearness and good reputation being most welcome assurances; and she was also especially interested in the large bubbling spring with its fine gravel bottom. They at once named the place Fairfield Farm.

Fairfield Farm adjoined the Sanger property, as we have said, the two homes being less than a quarter of a mile apart. The two families were soon on intimate terms for they found many interests and hopes in common. So it happened that on the first day of school in late September Jane Sanger and her brother, Albert, who was two years younger than herself, stopped on the way and piloted Fred Nelson to the school house. On the way Fred

wanted to know what boys Jane thought he would like and she promptly replied:

"John Bergson and Bill Jones," and then quickly added:

"Oh, you'll like all of them, even Chub, who is so funny."

As they approached the building Jane saw John Bergson standing at some little distance from the school house, watching them intently. They had to pass within fifty feet of where he stood; but Jane did not pause to greet him, passing as tho she had not seen him, and John had a vague feeling of having been injured. It is true that Jane usually passed into the building in the morning without taking the trouble to speak to him or to the other boys until she had put her dinner and books away and came out on the playground, ready for a game before the bell should ring; but this morning things were different, for there was that new boy, of whom he had heard but whom he had not yet seen, walking and talking with her. When he saw the three enter the school house door John decided that he would not follow but remain where he was until they returned to the playground. When, however, they did not reappear within the expected time he could no longer resist the impulse to follow. He cautiously approached the door, which was open, stopped just outside and peeped in rather stealthily. Mr. Barlow was asking the new boy his name, age, where he had come from, and other questions such as might be

helpful to an understanding of the stranger; and then, after saying a few pleasant and familiar things to the lad to make him feel at home, suggested finally that he and Jane and the rest of the children had better run out and play until the bell rang.

John withdrew from the door just too late to prevent discovery and so, instead of slipping away and out of sight as he had intended to do, he stood kicking the dirt with his foot as the children came running out.

"Come on, John, let's play 'Andy Over' the woodshed," said Jane as she and the others ran by.

A little later as she and John were standing together awaiting the ball that was to be thrown from the other side, Jane said:

"We've got to look out or they'll beat, for Fred is a good player. Nellie was over and played with us last week. That's why she chose Fred first."

Just then they saw the ball coming and in their eagerness to catch it they bumped into each other as the ball touched their hands. Before John could recover himself one of the smaller boys had picked it up and calling: "Andy Over," had thrown it, but only just high enough to clear the ridge pole of the shed and it rolled down on the opposite side, an easy catch for Nellie who promptly started around the west end of the shed. But Fred preceded her in the opposite direction and his appearance around the east end with his right hand behind him as tho hid-

ing the ball caused the opposing forces to stampede toward the west and thus to be trapped by Nellie who easily captured John and two others.

While the two sides were reorganizing their forces and John was trying to attribute his capture to an accident, Nellie handed the ball to Fred with the remark:

"Go over there where the ground is high and throw it just as far as you can."

Then turning to John she said:

"Why didn't you run around the other way? I know; you got fooled by Fred.

Fred was disposed to make friends with John because Jane had said he would like him. Noting how the captive was chafing under defeat he suggested that as John was bigger than he was that the ball better be thrown by him. But this was counter to good policy, as the captive might prove traitor to his new associates.

"No, you sha'n't give it to him. You can throw it just as far as he can and you'll try harder.

Fred's throw was not caught, nor was the one that was returned, and then the bell rang and ended the game. As the children moved toward the schoolroom Fred tried to get next to John, but the latter avoided him and hurried ahead into his seat.

In the arithmetic class John triumphed easily over the new boy and led the class. Fred made a number of mistakes which to the rest of the class appeared as stupid blunders; but the teacher, who

quickly recognized the boy's ability, passed lightly over the errors which he said were due to inexperience with the particular methods of the school and not to any lack of brains, thus reassuring the little stranger and weakening an elemental antagonism which had developed in the class. In the geography recitation which came near the close of the day's session the pupils felt the force of their teacher's judgment for Fred made original contributions out of his experience. In his journey westward from New Jersey he had actually passed over the mountains and actually crossed several of the rivers about which the lesson centered and he grew very enthusiastic as he told about them. Noting the boy's accuracy and freedom from any attempt to "show off," Barlow encouraged him to talk and thus led him to supply interesting and valuable points to the lesson. The children were giving the closest attention, even the older ones who did not belong to the class, attracted quite as much by the boy's enthusiasm as by his descriptions. John's interest was intensified by his instinct of pugnacity which for some inexplicable reason was aroused and which a close observer might have seen clearly expressed in his eyes and the features of his face. Jane was absorbed in the lesson and deeply impressed by what Fred was saying; but if this had anything to do with John's bellicosity he was not aware of it.

When school had been dismissed a number of children grouped about John. They had just heard that

he was to have a birthday party the following week. He was to be eleven years old and his parents had given him permission to invite some school friends and neighboring children over after school for games and supper. His mother had gone over the list of guests with him and it had included the new boy, Fred Nelson. John had fully intended to invite Fred during this first day, but now at its close found that he not only did not want to invite him but that he could not get himself to do so. He had already invited several on the list and now he invited the balance and told with some pride of his plans for a game of hide and seek in the hay mows and newly made straw stacks. The whole program was attractive and, clapping their hands and laughing, the children cried:

"Goody, goody."

"Won't that be fun," said Jane, turning to Fred and taking him by the hand as she started for home.

"I'm not invited," Fred replied, "and I don't know if I could go if I were, because mamma and papa say we've all got to work hard to pay for our farm and that I must always hurry home from school to help."

"You will be invited; Bill Jones told me so this morning. John told him he was going to ask you."

The next morning as Fred approached the playground Bill Jones greeted him pleasantly and the two walked over to where John Bergson was throw-

ing a ball into the air and catching it as it came back.

"Fred says he can't come to your party because he's got to help at home every evening after school," announced Bill.

"How old are you?" John asked, turning to Fred.

"I'm going to be ten in November."

Then the boys were called to join the other children in their game. After that Fred avoided groups in which the party was being discussed. He had confided all the details of the previous day's experience to his mother, as he always did, and she had suggested that a stranger was usually regarded with some suspicion for a time and that his first few months in the Mayville school would be a fine opportunity to prove himself worthy in every way. She had heard that John Bergson was a wholesome and capable boy and was sure that he felt no real ill will toward her boy. His aloofness and failure to invite him to his party were due to an unwillingness to make friends on superficial first impressions, and, she added, it was really a good thing, for his help was needed each day after school hours.

Mrs. Nelson was an exceptional woman, fine in physique, intelligent, well educated for those days, and possessed with high ideals. She was intensely interested in the education of her children and every evening after the baby, a little girl of two, had been put to bed she devoted some time to her boys, often reading to them or telling them stories. She had

told and read the story of Robinson Crusoe repeatedly and had discussed so many of its valuable lessons with Fred that the story was a living part of the boy's daily life. Whenever Mrs. Nelson found a fine poem which she thought her boy could be led to understand she used it in these evening lessons, always seeking to awaken the boy's imagination to a vivid realization of the beauty of the scene or the nobility of the conception. She was too practical to permit the development of any sentimentality in this work, often challenging the boy's courage and even arousing his pugnacity. One evening after Fred had been attending the Mayville school for a month or more and had just told her how John Bergson had tried to pick a quarrel with him she said:

"I hope you are not a bit afraid of him, Fred. It is not often necessary for any boy to fight another and I think you have too much sense to get into a fight with John; but I couldn't be proud of you if you didn't have lots of courage to defend yourself."

"He's looking for a fight with me, mamma. Bill Jones told me so and Bill don't—I mean doesn't lie."

His mother had been following the experiences of the school too closely not to know that this was the actual fact and had been almost from the first day of school; but at first she felt confident that if her boy kept his own mind free from resentment and bitterness he would overcome the antagonism and so she had directed her influence toward that end.

Fred's kindly, cheerful nature and his brightness in class had won for him the friendship of nearly all the boys and girls of his age, except John. He and Bill had actually become chummy, a fact that only added to John's insolence toward the newcomer. The general impression was that Fred had not attended the birthday party because his parents could not spare him, and this fact did not tend to lessen the strain, for John felt uncomfortable because of the living lie which he did not correct.

After Fred had gone to bed that night Mrs. Nelson said to her husband:

"Is there anything that can be done to get John Bergson to stop trying to pick a quarrel with Fred?"

"I've thought a good deal about that," said Mr. Nelson, "and at one time thought I would speak to Mr. Barlow about it, but decided it might be best in the long run not to mention it. It's all due to one of those little jealousies which always go pretty deep into a boy's primitive instincts when a girl is mixed up in the affair. Even John doesn't know why he is acting the way he does and I believe it will be best just to let the youngsters see the thing thru, if they must. Fred's pretty capable of taking care of himself and even if they have a scrap and he gets the worst in it he may gain as much as he loses, and perhaps more."

The next morning as Fred was helping with the chores his father said to him:

"I saw you wrestling with Bill the other night.

That's mighty good practice for boys," and a little later he added:

"You've had so much practice in that game that you're a little too much for Bill. Get some bigger boy than you are over some night and try the game with him."

Mr. Nelson realized the educational value of a real struggle against a somewhat superior force and thought it time Fred should meet with defeat lest he develop a false pride in his skill, and so he was pleased when a few nights later he saw Lew Post throw Fred three or four times in rather quick succession. He was still more pleased to note that with each defeat Fred would return to the attack with increased fire and determination, and that with each round Lew was finding it harder to down his little antagonist. As he passed the boys on his way to the house he remarked:

"Better rest just a bit between rounds, boys. A little thinking helps, too, some times. Glad to see that you both put up a hard fight to win. You're a good sport, Lew, because you don't take advantage of the other fellow after you get him down," and he left the boys to continue their game.

One evening about a week later when the children were lingering a moment just outside of the school house door some one started the game of tag. Fred and Jane had already started for home, but Bill hurriedly stole up behind them, tagged each one, and then ran behind the group still standing near

the school house. Fred instantly took the challenge and ran back to get Bill's tag. But Bill kept the group between himself and his pursuer and, try as he might, Fred could not get back the tag. The two boys were thoroly enjoying the fun. Suddenly Fred stopped and with a "Good night" started for home. He had gone but a few feet, however, when he again swung around and rushed toward Bill. Touching the boy's shoulder with his fingers he shouted "Tag," and was starting to run for home when he suddenly felt a blow on his nose and blood rushing from it. In his impetuous charge he had not noticed that he had bumped against John and had stepped on his foot and so for a moment he was too stunned to act. Then burning under the insult which seemed to him entirely unprovoked he threw his arms about his assailant, struggled desperately, and a moment later flopped him on the ground and held him there in a grip that permitted no escape while at the same time permitting the blood flowing from his nose to drop over the face and clothing of his foe. His anger was so aroused that he felt an impulse to bite his victim's arm, but the feeling of conquest brought with it self-control, he slowly loosened his grip and, just as Mr. Barlow appeared on the scene, he rose to his feet.

After investigating the matter a little, the teacher told the boys he would pass judgment in the morning and asked them to appear at his desk at half past eight. He waited until he saw Fred well start-

ed on his way home and then returned to the schoolroom to prepare his work for the next day.

That night after Fred had told his parents the details of the incident his mother said:

"Well, I don't see how you could have kept from doing what you did; but it's too bad you didn't know you ran into John and hurt his foot. He may have thought you did it purposely. What are you going to say to John in the morning?"

He had not thought of it. What should he say?

"Mr. Barlow evidently thought he needed time to think the matter over before deciding what to do and I hope you will think it over, too, Fred. People always come out of such difficulties with a comfortable feeling if they have kept a fair and just attitude of mind in the matter."

Mrs. Nelson had faith that her boy would meet the situation frankly and honorably, and was too wise to suggest any definite answer.

As Jane and Fred approached the school house the next morning they saw John standing at the door, evidently waiting for his antagonist. Jane ran ahead and as she was passing she paused and said:

"You were mean to strike Fred as you did last night, John Bergson," and then hurried into the building, put away her things, and reappeared on the playground.

When Fred reached the school house where John was standing he was inclined to speak, but something in the boy's face kept him from doing so and

he passed into the schoolroom. John entered a moment later and the teacher immediately called the boys to his desk.

"Well, tell me why you threw John down and covered his clothing with blood, Fred?" said Mr. Barlow.

The lad responded and his plain statement corroborated what Barlow had learned of the affair the night before.

"Did you hurt John before he struck you?"

"Yes, sir; the boys told me I ran into him and stepped on his foot, but I didn't know I had until after I threw him down. I was too mad to stop for anything when he struck me."

"And what have you to say, John?" asked the teacher, turning toward the other offender who at the beginning of the trial seemed quite self-assertive, but who now was a little inclined to be crestfallen.

"I guess I was mad, too."

"Did Fred hurt you when he ran into you?"

"He hurt my foot when he jumped on it, but he didn't mean to."

"It appears to me you are both willing to be fair toward each other and as the affair was partly accidental we may as well drop it here if that seems just to you. All right, now you better go out and play until school time."

It was apparent that a change had come over John, a change which even the children noticed as

the boys joined them in their game. His attitude toward Fred could not be called friendly, but neither was it antagonistic, and all attempts to pick a quarrel were abandoned. As the days passed it became evident that he was very anxious to win back the good opinion and friendship of Jane which he felt he had lost because of his attack on her new friend. When he found that this could not be done without including Fred in the friendship he began to treat the boy more kindly, and by the time the school entered upon its preparation for a holiday program all outward appearance of unfriendliness had disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

The afternoon of the Friday preceding Christmas was devoted to a community program, but at that time designated as an "Exhibition," and the children, with the help of their teacher, prepared recitations, some simple dialogues, special songs, and a "spelling match." The parents had been invited and by the hour set for the opening of the program the room was well filled with guests, mostly the mothers of the children, tho Mr. Sanger and several other men were present. All of the recitations were thoroly committed, a few were given in sing-song tones and with little expression, but most of them were creditably rendered. John recited exceptionally well; Nellie and Fred gave a humorous dialogue in a way so simple and natural as to greatly amuse the audience; and Jane, seated in a little old-fashioned rocker and holding her dolly, sang a sweet little lullaby and at its close laid dolly softly in the tiny cradle prepared for it and then tip-toed to her seat while everybody cheered. The spelling contest was confined to the older pupils and reflected credit on the work of the school, the children not only spelling a long list of difficult words accurately but articulating so distinctly that every one in the room

could follow with ease, a feature which impressed most of the visitors.

Before closing, Mr. Barlow stated that the object of the program had not been to represent the work of the school so much as to give the children a chance to celebrate the ending of the term. He concluded by saying:

"One cannot judge the education children are receiving by such exercises as these, or any single program, and in fact it is a very difficult matter to measure the progress they are making. Probably no two persons have the same idea as to what an education is and so each one has a different method of testing it. I often feel that the progress in this school is not all that it should be, but I am sure the children are doing better work this year than they did last. They enjoy hard work and that seems to me about as good an evidence of progress as one can find. Many of them would stay in at recess and at noon to work problems, hear each other spell, or study their geography lesson if I permitted it; but I believe that their play is just as important a part of their development as study is, and so I encourage the outdoor games and allow half an hour for each recess. The teacher I remember most gratefully is one who made me want to get a better education than the little local school gave. He inspired me to go to a college preparatory school and then on to college. As I think back I recall that during the time that teacher taught our school all the children

were very happy and I believe the vigorous games we played during our intermissions contributed materially to that happiness. I am very grateful that so many of the parents here are helping me in my efforts to interest the children. In no other school that I have taught have parents taken such an interest as they are taking here, and whatever excellence there may be in the work of the school is in large measure due to this coöperation."

This simple statement awakened hearty response and as soon as the program had ended Mrs. Sanger and Mrs. Nelson, thru a deep interest they took in the school work of their children, awakened a good deal of interest among the neighbors with whom they visited. After Mrs. Nelson had chatted a few minutes with almost every mother present she sought Mrs. Bergson once more and asked that John be permitted to spend one day of the vacation with Fred, adding:

"To live together in the same house for a day or two will tend to make them feel more like brothers. We live near the village and it will be easy to have most of John's friends run in for a few hours during the time and the children will feel that they have had a real vacation."

Mrs. Bergson was a capable woman and a good mother, but she had never formed the habit of talking over with her children their school experiences, and so she knew nothing of the difficulties thru which the two boys had passed. She had met Mrs.

Nelson before, liked her, and knew that the new family was highly regarded by those who knew its members best. So she readily consented to the suggested arrangement for the following Wednesday. Just then John came up to his mother to make some request, and Mrs. Nelson took the boy frankly into their confidence by explaining the arrangement and expressing the hope that he would be as happy as she knew Fred would be. Her manner was so direct yet so cordial that the boy was delighted, his beaming face rather than his words indicating his pleasure. Fred was then called and tho he knew nothing of the plans promptly said:

"Oh, I'm so glad you're coming, John."

On the way home Mrs. Nelson explained to Mrs. Sanger:

"I've invited John Bergson to spend one day of the vacation with Fred and it is arranged that he shall come next Wednesday about noon and stay until the next afternoon. I'm going to invite a few other children to come over for Wednesday afternoon and, of course, Jane must come. Have her get over not later than 2 o'clock. I will see that she gets home before dark."

When John arrived at the Nelson home at 2 o'clock of the following Wednesday he was greeted with a friendliness he had not known for months. Fred had been trained to be cordial in welcoming all his guests and on this occasion it had been suggested that those arriving first might join in welcoming

the later arrivals. Jane was the first to come and so she and Fred welcomed Bill. The three welcomed Nellie Worthington, who in turn helped to welcome Nina Bell and the others. By the time John arrived the welcoming process had become a delightful diversion from the game they were playing. They had spied the Bergson bob sled long before it reached Fairfield Farm gate and at once agreed to keep out of sight until John should enter the yard and then they would surprise him. So when he walked into the open space near the stable the happy little band rushed toward him and, dancing in a circle about him, sang and shouted their joyous welcome. If the boy had had any lingering misgiving in regard to this visit the last doubt was dissipated by the reception given him and he at once joined in the fun.

The children were to play games and coast down the long steep hill slope back of the barn until a little after 4 o'clock when the bell would ring for them to come into the house for refreshments. There was an excellent road on the hill slope and the coasting was superb. Each boy had brought his sled and the high speed down that long slope made the sport most exhilarating, so that the bell rang long before the children realized that the hour was approaching or were ready to give up the fun for the pleasures of the table. Only one incident had in it the least trace of the old rivalry between the two boys. It was when the sleds were all ranged

at the top of the hill, ready for the last ride, a boy standing behind each sled waiting for the girls to select the one they preferred. It seemed to be understood that Nellie and Jane would ride with John and Fred and so the other girls quickly occupied the other sleds and the boys immediately started down the hill with them. Nellie was leaving the choice to Jane, who hesitated an instant and then started for Fred's sled. But at the same moment John had said:

"Ride with me, Jane."

The girl said "No," hesitated, and then took her seat ahead of John. Fred was hurt. He felt no anger, but rather what in more mature natures would be called anguish, and this feeling kept him silent as he and Nellie sped down the hill. The two sleds reached the foot of the hill together and as the children started for the house Jane slipped over to Fred's side and said:

"I'm going to help you pull your sled, Fred," and so brought happiness back to the boy's heart.

The refreshments consisted of bread and butter, milk, beautiful white comb honey, a plain cake, cookies, and popcorn and apples in abundance on the sideboard. It was a feast for princes to those robust, hungry youngsters. When they had eaten—not all they wished but all they could—Mrs. Nelson gave each guest a number of apples to take home, suggesting:

"I know there is some one at home who will be glad to eat what you can't."

Then she announced that she had a little surprise for them. Mr. Barlow had been kind enough to hitch the team to the bob sled and was going to take them all home. Plenty of clean straw had been put in the box and there were robes and quilts to keep them all warm and comfortable. The sled, she said, was already waiting at the door. The children were, of course, delighted and hurried to get on their wraps. In their haste several of them almost forgot to say good night to the hostess and were coming back to make amends when Mrs. Nelson met them at the door on her way out to the sled to help tuck them in. Mr. Barlow started the horses, the bells jingled merrily, and as the sled sped over the smooth road the songs and laughter of the children mingled with the patter of the horses' feet and the sound of the bells, proclaiming to all listening ears the joys of childhood—yes, and the sound rejuvenated the heart of listening age.

Barlow and the two boys returned three quarters of an hour later and while the team was being cared for Fred was changing his clothes so that he might do such part of his chores as had not already been done by his father. He had become very useful on the farm, not only in the chores but also in a large part of the regular farm work. Under the wise tutelage of his parents he had come to feel a responsibility in the success of the farm and it did not oc-

cur to him that the presence of his guest might excuse him from doing his part of the evening's work, tho he had understood that he was to be free for the afternoon.

It should be explained that during all vacations Barlow turned from teaching to other work. He was a good hand in the harvest field and was able to do the rougher parts of carpenter work. So Mr. Nelson had employed him for the holiday vacation to assist him in building a stable which was to become the first "dairy barn" in the section, and Barlow had gladly accepted the offer for there were few families with whom he felt so much at home as with the Nelsons. He had worked several Saturdays for Mr. Nelson and each time had remained over Sunday with the family. Whether this was due to a desire on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson to have the home enriched by Barlow's spiritual wealth or to mere friendship we cannot say, but we do know that Mr. Nelson had assured Barlow that he would like to have him help him during all vacations, guaranteeing as high wages as he could get anywhere. Barlow often told the children stories at night and the parents would listen with as much interest as did the children. Years later Fred Nelson said that one of the most delightful evenings of his childhood was the one when Mr. Barlow told them the story of Rip Van Winkle.

When the men and the boys came in from the evening work and gathered in the dining room,

which served as sitting room as well, John begged for the story of Rip Van Winkle of which Fred had been telling him; but the teacher decided he had better wait until he could tell that story to the whole school and that he would tell them of a man he knew well personally and had come to admire.

"He may have been a relative of Rip Van Winkle for his name, Henry Van Wort, seems to indicate that he came from the same country. Henry was about sixteen when he left his home in Holland and with his parents came to this country. They settled in Buffalo and Henry, who had learned to make shoes and boots in the old country, immediately found work in a shoe factory. You know that all shoe factories in those days did their work very much as your cobbler, Mr. O'Neil, is doing his. Instead of having one or two shoemakers at work this factory had about 75 men working every day and in rush seasons there were more. When Henry began working in this factory he could not speak English, but he had received a good elementary education in Holland and, being ambitious, he learned rapidly. When I first met Henry he had been in America just three years and already spoke English fairly well. I was working in the Buffalo nursery at that time and did a good deal of studying at night. Often I would call at a quaint old house where lived a peculiar sort of a man who was fond of books and from whom one could rent certain books for a small fee. It was here that I met Henry Van Wort one evening.

He, too, was getting books from this old Hermit. From that time on we had many walks and talks together and at last we came to live in the same house. Many people get angry when you criticise them but Henry was much more likely to become angry if you failed to criticise him. He wanted every error in his speech and thought pointed out. I remember one particular instance that will illustrate how anxious he was to speak our language correctly. I had often called his attention to his use of "Vy" for "Why" but he did not seem able to make the change and one day I got after him rather severely on this point and showed him the difference just as plainly as I could. Then I found that his ear did not distinguish between his pronunciation and mine, and I was unable to help him. But he did find in those few moments that there was really something wrong in the way he said words with "Wh" as the initial sound. A few weeks later I noticed that he had corrected the difficulty and was as accurate and more careful in giving that sound than most Americans are and I was anxious to know how he had come to make the change in so short a time. It seems he had found a teacher in one of the academies of Buffalo who was an expert on the subject of articulation and phonetics and paid the teacher to instruct him just how to place his tongue, teeth, and lips in making that particular sound. He had come to realize that he could not appeal to his own hearing to correct the error and so he appealed to the senses of

feeling and sight. I give this simply because it illustrates better than anything else how persistently Henry struggled against his own defects. He followed the same method in his work. His employer promoted him several times and by the time he had been in the shop five years his employer thought some of making him foreman over one department but finally selected some one else. Henry later heard about the matter and went to the employer, thanked him for the consideration and asked him to tell him just wherein he was lacking to make a good foreman. He made it so clear that the employer would be doing him a kindness by speaking frankly that he got the plain truth and a year later was made foreman in another shop, the old employer aiding him to this advancement. But Henry did not confine his self-improvement to making shoes and study. He soon came to know as much about a nursery as I did and after a time started a garden in a vacant lot which he rented for five years. That was two years ago and that garden was a very interesting place when I saw it last summer. Henry told me that he got his living out of making shoes and his joy out of playing with plants and that some day he was going to have a nursery of his own. Another thing he is doing that is quite exceptional. He has a little library of twenty-five books which he rents to people at a very small cost and the money received for the rent is all put into a fund for buying more books. Once a week peo-

ple can come to his little room and get a book. They always find a carefully written statement of the library account hanging beside the bookshelf, giving the cost of the books to date, the amount received from rents and contributions, and a list of four or five new books proposed as the next purchases. His room is open just two hours each week for this library work and he told me last summer that those two hours were more fun than any game of cards he had ever played, and that he gets much real knowledge and experience. As he said to me:

"You know those books are all of the thoughtful kind and I find that after I have read one a couple of times, and then talk with those readers of mine after they have read the same book, I find that I only got a part of what was in it, and that they give me a whole lot I did not know."

"Now that is as far as I can tell you this story for you see it isn't finished and is not likely to be for years. I am more interested in it myself than I would be if it were finished even according to the way I hope it will end. What is going to be the history of that little library in that very plain little room? Is that little garden going to grow into a nursery? You see, these and other questions are always in my mind when I think of Henry Van Wort, and I am always anxious to get his letter for he writes me frankly about his "two pets," as he calls the library and the garden. If you are inter-

ested, boys, I will tell you what he says about them when his next letter comes."

Turning to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson who had followed the story with interest, Barlow said:

"I really feel that I have gotten as much education thru my contact with Henry as I ever did from any teacher."

Mrs. Nelson had liked John Bergson from the time she first saw him and this liking was increased by the impression the boy had made on her the few times she had visited the school. His attitude toward Fred had awakened no bitterness in her mind for she realized how easily a child may be trapped and held in such a state of mind as had held John; but she knew that if the feud between the two boys were long continued it would likely involve the whole school and possibly even the community and so she did all she could do to obliterate all traces of it. Shortly after Mr. Barlow had finished telling about Henry Van Wort, she said to John:

"The boys and I always have a half hour of what we call 'our school' and it is time now to begin; but if you would rather not join us we will let the school have a vacation for one evening."

John said he would like to join in the lesson and so Mrs. Nelson and the children retired to the kitchen while Mr. Nelson and Mr. Barlow remained to discuss topics of the day. Mrs. Nelson had made special preparation for this lesson with the children and it proved to be interesting to John as

well as to the others. It centered about the school work in geography, but went far afield in the subject, Mrs. Nelson drawing upon her own experience in the east for many interesting and valuable illustrations of the various points under discussion. She led John to express his thoughts freely and so came to know the boy much better than she could possibly have done without such personal contact.

After the short lesson the boys played games, ate popcorn and apples, and then went to bed. They were up again before seven the next morning and after the chores had been done and they had had breakfast Fred was to feel free until the time for the noon chores arrived. His father suggested, however, that if they wished to go horse-back riding he might do a small errand in the village at the same time. Of course the boys were eager for the ride and at once hurried to the barn to get the two young spirited horses. There were no saddles and riding bridles for the boys in those days, only blankets and surcingles and ordinary work bridles, but the pleasure of the ride was not diminished by this lack. The direct road to the village did not lead past the Sanger home but the boys decided to go that way and on past the home of Chub before entering the village. Jane saw them coming and waved to them as they passed but, tho they slowed up as they passed the Brown home, Chub did not appear and the boys were disappointed. They even rode back again in the hope of attracting Chub's attention but

without apparent effect. Had they but known, they would not need to have returned, for Chub had been watching them thru a small opening in the side of the haymow from the time they first appeared in the distance until they finally were well out of sight.

After riding out beyond the village for a distance they returned to the village, did the errand Mr. Nelson had mentioned, and started for home. It is evident that their horses knew that they were bound for home, for they had no sooner started than they wanted to go at full speed and a moment later the boys had lost control and were simply clinging to the racing animals with desperate grips. It was a straight road from the village to the Nelson lane and when they reached the turn Fred's horse made it at such a sharp angle that the boy was hurled into the snowbank at the edge of the road. John's horse continued at full speed thru the long lane but came to such a sudden stop when it perceived the closed gate that the boy flew over the head of the horse and landed at a considerable distance beyond the gate. Mr. Nelson, who saw the boys coming from a distance and at once understanding the situation, watched intently and with some anxiety; but when he saw the lads get up, brush themselves off, and then start walking for the barn, he turned back to his work. He knew that there were bruises and soreness and lameness, but it was evident that no serious injury had been sustained. A little later

when the boys had cared for the horses and had come to inspect the work on the stable, he said:

"You did pretty well, boys, but you've got to plan for the turns and stops in the race of life. If you had leaned way over on the inside curve as you neared the lane, Fred, you wouldn't have landed in the ditch. It's harder to hang on when you come to such a sudden stop as the mare made at the gate, but you can do it if you plan for it in time. The mare had enough horse sense to do it or she would have gone over the gate, too."

After he had nailed on another board or two he added:

"You better go into the house and have mother look you over and fix up your bruises."

They went into the house but neither referred to their ride or their bruises, hiding the lameness and pain under a special effort to appear joyous. The matter was not mentioned at dinner, tho Barlow and Nelson watched the boys with interest as they thought of the ride, and shortly afterward the Bergson bob drove into the yard and John took his departure, assuring everybody that he had had a fine time. It was interesting to see the effort he made to appear unusually erect and active, when in reality it was difficult for him to walk without limping. Neither Mr. Nelson or Mr. Barlow could keep from smiling as they watched the boy climb into the sled, keeping up a constant and merry chatter until the horses started and he had passed thru the gate.

"These two days have been a fine experience for the boys, and for me too," said Barlow as he and Mr. Nelson went back to their work.

"It's been good experience for all of us, I guess," Nelson responded.

Those were still the days of pioneer life when the eight hour day had hardly been dreamed of and when many a farm mortgage was paid off thru the coöperation of children with their parents. Such a pleasure day as Mrs. Nelson had arranged for the two boys and their friends was very exceptional, and Mrs. Nelson would hardly have planned this one had the conditions not seemed to her very exceptional. We hardly need to remind the reader that there were good times for the children, and older people too, of Mayville; but the good times were not specially created for that purpose. They rather grew out of the daily life of the people, and did not interrupt the struggle for material sustenance and spiritual wealth. The neighbors visited each other at night and on Sundays and the children almost always accompanied their parents. During this particular vacation they visited more frequently than usual, and Jane and Fred played with the other children while the older folks visited or, as they did on very rare occasions, played a game of cards.

On the Sunday afternoon preceding the reopening of school Fred and his mother had walked over to the Sanger home and the two children were in the yard, playing. The snow had disappeared and the

day was exceptionally mild, making the outdoor air far more enticing than the air within. Jane and Fred made a crude house with walls and roof covered with straw, and a deep layer of clean oat straw formed the carpet. The little house was but a few feet square with low ceiling, but to the children it was a palace in which there were many rooms and every comfort. It was a fairy castle and they were prince and princess.

"When we get big," said Jane, "let's have a new house just like that one Mr. Daggett is building next to the store. It's going to have a great big window and lots of big rooms."

"I'm going to build a bigger house than that," said Fred, "and we'll have a cellar with lots of apples in it. And we'll let the children have all the apples they want."

"I want a horse to ride the way you and John rode," said Jane, and then added:

"Will you let me ride with you when I come over again?"

"We'll ride over to John's," said Fred.

And so the children went on, planning the future, while their mothers were discussing more serious problems in the kitchen. Mrs. Nelson was explaining why her second son, Edwin, had not been going to school:

"Fred didn't go to school until he was nearly eight. I have often noticed that when children go to school before they can do any studying they sim-

ply sit idle for hours every day and get into the habit of doing nothing. They sometimes become too listless to even care to play when recess time comes. I taught Fred to read and count, write a little, tell time, and led him to build things with his blocks; so that when he went to school he could be kept busy from the first. I intended to do the same with Edwin, but I sometimes feel as tho I ought to send him to school while Mr. Barlow is here. Edwin is able to read fairly well, but he has not gotten far with the writing or with numbers."

"It's just because Mr. Barlow is teaching that I am sending Albert this year and he has just done splendid work. How Mr. Barlow keeps him busy the way he does I don't know. Jane never went to school until last year and I had taught her at home just as you taught Fred."

"I'll talk the matter over with Mr. Nelson tonight and perhaps we'll decide to send Edwin in the morning. I hope Jane and Albert can stop as they pass so that if Edwin goes he will feel that he is with friends. He's rather timid, as you know."

CHAPTER VI.

The development of a farm in those days was a slow process and the Nelsons found it difficult to make the annual reduction on the mortgage and pay the interest, not to mention making improvements in buildings, fencing, stock, and other phases of farm operations. As the years passed, the wheat crop, on which the ready money of the farmers depended, was showing a steadily diminishing yield and some of the farmers were beginning to talk of selling out and moving still farther west to new states where bigger crops were reported to obtain. The little dairy started on Fairfield Farm gave evidence of success but it was too small to be relied on for the needed income. Under the skillful management of Mrs. Nelson the butter produced was winning a reputation which warranted an extension of the business; but there were no funds available for buying cows, building a barn such as would be essential, or for making other needed improvements. One evening as they were talking these matters over, which they often did, Mr. Nelson said:

"I've been figuring out that if we could buy four good cows and add them to the four we are now milking that they would pay for themselves in less than a year. It goes too slow to wait for the natural

increase in our own small herd. Dave Welsh has two cows he will sell for $25 each and I believe they are pretty good ones, too. There are others in the neighborhood that can be gotten for about the same price."

"We can't buy them if they want cash for them," said Mrs. Nelson. "And you would not have feed enough for them, would you?"

"The cattle will go out to pasture in about three weeks and if we decide the matter now I can plan for the feed for next winter. Instead of planting corn on that field back of the barn as I have been planning to do next month, I will let the clover and grass grow and use it as a pasture this season; and I will sow less wheat and more clover and timothy.

"That will mean more stable room for the cattle and a larger hay mow," said his wife.

"I've thought of that and I think I can fix up the old stable as a shelter for the young cattle next winter, and the stable Barlow and I built is large enough for all the milch cows. I can plan to cut some hay in Brown's marsh and stack it outside, for it can be made to shed the rain almost as well as a roof. If we find that the business pays we can build a good barn in a couple of years."

"How about the money for buying the cows, Paul?"

"I think I can arrange to buy them on time. I'm not worrying about that, but I don't like to think of you attempting to do more work than you are doing.

To keep this home looking as neat as you do, wash and mend for the family, do the cooking and baking, and make the butter, is a good deal more than one woman should do. How, with the small amount of hired help you have had, you find time to make your own and the children's work clothes and help them with their lessons is more than I can understand, and you're always as cheerful as if you hadn't a care."

"It's because I am happy that I can do the work, and I suppose I'm happy because I am so thoroly interested. I couldn't be happy simply doing some little task that anybody could do by half trying. It looks to me as tho there might be some still bigger project ahead of the plan you are suggesting and I will be only too glad to do my part if you can arrange for buying the cows and providing the feed. To handle twice as much milk and butter as I do now will not mean twice as much work, only just a little more. As for giving an hour to the children each day, that is my play time and helps me as much as it does them. And I often sew while they read to me or we talk things over."

Nelson took his wife's hand, gently pressed it within his own, and for several minutes sat watching her, a sacred devotion reflected in every feature of his face. Then he rose, stooped over and pressed his lips lightly against her forehead, and went out for a last look at the stock before retiring for the night.

Several evenings were devoted to perfecting plans and then the additional cows were bought, Nelson having little trouble in securing them by giving his personal note. In a few months the little Fairfield Farm dairy was well known thruout the district and Mrs. Nelson attributed the superiority of her butter over that of her neighbors to the use of the fine spring in which the milk was quickly cooled and kept at a uniform temperature; but those who were best acquainted with her knew that certain personal elements contributed materially to the excellence of the product.

As summer drew to a close and the time for opening the school drew near it began to be rumored that school this year would not begin until November, a rumor which a little later was confirmed. One who did not know the influences that had been at work during the months preceding the hiring of a new teacher would have been surprised that there was little or no opposition to the change, tho in preceding years the desire for an eight- or nine-months school had been practically unanimous. The change in sentiment may largely be attributed to the Sanger and Nelson families, tho they themselves did not realize it.

To understand what had taken place we must go back in our history to the time when Mr. Barlow completed his second year. Every possible effort

had been made to retain him for one year more, but, in spite of his unquestioned attachment to the children and the community, he decided that he could no longer postpone his college course. He worked among the farmers until early in September and then departed for the East. Thru his efforts, however, a Mr. Phelps was secured for the position and did very satisfactory work, but could not be induced to return. He was followed by two teachers who did very indifferent work. No doubt the excellent work Mr. Barlow had done contributed materially to the good work of Mr. Phelps and kept the work of the next two years from being so marked a failure as to arouse the district to prevent like failures in future. The splendid influence Barlow had exerted on the children, inspiring them as he did to help themselves in getting an education, continued by its own momentum. Many of the children still continued their home study and so only a few of the more penetrating minds realized the general decay. Following the two indifferent teachers, the school board had hired Miss Lucy Hyde, who had taught the Mayville school the preceding year. The board had tried to hire a male teacher, but not a single man applied for the school—we may suggest here that Mrs. Nelson maintained that this was due to the poor reputation the school had acquired during the preceding year. Among the three women who applied there seemed little choice and the board finally selected Miss Hyde, who had personally appeared

before them and made a good impression. Naturally bright and vivacious, she interested the smaller children; but her knowledge was so limited that she might well have taken lessons from the older boys and girls who had been pupils under Mr. Barlow. Mrs. Sanger, Mrs. Nelson, and Mrs. Bergson visited Miss Hyde's school about a month after it had started and agreed that the new teacher was an utter failure. They also agreed that it would be best to sustain Miss Hyde in her work just as long as that would be possible, but that preparations must be made to give the children a real teacher and a real school after Miss Hyde had completed her year.

When the older boys and girls of the district began attending the school as they always did during the winter, Miss Hyde lost complete control and the school was in a continual state of anarchy. She would punish the small offenders, who were naturally timid and could not defend themselves, while she pretended not to see the more guilty ones. Her knowledge was limited to what the text books contained and she always left it behind her when she left the school room. It never occurred to her that that knowledge might have value outside of the school house, and even if it had she would probably have found it difficult to use even a small part of it without the presence of the text.

As soon as the older children of the district began attending, Jane and Fred were kept at home by their parents and gradually many of the other chil-

dren were likewise taken out of the school. This improved matters somewhat, but toward spring still others were withdrawn, including Albert Sanger and Edwin Nelson. This resulted in even more regular and systematic instruction at home than had been the custom before, and Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Sanger coöperated by having all their children get the benefit of the teaching in both homes.

One evening after the little ones had gone to bed Mr. Nelson said to his wife:

"I often think when I listen to the work you do with the children that you ought to have been a teacher. I always find myself interested in the lesson. The Sangers were saying yesterday that they regarded themselves and their children very fortunate, and that Jane and Albert always came home from a lesson with 'Auntie Nelson' with some interesting things to tell them."

"We like to have our boys go over there, too," replied Mrs. Nelson. "Mrs. Sanger reads or tells a story as well as anyone I ever heard, and Fred is absorbing a good deal of her power. He found a little story about a man and his boy in our farm journal the other day and was so pleased with it that he wanted to read it to me. The way he took off that father and his boy was too amusing for anything and I just had to laugh—more at the little mimic than at the story itself, tho that was interesting."

"Sanger told me the other day that he had writ-

ten to Barlow and had gotten the addresses of several schools from which he thought they might get a good teacher for next year. It would be a pity if we had to put up with another Miss Hyde."

"The board has got to pay more wages," said Mrs. Nelson. "It would be better to have a man like Barlow for three months than to have a Miss Hyde for three years. In fact, I believe it would be better not to have any school than to have a Miss Hyde as teacher—much better. Just see what shiftless habits the children are developing. If it weren't for those two years under Mr. Barlow the situation would be very much worse than it is. The children who started in school since the time Mr. Barlow was here are so careless in their speech that one can hardly understand what they say; and their thinking is just as careless and inaccurate—in fact, they really do no thinking at all. The only exceptions are those children who get some help at home from their parents. It just makes me heartsick when I think of it. If we were made to live in a community in which people took no interest in public affairs, did not care to improve the community conditions as the world progresses or even try to better their own condition we would feel as tho we were living in a prison. That's just about what our school is to the children under such a teacher as Lucy Hyde."

"I've been talking to a number of neighbors of late and they are all very much disappointed in the school this year and I believe that if we all let each

other know how we feel about it there will be no difficulty about the wages," said Mr. Nelson.

"I have been very careful not to put the blame for the school situation on any one but where it belongs and that is on ourselves. We are going to have the kind of school that we work for, not the kind we merely dream about. Most people are coming to look on the matter in that way and so have stopped abusing Miss Hyde. That is a useless waste of energy and it may even lead to a bad condition among the people, for it tends to develop jealousies. If we can just keep our attention directed toward the kind of a school we really ought to have and all plan to be at the annual meeting and express our views we will not only have a good school next year, but we will have a community spirit that will make an excellent school out of a good one."

From that time until the close of the year many parents visited the school and there came to be a general agreement with the thoughts Mrs. Nelson had expressed to her husband; and if a good school depended upon themselves they were going to do their part to have such a school.

The annual meeting which was held in July was a very large one and very serious consideration was given to plans for the coming year. Every one regretted the failure of the past year, many spoke of the school as having a bad influence, but no one made a personal attack on Miss Hyde. The important thing in the minds of the people was that there

should be a good school the coming year and that they were willing to pay for such a school and would not be satisfied with any other. Mr. Bergson, John's father, was elected a member of the school board in place of the man whose term expired. It was voted that the district should have a male teacher, and that the board might reduce the year from nine to seven or even six months if there were not sufficient funds to employ a first-class teacher for the longer term. And so when in early September it was announced that a teacher had been engaged and that school would open in November and continue for six months there was little disappointment expressed in the district, but every one wished to know about the new teacher.

In announcing that the board had made a decision, Mr. Sanger explained that they had hired Carl Winter, that his recommendations were excellent, and that while they had not seen the man, he believed that a capable teacher had been secured. He said that Mr. Winter had taught during part of each of the last six or seven years, attending school during the balance of the time. He was about half way thru college and was anxious to finish as soon as he could afford to do so. Then he went on to say:

"I wrote to four or five references he gave and in each letter asked a good many questions. Of every school board member of districts in which he had taught I asked if, in case he were looking for a teacher for his own children, he would be willing to

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select Mr. Winter. Every reply to this question was in the affirmative and all letters spoke of him as an exceptional teacher and that we might consider ourselves as very fortunate if we secured his services for our school. If he proves to be a failure I shall promptly resign from the board."

Thirty-five boys and girls enrolled under Mr. Winter on that second Monday of November. Several of the older pupils no longer attended, but the number that entered for the first time more than made up for this loss. John Bergson, Fred Nelson, Bill Jones, Jane Sanger, Nellie Worthington and Nina Bell were among the oldest pupils and they, with four or five others, constituted the Upper Form class. At half past eight a dozen or more children had gathered just outside the door and as soon as it was unlocked hurried into the room. Their one thought had been to rush for certain favorite seats; that was why they had come so early, but the general appearance and brightness of the school room made them pause a moment and then they uttered exclamations of wonder and joy as they saw a number of freshly-drawn pictures on the blackboard, read several short suggestive sentences written in beautiful script at the top of the boards, and noticed several attractive pictures that hung on the walls. On receiving notice of his appointment from Mr. Sanger, Carl Winter had written him promptly asking for a descrip-

tion of the inside of the school room and a list of its equipment. On receiving the information, he had again written Mr. Sanger that he hoped the school board would see to it that the room was thoroly cleaned and made as cheerful and attractive as it could be made without incurring unnecessary expense, adding:

"The children will probably spend more time in the school room during the year than they will spend in their homes, and the silent influence of cleanliness, neatness and culture is just as effective in the school room as it is in the home."

Mr. Sanger read this letter with a good deal of interest and satisfaction, smiled, and handed it to his wife with the remark:

"You'll be interested in this. Winter is all right. We're going to have a good school."

"I don't know why we have never thought of that matter," his wife said after having read the letter.

So it came about that several of the women in the district met in the school house one afternoon in October, scrubbed the floor, windows, and woodwork, and tidied up generally. Carl Winter had arrived on Saturday morning preceding the opening of school and had spent the afternoon and a part of Sunday in the building. He had brought with him a picture of Lincoln and one of Longfellow, also a pastoral scene, and these he hung on the walls. He was an excellent penman and an adept at drawing and he used his skill in preparing his work for

the opening day. To the children the drawings at first appeared simply as attractive ornaments, but they were to learn before the close of the day that each drawing was vitally connected with some lesson. Thus there was an excellent drawing of a crossbow in the hands of a mountaineer, and underneath the picture was the question:

"Who is this man?"

Of course, they did not know, but later, when the written assignment of the reading lesson gave the page in Sander's New Fourth Reader and asked that each pupil should try to make a mental picture of the leading character, the children made the desired connection. Winter had wisely avoided assigning the lesson by subject because he knew that the reader had long been in use in the school and that the children would probably feel a disgust at the mere mention of the threadbare titles. The written assignment contained several questions so that when the children turned to the lesson they did so with a desire to find an answer to the questions, and they were soon absorbed in a search for them.

When the class was called the teacher did not begin quizzing the pupils to determine the care and extent of their preparation, but at once began telling them the legend of William Tell. He was a very effective story teller and he made the nobility of Tell and the oppression against which he fought so heroically, stand out with such vividness, that the children forgot that they had ever prepared or read

this lesson, forgot that they were in the schoolroom and felt themselves actually fighting the battle with the courageous Swiss leader. When he had finished the teacher said:

"One cannot tell or read anything well unless he has clear pictures in his mind of the thoughts he wishes to express, and so I told you the story of William Tell, for you could not be expected to get it from the brief selection given in the reader. There is no time for you to do any reading today, for I see I have used more than the period in telling the story. Tomorrow you shall read the selection before the school and I hope your reading will show Tell's character and courage. If you were to take your books home with you and read the story aloud to your parents that would be an excellent preparation for the reading tomorrow."

Winter was not as practical in the general sense of the term as Barlow had been. He could not turn his hand to plowing, husking corn, binding grain, and doing other farm work as Barlow had done. He was not handy with mechanical tools and, while he loved outdoor activity, he had spent no part of the past half dozen years in doing manual labor, preferring to do clerical work or teaching as a means of earning money to continue his education. But in a certain sense he was even more practical than Barlow had been. His imagination was more constructive and he was quick to see the connection between what he got from books and what existed in

the life about him. He was a lover of poetry, but no poem interested him unless he could translate it into life. When he read Thanatopsis he saw in his mind's eye:

"The hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the suns," cropping out from some real hill or mountain, and his mind projected itself into the unsounded depths of past time.

"The sun, the planets—all the infinite hosts of heaven," were realities and actually shown for him

"On the sad abodes of death thru the still lapse of ages."

The very movement of his voice on the "still lapse of ages" told off the time in massive slowness and awakened awe and reverence in the hearts of his hearers.

Mr. Winter often devoted weeks to preparing a class for the appreciation of some large and fundamental conception, not only in reading, but in geography and other subjects, the children having no suspicion of the goal for which he was heading them. "The Daffodils" was one of his favorite little poems and we may illustrate his method of teaching by following the work he did the next spring in leading the children to an appreciation of this delightful little literary gem. One day he made an excursion with the children to a little lake a half mile from the school house so that they might see several acres of "Blue Flag" in blossom along the edge of the lake. It was during the noon hour and he had simply an-

nounced that he wished them to see something beautiful and wondered who would be the first to find it. The children found many beautiful pictures in the happy journey, and one of them was the sea of "Blue Flags." No formal lesson was given, he had no set of questions to ask, but as the children played about him occasional questions and suggestions impressed upon their minds the beauty of the picture. No breeze was stirring and so the surface of the lake was smooth and glassy, a fact that Winter had considered and perhaps welcomed. As they were returning the pupils wanted to know what the "beautiful thing" was that he wished to show them, and the teacher, pausing a moment to look back on the scene, replied:

"I don't need to tell you, for you found it for yourselves and you put so many things into the picture that I had not thought of that it is more beautiful than I thought it was. Just one thing you left out that must be added. You didn't leave it out in your thinking, but you didn't speak of it because it is so big that it didn't occur to you as necessary."

"The lake! The lake!" shouted the children.

The trip was not discussed and no mention was made of the poem, but a few days later when a stiff breeze was blowing, teacher and pupils again visited the scene. On the way the youngsters were in glee and played with the wind as it blew thru their hair and clothing. Winter turned their joy into a dancing movement and led them naturally to an appreciation

of the dancing "Flags" and of the waves. When they had nearly reached the hill top on the return trip the little party looked back on the lake and the flowers and the trees, and the children danced to the song that was singing in their hearts.

The teacher made no reference to the "Daffodils," for he was not yet ready to take up the poem with the children; but, in the course of the days following, the pupils often drew on the experience gotten in the excursions to aid them in the preparation and recitation of the regular work. Thus, in the geography class, which was studying water forms, one of the boys illustrated what "Bay" meant by calling attention to a small projection of the little lake into the land, and Mr. Barlow said:

"Wilbur has made a discovery that is just as real to him and just as original, too, as those made by the men we read about in the geographies and histories. You might give your bay a name, Wilbur. If you don't we may want to call it "Wilbur's Bay." I have no doubt but that we shall have other discoveries announced and our excursions may turn out to have been explorations."

And they did so turn out. Capes and gulfs and islands and every type of land and water forms grew into reality, and were given:

"A local habitation and a name."

The little undiscovered country had lain there for years almost in sight of the school house, but the

dragons of ignorance had made it forbidden land until the children with their songs and laughter had come and frightened the monsters away.

But we must return to Mr. Winter's preparation for the "Daffodils." He was on the playground with the children one beautiful spring day when he found a key that would unlock another one of the treasure vaults of this little poem. The sky was clear except that overhead were little groups of tiny cirrus clouds slowly floating across the sky. He called the children about him and awakened their interest in the fleecy little travelers. Then, as he beheld a little lone cloud approaching from the distance, he pointed to this fleecy little wanderer that had become separated from its companions and told a little fairy story about it.

The next day he made his first reference to the poem and read it to the children, but not until he had asked them to put their heads on their desks, close their eyes, and make the picture of the lake, the flowers, the trees, the sky, and the air as he called them to mind and arranged them in place.

One of Winter's fellow teachers, who knew of the painstaking care with which he prepared his pupils for a few glorious moments, remarked to him at one time:

"I don't have time to do that sort of work, Winter. You must give all your time to reading."

"By no means," said Winter. "It's just because

I have so little time that I prepare my work in that way. If I did not use all my time and every opportunity I can see to give the children the basis for helping themselves I could never hope to make real progress. When the pupil masters one poem in this way he approaches the next with increased power and expectancy so that the need of like care in the preparation is lessened. "And, Mr. Roberts," he added after a little thought, "without this sort of thing there would be neither pleasure nor life in teaching."

That Winter did not limit "this sort of thing" to reading is evidenced by some work he did in connection with geography. Unfortunately he knew nothing of the forces of weathering and erosion or how in the course of ages they form great canyons and river systems; but he did understand commerce, and every step in the journey of wheat from the farms about Mayville to the local flour mill, to the great flour mills at a distance, to the seaboard and across the Atlantic, and the return of the bran and middlings to the farm for feed was vividly pictured. His skill in drawing was a valuable aid in this work, but in so far as was possible the actual processes going on about the children were used in building the thought. The sowing and harvesting of the wheat, cleaning and hauling it to the local warehouse, the detailed steps by which the wheat was converted into flour, bran, and middlings in the nearby mill located on a small river and driven by a

great overshot water wheel—these were the bricks and the straw out of which the castle was built.

Winter's father had worked in a shoe factory in which machinery had replaced the tools of the cobbler and Winter had frequently visited the place and so had come to understand each part of the work. Using the tools and work and raw material of Patrick O'Neil in whose shop every child had been, and bringing into service the family sewing machine, the shoe factory became a reality in the minds of the boys and girls of the Mayville school.

Winter himself was not athletic and never joined in any outdoor games, but he believed in them and encouraged the children to play, even instructing them in the rules of a new game of ball, a forerunner of the great American game. He often suggested contests in running, to girls as well as to boys, and would designate the distance and pair the runners. Watching a snowball contest which lasted for many days and which at times involved fortifications, skirmishes, charges and retreats, he had suggested a new maneuver and also an improvement in the construction of the forts. He always made these suggestions in the presence of both sides in the controversy so that opportunity to use them would be equally free to both.

Under the new teacher singing revived and developed. He was not skilled in music, but he had a good voice and loved music. One of the older boys had a natural talent for music and had developed consid-

erable skill on the violin, and Winter occasionally asked him to bring his instrument to school when a special program was to be given.

It soon became known thruout the district that Mayville was having a real school, appreciated the more because the citizens had themselves to thank for the change. About a month after the opening of the school Mrs. Nelson said to her husband one evening after the children had gone to bed:

"I'm afraid I'm losing my job and becoming pupil instead of teacher. Fred has gotten to be a whole lot better at the work than I am. We were going over his geography lesson tonight and he told me things about the shape and size and motions of the earth I had never heard of, and he knows what he is talking about, too. He was so enthusiastic and so clear in his thought that I just enjoyed listening. Some of his ideas are pretty big for a boy of his age; and Jane is keeping right up with him, tho she is a year younger. That girl is a wonder at reading. You should have heard her read the dialog between Franklin and the Gout last night. It was as good as a play."

"When I first met Winter I was a little disappointed and feared he would hardly be the success we expected. It seemed to me that he would be better at talking and dreaming than at doing things; but he certainly is doing some very good work and has gotten a wonderful hold on the children," replied Mr. Nelson.

"He's a real teacher, Paul. I saw that the moment I stepped into the school room when I called there two weeks ago to deliver a message from Mr. Sanger. I didn't intend to stay more than a moment, but I became so interested in the history lesson that I almost forgot to give the message at the close of the recitation. Mrs. Sanger and I are going to spend an afternoon in the school some day next week, but we are not saying anything about it, because we don't want the children to know that we are coming."

At half past one on the following Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Nelson and her neighbor entered the school room door just as the Upper Form class in geography had been called. After briefly greeting the two women, the teacher informed them that the children had been studying about the solar system and that they had asked him some questions the answers to which he could not make clear to them without first getting them to investigate some points for themselves.

"They have been puzzling their minds about the planet Venus that shines so bright in the west each evening. I had them begin watching the planet just after school began, nearly six weeks ago, to see if they could find anything about it in any way different from the other stars. I gave opportunity for a report each day and the children have noticed all sorts of differences in color, size and appearance, most of which are true, too, tho I am a little in doubt

about some and a few were incorrect. Nellie found something that is puzzling me. She says that Venus doesn't look round to her, but that it is cut off on one side. Now, that is really true and she has placed the cut-off part on the proper side, too; but how she can see that without a telescope I do not know, for I cannot. John made a real discovery last week and I'm going to let him tell again what it is."

"I noticed that it kept getting higher up each week," said John, "and got very near to two little stars. Then we had four or five cloudy nights and when I saw it again it was just above the two little stars."

"Yes, and why did you think it was the planet and not the stars that had moved?"

"Because the two little stars kept at the same distance and Venus kept getting closer to another star higher up."

"All right. The other children have noticed the same movement since then, and yesterday Jane wanted to know why, if Venus is really moving in a circle around the sun as I explained, it seems to be just moving away from the sun. Evidently Fred had been thinking about the same thing and so I asked them to make an experiment last night, an experiment that would only be the first step toward finding an answer to their question. Tell us what you did and saw, Jane."

"You told me to look out of my window at seven o'clock last night and watch for Fred with his lan-

tern in the yard near his home. I saw the lantern, but I couldn't see Fred, and I cannot get him to tell me if he was carrying the lantern or not."

"I asked him not to tell you anything about what he was going to do and he has evidently kept the agreement. What did the lantern seem to do, Jane?"

"Oh, it just went back and forth, back and forth about ten times."

Thereupon Fred laughed and shook his head, but the teacher turned again to Jane and asked:

"Could you see the light all the time?"

"Once in a while, when it was moving toward the gate, it would seem to go out for just a second and then light up again."

"Did the lantern move at the same rate all the time?"

"No; it went slow at the ends and fast in the middle.

"Well, now let's hear from Fred and see how near right you are."

"I didn't walk back and forth, but in a circle around the smoke-house," said Fred.

"That's why Jane didn't see the light all the time," said Bill. "It went out when he went behind the smoke-house."

"He must have been going around that way, then," said Jane, and she indicated the direction with a motion of her arm.

"How about your walking, Fred," asked the

teacher. "Did you go fast part of the time and then slow?"

"No, sir; I walked the same gait all the time."

As no one seemed ready with an explanation, the teacher suggested that they all try the experiment and think it over and perhaps they could explain tomorrow.

"It's going to take weeks for us to find a real clear answer to the questions you have asked," said Mr. Winter, "and you will need to make other experiments and do a good deal of thinking about them. But now we must take up the regular lesson. Tell us what it is about, Nina."

"The mining industry of the United States."

"Yes, and now think over the main mineral products. When you can name five or six in the order of their importance you may stand and I will write them on the board as you give them. All right, Elmer, give us your list." And Winter wrote:

Gold.
Silver.
Lead.
Iron.
Copper.
Coal.

"You have a good list, but if I were naming them I would put coal and iron at the head. I suppose most people put gold and silver first because they shine and glitter more than the others do, and because they are worn a great deal by kings and

princes. It will take us a week or two to finish our study of these mineral products and at the end of that time we shall be better able to arrange the list."

Winter had drawn an outline map of good size on the blackboard, and as he told about the great coal fields of the country he would occasionally make a cross to locate some important coal center and ask the pupils to judge in what state the marked area was located. When the main coal fields had been mapped out with considerable definiteness and a few of the most noted varieties had been named and the names written very carefully on the board, Mr. Winter told of his visit to one of the mines in western Pennsylvania and how he went into the mountain side with some of the coal miners and what he saw and heard while in the mine. His account was very realistic and the children were much interested and were able to picture the mine with considerable vividness.

After dismissing the class Winter explained to the visitors why he had not asked the children questions about coal and coal mining before he told them about his experience in the coal region.

"They couldn't possibly have any real knowledge of a coal mine and I don't believe in trying to pull out of their minds what I know isn't in them. That is just like fishing in a pond in which you know that there are no fish. Even after stocking the pond with minnows and fingerlings the fishing will not

be profitable until there has been time for development."

Then followed a class in primary reading and an interesting Middle Form class in arithmetic. At the opening of the year these children had been unable to add and multiply the simplest numbers and Winter had been greatly discouraged by their work, not knowing how to meet the situation. Gradually he came to realize that the children were lost among the fundamental facts, which seemed to them as innumerable as the grains of sand in the hillside, just as they might feel lost in one of the forests he had seen among the mountains. So he wrote the fundamental facts on the board, eliminated all those that were known to the pupils, and then confronted them with the few unknown combinations—not over a dozen—and challenged them to master them. Building on that foundation he had led the children to larger combinations, always insisting on rapidity, until now the results were fairly satisfactory to him. As there were but six pupils in the class he had them step to the board where each one was to make six examples in addition, each example to consist of 10 numbers of one figure each, add the numbers while writing them, and after placing the answer below each column examine the work of his neighbor to see if it was correct. Other limitations were introduced so that it was impossible for the pupil to limit his examples to the simplest combinations. Rapidity and ac-

curacy were encouraged, but no child was made to feel that because he was slower than his neighbor that therefore his work was inferior. He was made to realize, however, that if he really knew a simple combination like seven and eight the result could be given instantly and that such expressions as "I know but cannot tell" were equal to but not superior to the thoughts of the ostrich. He did not believe in permitting children to form such habits of self-deception. The rapidity and accuracy with which the children added long columns the teacher wrote on the board and quickly erased filled the visitors with admiration, and the work in the other fundamental operations was not less admirable. Mr. Winter fully recognized that this work was simply preparatory to the higher phases of the work, but it was the foundation and it was important that the foundation should be well laid. We regret that we cannot follow him in the thought phases of his arithmetic work, but to do so would far exceed the limits of this book.

At recess time all the children ran out to play and Winter threw open the doors and windows, explaining that the air got very close in the room during sessions and that a complete change seemed to him essential, even tho it left the room a little cold for a time.

The three were standing at the window chatting and watching the children in their play. A light snow of two or three inches had fallen and the

shrubs and trees in the yard were trimmed with "ermine too dear for an Earl." Some of the boys were running in and out among the small oaks, giving a tree a sudden jolt or blow in order to cover their companions with the heavy shower of snow that followed. One of them, a little more eager than "foxy," as the boys called it, ran directly into a bushy white oak and before he could recover himself and escape was deluged in a great shower he himself had produced, to the great delight of all the others. The girls and some of the smaller boys were playing "Pull-a-Way" and had tramped the snow so hard and smooth as to tax both the runners and the catchers in their efforts to meet the new difficulties.

"Those girls run as well as any boys," remarked Mrs. Sanger.

"Yes, Nellie can, I really believe, outrun any pupil of her age," replied Winter. "I did not realize it at first, but she is a beautiful girl in every way. Her great trouble is that she keeps things a little too much to herself and so her fine qualities are not very evident."

A little later he remarked, as they were still watching the games:

"I wish all children might have the free outdoor life these boys and girls are having. They are fortunate not to live in a great city like Chicago. In among the great buildings the children seldom see

the heavens and hardly know what a bright, starry sky looks like."

"What are Bill Jones and John Bergson doing," asked Mrs. Sanger, as she noticed the two boys go into a level area where the snow had not been disturbed, the other boys of the class standing at a distance looking on.

"I don't know," said Winter. "They are up to something."

They noticed that John remained standing while Bill was taking regular strides away from him. When he had gone what seemed about 100 feet he stopped and stretched the cord or light rope which connected him with John and then began walking around his stationary companion, keeping the string taut and skuffing the snow with his feet so as to make a continuous path.

"They are making a circle," said the teacher. "I wonder how they hit on that plan. That's going to help a whole lot when we come to study how the movement of the earth around the sun causes the seasons."

"Mr. Nelson suggested the idea to Fred last night when he wanted to make a circle around the smokehouse. Fred drove a nail in the top of the smokehouse, tied a string to it, and walked around it at the end of the string. I had no idea it had anything to do with his school work, nor did his father. He evidently didn't want anyone to know about his plan with the lantern."

It was more than time to ring the bell but Winter waited a few minutes so that the boys might complete the circle before calling the children in. As soon as they were seated he said:

"You boys made a pretty good circle out there in the snow. How big is it, Bill?"

"I took forty paces from John."

"How many feet is that," asked the teacher.

"About eighty, I think," said John.

All the older pupils showed their interest and the teacher said:

"Let's see how many of the class can use these three words correctly tomorrow and tell how long the lines are for which they stand." And he wrote on the board:

Diameter,
Radius,
Circumference,

briefly explaining each term. Then the classes were called according to the program, neatly written on a large sheet of paper and posted near the door.

Weeks and months passed and the term was drawing to a close. The school board had induced Mr. Winter to continue the school term one month longer than the contract had called for and so the year had extended into the warm season. He had planned to attend college the following year in the hope of finishing but was persuaded to continue in the Mayville school for another year at an increase of wages and with the promise that the walls of the

schoolroom would be calcimined and the woodwork repainted.

As soon as the children learned that their teacher was to return the following year they gathered about his desk as they came to school in the morning and expressed their pleasure. Jane spoke the general sentiment when she clapped her hands and said joyfully:

"Oh, I'm so glad."

"So am I," Winter replied, simply.

As the close of the term approached the children begged that they might have a picnic dinner on the last day. Winter entered heartily into their plans and it was agreed that there should be no regular lessons in the afternoon, that they would all eat their dinner out in the yard under the trees in good old picnic fashion, and afterward just have general exercises and games. The teacher suggested that each of the older pupils should prepare something for the program but to tell no one about it and so make it a surprise. If they preferred, two or three of them might get up something together. That delighted the children and they at once began planning for the event.

From the time when John Bergson had spent the day with Fred on Fairfield Farm and had taken that memorable horseback ride, which was still a subject of great interest to the boys and the girls of the community and which, as do most adventures of that kind, had taken on some legendary characteris-

tics, there had existed a warm friendship between the two boys; and it had been growing in strength as time passed. A little of the old antagonism would occasionally show itself, always awakened afresh when Jane showed some special favor to Fred. The most recent of such favors was shown in the preceding February when the fine sleighing led several of the parents to unite and give all the children of the school a sleigh ride. The bobs appeared at the schoolhouse a few minutes before 4 o'clock and Mr. Winter promptly dismissed the school. The children hurried out and piled into the boxes, which were well filled with fresh straw and provided with robes. Nellie was first to find a seat in the bob assigned to her class and John seated himself next to her. Then came Bill, Fred, Nina and the rest. Jane had run back into the school house for her book and so was the last to climb into the rather crowded sled. As she did so John instantly moved away from Nellie, and Bill at the same time made room between himself and Fred. Jane moved forward as if to take the seat next to Nellie and then quickly slipped in between Bill and Fred. John felt hurt but gave no outward sign of his feelings. He tried to make amends to Nellie for what might have seemed a slight to her and his kindly treatment of the girl developed a reciprocal kindness that was very pleasing to John. He found that Nellie possessed a charm of which he had been entirely unaware and during the weeks that followed their

friendship became more and more cordial. Nellie had long been fond of John but her pride and natural reticence prevented her from making any advances.

Jane, too, seemed to have regrets because of the incident in the bob sled and sought to re-establish the old friendship by treating John with unusual kindness; but the boy kept himself a little aloof from her and showed an apparent preference for Nellie. Whether Jane was pleased to see the growing friendship between John and Nellie or whether this relation was not entirely welcome no one knew, perhaps not even Jane herself.

When near the close of the year the picnic for the last day was proposed it was John who suggested that they eat their dinner together under the trees and then play games for a time, and this had so delighted Jane that she clapped her hands and patted John on the back, bringing back into the boy's heart the old longing. He determined to see Jane as soon as he could find her alone and induce her to join him in giving a short dialogue as their part of the program. During the recess he saw Jane pass behind the schoolhouse and, thinking to find her alone, turned his steps in the same direction. As he approached the corner of the building he heard Jane say in secretive but enthusiastic tones:

"You'll be Mr. Van Winkle and I will be Mrs. Van Winkle, and we'll dress up just as Aunt Mary said they dressed in the play in the city. You remember

when she told us about it and how natural Joe Jefferson acted the part of Rip Van Winkle. I'll scold you and chase you out of the house with the broom just as auntie said Mrs. Van Winkle did; and you must have on ragged clothes and * * * but don't you tell *anybody.*"

As she said this she seized Fred by the arm, looked into his face, and laughed with delight.

John withdrew without having been discovered. His plans had instantly changed. He would recite a short oratorical selection he had found in the school speaker his mother had bought him. Strange tho it may seem, the scene he had just witnessed aroused no feeling of resentment, no pain. All the old antagonism was gone. It was as tho a brighter light had been thrown on his life and he was now free to find and enjoy his friends, free as he had not been since the day Fred Nelson had entered the Mayville school.

CHAPTER VII.

Several years had passed since Mr. Nelson had bought the four additional cows. The little herd had grown until now it numbered, old and young, more than twenty-five head, of which number fourteen were giving milk and more would be added in a few months. There had been such a demand for the Fairfield Farm dairy butter and the returns had been so satisfactory that the Sangers had also increased their herd and had pooled their dairy operations with those of the Nelsons; and a little later a third neighbor begged to be permitted to join the combination. But this was impossible for Mrs. Nelson already found the work more than she could handle without neglecting other important duties; and as other farmers were beginning to look more and more to dairying a movement was started by the Nelsons, Sangers, and a few others for a coöperative creamery. This could not be done, however, without a considerable increase in the number of dairy cows in the district. Many of the farmers hesitated about adding more milk cows, disliking the regularity and tedious nature of the milking process. As the advantages became better understood—the regularity of income, the stimulus to hog raising given by the abundance of skim milk, the

increased fertility of the soil resulting from the use of barnyard manure—sentiment in favor of the creamery steadily grew and at last the creamery became an established fact. Several meetings had been held and so much fear was expressed that a young man in charge of a creamery could not produce the excellent butter Mrs. Nelson had been putting on the market that some one proposed that if Mrs. Nelson would agree to supervise the butter-making process he would be willing to add ten cows to his herd. Others quickly followed with similar offers until an ample number of cows were promised and Mrs. Nelson agreed to supervise the process for the first year.

The new venture was a success from the start. This was due not only to the efficient supervision of Mrs. Nelson but quite as much to the development of a fine coöperative spirit. It had started when the Nelsons had moved on to the Williams farm six years or more ago and the Sangers had found their own ideals and interests reflected in the new family. Then the Bergsons, the Worthingtons, the Browns, and others had joined the "coalition for the common good"—as it might have been called—and still later practically the whole community united in a determined effort to have a good school follow the dismal failure of Lucy Hyde. Mr. Winter did much to keep up and strengthen the coöperative spirit, tho he was unconscious of any personal influence in the matter. One of the influences of Mrs. Nelson as supervisor

of the creamery was the cleanliness about the barns and in the milking process, an influence made possible by the spirit of coöperation already referred to, for any suggestion made by her was always supported by the general sentiment of the community. One farmer, for instance, had permitted his stables to become clogged with manure and the milk from his place showed that greater cleanliness was necessary. When Mrs. Nelson pointed out the cause and stated that such milk tainted the whole product of the creamery and that there must be a change, the farmer readily recognized the truth of this but stated that he just did not have time to clean the barns now because of lack of help. Thereupon the neighbors joined and cleaned the premises thoroly and the farmer kept them in that condition and exercised increased watchfulness.

It was during the first summer in which the creamery operated, the summer following Winter's second year in the Mayville school, that an accident occurred to Fred which, as he always claimed in later years, made important changes in his plans and the course of his life. It was a strenuous season, the crops being heavy and the dairy herd having increased to over twenty milch cows. Edwin, now a lad of fourteen, but small for his age, was a valuable assistant, but the bulk of the work fell to Mr. Nelson and Fred. They rose at daylight and, during the harvest season, always worked from fourteen to fifteen hours a day, it often being neces-

sary to work after dark even during the long days of summer. One evening in August, after the milking had been done and the family had eaten supper, Mr. Nelson decided to drive to the village on an errand so that there might be no interruption in the work of the morrow, leaving Fred and Edwin to finish the work of the evening. Darkness approached before they had finished and as Fred ran toward the haymow with the hayfork in his hand he tossed the fork up ahead of him into the doorway, ten or twelve feet above the ground, intending to follow up the ladder and throw down the feed for the horses. Owing to the partial darkness he had missed his aim. The tines of the fork struck the side of the door, causing the fork to bound upward and then drop and just as Fred passed underneath one tine pierced his arm, passing entirely thru and pinning him to the ground. How long he lay there in a swoon he never knew, but when he gradually regained consciousness he became aware that something was wrong with his arm. He felt about with his left hand until he discovered the fork and instinctively began pulling it out, but this only brought on a second fainting spell. His second attempt failed, as did also the third one, but at last he succeeded in withdrawing the tine. Then, after resting a few minutes, he rose slowly, and painfully made his way to the house. As his mother heard him approach the door she called:

"I'm so glad you have come, Fred. I've been wor-

rying about you. Where have you been all this time?"

Then as Fred entered and made his way across the room without uttering a word of reply she noted the deathly pallor on his face and, terrified, threw her arm lovingly about her boy, led him to the couch, and knelt beside him. She quickly discovered the wound and soon knew the main fact. Edwin was instantly dispatched for the village doctor and while he was gone she cleansed the wound with a solution of carbolic acid.

After examining the wound the doctor announced that he did not regard the wound as a serious one and that unless infection set in Fred would be all right within a few weeks. After dressing it he made a sling in which he said Fred must carry the arm for two or three weeks. He also left directions for daily dressing, suggesting that Mrs. Nelson could do that as well as he could. Of course the boy was not to attempt any work for at least three weeks.

To Fred these weeks were, in his own words, "the best vacation he ever had." The next day he was in the orchard, lying in the shade of an apple tree, meditating, when Jane suddenly came skipping toward him, her face radiant as she cried:

"Oh, I'm so glad, Fred, that you are not hurt seriously," and then added in tones full of mirth and mischief:

"And I'm glad you're hurt just enough to have a vacation, for you need it."

Fred extended his hand, drew her toward him, and when she was seated on the grass beside him said:

"It's good of you to come. I was thinking of you just before you appeared."

"Mamma told me I better come over and I may stay two hours. I brought the new book she gave me last week because I think you will like to hear some of the poems. It's a copy of Tennyson."

"I remember Mr. Winter telling us about Tennyson. He's an English poet and lives on the Isle of Wight where he has a beautiful garden in which he works every day for a few hours,—at least that's what I read somewhere. He likes flowers. Isn't he the one who wrote the story of the shipwrecked sailor, Enoch Arden?" asked Fred, still holding the hand which his schoolmate made no attempt to withdraw.

"Yes, and he wrote the story of *The Princess*. I've been reading it and it's a beautiful story. I know you will like it. It's about a prince and a princess. I'll just read a little to you."

And so these children began the story of this delightful romance. Jane, as we have said, read with discriminating and forceful expression. Both at home and in school she had been trained to see the pictures painted by the poet and to feel the significance of his thought, and her habit of giving free

and frank expression to her emotion, together with her musical voice, assured for her an attentive and sympathetic audience.

After reading a few pages they discussed them, asking each other many questions and regretting that there was no one on whom they might call for an interpretation of the few passages that were not clearly understood; not that they were anxious to have a third party present, but a clearing up of the dark spots would relieve the mind of its inquiring stress.

Jane had been there a half hour or a little more, as Fred thought, when his mother called from the porch. Jane instantly sprang up, saying:

"There, I must go. I asked your mamma to call me when my time was up."

"Will you come back tomorrow and read some more?"

"I will if mamma can spare me. You know how busy we are, now that the harvest is on, and we have such a large dairy herd. I milked four cows last night. What do you thing of that?

"I'm not surprised. It's fine. But do come back. I know your mother wants you to do some reading every day anyway and I hope we can do some studying together. Did you know that Bill is coming tomorrow to help father while I'm laid up? Mr. Jones said he really couldn't spare him but finally let him come because he knows father cannot get along without another hand."

"How fine. I'm very glad and I know you are too and will enjoy your vacation a little, now that you know you are not really needed on the farm. But I must hurry home."

Fred watched the lithe, graceful figure as it ran toward the house. He was still watching when a few moments later Jane appeared on the porch, hat in hand, and stood an instant talking and laughing with his mother, who had followed her out. He followed her as she ran across the yard, lightly leaped the little brook that had its origin in the Fairfield spring and as she flew over the field toward her home, her streaming hair and apron strings signaling her power and joy as she buffeted the forces of nature. Yes, and he was still seeing her long after she had passed out of his sight and he lay on the grass, gazing into the sky overhead.

Jane came back the following day and read for a time and then they talked over the details of the story. The conversation drifted to school and reading under Mr. Winter. Jane recalled the names of a few of her favorite poems, most of which the pupils read from clippings the teacher had made from papers and magazines, and at last she recited "Marco Bazzaris" with enthusiasm. When she had finished she said:

"Do you remember how we used to read that poem with Miss Hyde, and how we hated it? I never understood one bit of it until we read it with Mr. Winter. It is a good thing he told us the story and

got us interested before we knew what we were going to have as a lesson. If he had just said:

" 'Children, tomorrow we are going to read a fine poem and I want you to study hard so that you can tell me *all* about it. It is called 'Marco Bazzaris.' I'm sure we would all have groaned as we used to when Miss Hyde said that."

Jane had impersonated Lucy Hyde so realistically, yet with a slight touch of the cartoonist's art, that Fred roared with laughter.

"I can't ever forget that. Bill came last night and we were talking about it and of some of the other things she used to do. He said that whenever we read 'Marco Bazzaris' with Miss Hyde, as we often did, for it was her favorite selection, it was just like eating sawdust."

"We were lucky to have Mr. Winter the last two years," said Jane. "Papa said the board tried their best to get him to come back for next year but couldn't. He's studying to be a doctor."

"If he were going to come back I believe I would go to school another year. John's going to the academy over in Castleton next year. I can't go because we haven't finished paying the mortgage, and we've just got to have a new barn for the cows before winter. I haven't talked the matter over with father and mother, but I know that I must stay right here on the farm for a few years."

"The County Superintendent is going to hold an examination in the school house next month," said

Jane. "Let's write. . . . Oh, I forgot that it was your right hand that was hurt. Perhaps I'll write. Mamma and papa want me to."

"You'll pass if you do," said Fred.

Again the call from the house came and Jane arose to go, saying:

"I can't come tomorrow because it's Saturday and I must help mamma all day."

"Bill and I are coming over Sunday afternoon if you and Albert are going to be at home," Fred called as Jane was already on her way to the house.

The next day, as Fred was again lying on the grass in the orchard looking at the sky overhead and noting the clouds slowly floating eastward, he was reminded of how Mr. Winter had talked to them about these fleecy wanderers so far above the earth. He recalled "The Daffodils" and all the events associated with the beautiful picture, never to be effaced from childhood's tenacious memory. He mused to himself:

"I never cared for poetry until Mr. Winter taught us how to read it, and of all the poems he had us read I like 'The Daffodils' best," and he recited from memory:

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd—
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay;
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
That is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

"He made us realize that every punctuation mark may help to make the meaning clear. Strange that thinking of the dash after the word '*gazed*' reminds me of my present vacation. I suppose it is because it is there to make you stop and think, and that's what this vacation is doing for me. I never realized just how the daffodils could remind the poet of the Milky Way, tho Mr. Winter explained it; but when Bill and I were looking at the sky last night I got the thought pretty clearly."

And so he went on in his reverie, which at last led him far afield among innumerable interesting expe-

riences connected with his past life. He climbed to many a hilltop in that field, vaguely felt the toil and hardship of the ascent—yes, and the disappointments, too—and with equal vagueness felt the joy which, in the abundance of his young life, colored every picture with light and hope until even the shadows added to the glory of the invisible nature. From one of these hilltops he again saw his teacher pointing to the moon, the sun, the planets and the stars. Then he actually beheld the moon thru the tree-top. It was to be seen in the southeast and wore a pale, phantom-like expression on its face as tho in fear of the vastly superior strength of the self-asserting sun which was still reigning in the southwest. It was between first quarter and full moon, and he smiled as he thought of Bill's expression for this phase: "Three quarters full." Somehow his mind kept wandering back to his study of the heavens, and as he retraced the paths, so skillfully prepared and made wonderfully alluring by his teacher, who was not merely a schoolmaster, paths which led upward and outward among the glories of the heavens, he appreciated, as he could not do at the time, the truth of what Mr. Winter had said:

"Some day when you go away to college and study astronomy you will find it the most interesting and inspiring of all subjects."

At last his mind took the path that leads to infinite space and he wandered out upon it much far-

ther than he had ever done before until he shuddered in every part of his being, sprang to his feet, and attempted to seize one of the ripening apples overhead. But the sudden jar sent pains shooting thru the arm in the sling and, supporting the aching limb with his left hand, he began walking about to ease his suffering. As the pain subsided he instinctively directed his steps toward the house. He was in need of contact with others of his kind and, tho unconscious of this need or the goal for which he started, his instincts, more sure-footed than reason, guided his steps to the kitchen, where his mother was on her knees scrubbing the floor. He patted her gently on the back and they were soon discussing the work of the house and the field; and Fred soon forgot the horror of his dangerous venture into limitless space; forgot with what desperate effort he had just saved himself from being lost in that unknown vast into which he had wandered beyond his depth.

The wound healed so rapidly that at the end of two weeks Fred several times suggested that he be permitted to take his arm out of the sling. He was eager to get back to work, but his mother insisted that he continue his rest for at least another week, and in this she was supported by the doctor, who "dropped in unofficially and just to visit occasionally," as he himself expressed it, but always made it a point to examine the wound and at one time had suggested a slight change in treatment. During the

first few days, Mrs. Nelson's outward show of indifference greatly belied the solicitude of her mind; but as unmistakable signs of healthy healing manifested themselves, anxiety gave place to another phase of her highly developed, intense and noble parental sentiment—that sentiment which is the source of our purest joys as well as our deepest sorrows. She felt profound satisfaction in this enforced leisure for her boy and noted with pleasure his interest in books, the reading and meditation in the orchard, and the innumerable evidences of manly strength, increasing purpose, and of quiet happiness. She knew that Fred surpassed her in general knowledge and in intellectual grasp and never made the slightest effort to hide from her children her own lack of attainments. She was equally frank in showing her interest in the new things which the children brought into her mental life and accepted Fred as a tutor in these subjects with the same simplicity with which a child accepts its teacher at school. There never was any doubt, however, about her superiority in tenacity of purpose or in the abundance of her common sense. It was her will that ruled and guided the daily program of the family life, tho its presence was unsuspected, hidden underneath the kindly, gracious, simple, practical form in which it expressed itself. Her insight and her method of control are well illustrated in her transfer of responsibility from herself and Mr. Nelson to the children. One such transfer occurred the previous winter, when Fred

was about 17, and she thought it might be good discipline for the boy to assume for a time the responsibility of starting the household's daily routine of work. She had always been the alarm clock for the family, arose with her husband, and while he went to the barn she started the kitchen fire, calling the boys as soon as the room was comfortable. Until now she had never been willing to permit anyone to take her place in this work; but as winter set in she offered to turn the work over to Fred "just for the cold weather" if he were ready to assume the responsibility, which, of course, he was.

"It will take you some time to remember to do all the little details so that everything will be ready for me when I get up," she had said to Fred, mentioning these details with care—a pail of fresh water from the well as soon as the fire had been started, a goodly supply in the teakettle, the stove drafts, the ashes, and a clean floor about the stove. She bought an alarm clock for him so that he might sleep until the last minute without thought of the hour for awakening. For several mornings she mentioned at the breakfast table all items that had been especially well done, suggested that the teakettle might have had a little more water in it, or that some item had been forgotten. One morning, after Fred had been doing this work for several weeks, she said:

"This is the first time for two weeks or more that

Fred has forgotten a single item in the kitchen work."

Fred turned toward his mother and for a moment there was a puzzled look on his face. Then he smiled and said:

"Oh, I know; I didn't fix the drafts just after calling you and before going out to the barn to do the chores. Was the fire out when you got to the kitchen?

"No, but it was getting low. A little of that fine dry wood you keep on hand for me started it up again quickly."

She was alert to every excellence in this as in all the work done by the children and she was equally alert to every defect and mentioned it with the same frankness with which she spoke of all that was good, but in all her criticism there was not a trace of mere fault-finding. She had the good sense to realize that character results from the doing of things and not from thinking about doing them, and so there were to be no lapses in action on the part of her children if alertness and love on her part could prevent. Not that she gave conscious consideration to the matter, but her training was rather an unconscious expression of her own character.

But we have digressed and must return to the last week of Fred's enforced vacation.

One day during this last week, when Fred was still carrying his arm in its sling, John Bergson and Nellie Worthington called together. They found

Fred in his favorite haunt in the orchard. Both of these friends had been to see him several times since the accident had happened and now they had come together. Fred was fond of both of them, and he had become more interested of late because of their plans for the future. They were talking these over now and Nellie remarked:

"Say, Fred, what are you going to do next year? I heard that you thought some of going back to the district school in the winter."

"I didn't know until yesterday that father and mother had arranged everything so that I could go to the academy with John."

"Good for them," said John before Fred could finish what he intended to say. "We'll room together and have great times."

"You didn't let me finish," said Fred. "I'm not going. I'm going to stay here and help clear off our mortgage and make some improvements needed for the dairy business. We are going to start the basement of a dairy barn next week."

Both of his friends uttered exclamations of surprise and regret. John was disappointed and begged Fred to go, but as he had been able to resist the pleas of his parents it was not difficult now to remain firm in talking with his friends.

"Fred, you are not going to give up your plan to go to college, are you?" Nellie asked anxiously.

"No; at least I am not going to give up the hope. I have been doing some thinking during this vacation

and I have decided that I ought to stay here and either go to the district school during the winter and get special help from the teacher or else teach myself. I can prepare for college in some way without going to the academy. I'm right, too, or mother never would have consented to the plan."

When they were walking along the road toward the Worthington home Nellie broke the silence and said to John:

"Fred has changed a whole lot lately. He just seemed like a man today."

CHAPTER VIII.

On the Sunday preceding the teachers' examination, which was to be held in the schoolroom, Fred was at the Sanger home. He had been at work steadily for a week now, tho his arm still pained him at times and made it necessary for him to avoid certain kinds of labor, including the milking. Bill was still helping on Fairfield Farm and had accompanied Fred to the Sangers. They found Nellie Worthington there when they arrived and the four spent the afternoon strolling thru the orchard and over the meadow. When Nellie announced that it was time for her to go, Bill accompanied her. Jane and Fred, standing at the gate, watched them until they had disappeared behind a small wood.

"Nell's going to take the examination, too," said Jane as she turned and walked toward the seat under a large maple near the house.

"She's bright and sensible as can be. I wish I knew as much about arithmetic as she does."

"I'm going to try to write, too," said Fred. "I've been thinking about it ever since you mentioned it. I can't write very well yet, but I have been practicing a little every evening and I'll be all right by Friday. I am anxious to pass, for I would like to teach next winter. The Moore District voted to hire a male

teacher and I talked to the clerk about it last week. He thinks I can have the school if I can get a good certificate, but I'm afraid I can't pass."

"You know you can pass, Fred Nelson," said Jane with determination. "If you can't pass, then there is no use of any of the rest of us trying."

"We'll see," said Fred. "I have been doing some studying to prepare myself, and your coming over almost every day during those three weeks was a great help to me. I wish now I had had you help me some in grammar, but the reading was so interesting that I thought little of other subjects. I wasn't sure about writing, either, tho I studied history a good deal during that time. You know I never did like grammar and I don't know enough about it to recognize any good in the subject. It just seems to come easy for you."

"I'll help you all I can. Papa wrote the County Superintendent and asked that he send some old sets of questions and I have been going over those. They're fine for reviewing the different subjects. Come into the house and I will show them to you and you can take some home with you," said Jane frankly.

Two weeks after the examination the Superintendent issued the standings. The three "graduates of the Mayville school" had passed with a good average standing. Jane was a little low in arithmetic, but stood exceptionally high in reading, geography, and grammar. Fred ranked high in every subject

except grammar, while Nellie stood high in arithmetic and geography and low in no subject. The Superintendent accompanied the standings with a statement to the effect that because they were all under age he was issuing them a six-months' license instead of a certificate, but that the license would be converted into a certificate if their teaching proved satisfactory during the life of the license.

Teachers were scarce in those days and most school boards were quite satisfied with any certificate issued by the County Superintendent, and, in fact, few of them were able to discriminate between a good certificate and a poor one. The choice among the applicants was usually determined by considerations other than those of fitness to teach, of which they were poor judges. The one offering to contract for the least salary stood the best chance of getting the appointment, unless the vote at the annual meeting limited the board to a "man teacher," as it sometimes did, and as had been done on this occasion in the Moore District. This district adjoined the Mayville District and a few rumors regarding the excellence of Mr. Winter's work probably reached the ears of a few of the least lethargic of its citizens and led to the vote for a "man teacher." Fred applied for the school, stipulating in his application fifteen dollars more a month as salary than the district had been paying. As he was the only applicant of his sex, no alternative seemed to offer except to engage him, but the additional wages weighed

heavily on the minds of the board and they met twice to determine the matter without reaching a decision. At each session they had spent two hours or more without having seen a single ray of light and adjourned in the hope that a little more time would open up some avenue of escape from the dilemma. A third meeting was called and, after again deliberating for two hours, one of the members suggested that, as school was to begin "week from nex' Mundi," the clerk better enter into a contract with Fred Nelson. It is beyond our power to imagine the effect that might have been produced on the members of that august school board if at the eleventh hour there had appeared some genius among them who had discovered the highly illuminating theory that possibly Fred Nelson might not come under the designation "man teacher," as he was but seventeen, in which event the board would have been justified in hiring one of the other sex. But we are dealing with very practical matters, and the very practical and natural outcome of the deliberations of the school board of the Moore District was the hiring of Fred Nelson.

Nellie and Jane had each applied for two schools, in the hope that if they failed of election in one they might succeed in the other. Nellie had offered to teach in the Brant District for $20 a month and for $25 a month in the other district. The Brant District was near Castleton and Nellie had a desire to be near the city in the hope of getting some help

from the teachers of that place in her efforts to prepare for college. As Nellie was the lowest bidder, she obtained the contract.

When the board in the "Brick School" district came to consider the applicants they found that there were four, only one of whom had had any experience in teaching, and as she asked $30 a month it was quite out of question that they could consider her seriously. Jane and another young lady had each offered to teach for $25 a month, and the fourth girl was willing to come for $20. The chances would have been decidedly in favor of the $20 girl had it not been that one of the members of the board had had a quarrel with the girl's father and so under no circumstances would he have been reconciled to a contract with this "little upstart," as he called her, tho as a matter of fact she was much more mature than Jane and had a very creditable certificate. So the choice really lay between Jane and the other girl. Tho several years younger than her competitor Jane's standings were somewhat the better so that the two cases were nicely balanced and a decision a most difficult matter. At last a bright idea struck the clerk and he remarked:

"This Jane Sanger's father is clerk of the Mayville board and maybe got some experience with teachers in that way. It ought to come easy fur her to learn the children."

That seemed like wisdom and brought a great relief to his sweating companions who had been

struggling desperately with the difficult problem. One of them expressed his relief by saying:

"That's my idea, too. Better put the 'greement in 'riting, Al."

A few days after she received her appointment Jane went over to see Nellie and as she approached the Worthington home and saw Nellie coming to meet her she waved the letter in the air and called:

"I'm going to teach the Brick School."

Nellie congratulated her heartily and Jane hurried on to say:

"I never thought they would give me the place, and I *was* afraid they might elect me in the Brant district where I didn't want to teach because it is farther from home and I don't know a soul in it. I am planning to get home always for over Sunday and sometimes during the week."

"I didn't know you had applied for the Brant district, Jane. Why didn't you tell me? I just got notice of my election yesterday and signed the contract and sent it back this morning. If I had thought you wanted the school I wouldn't have applied at all."

"I *didn't* want to teach there and I'm so glad you got it," Jane said joyously as they walked into the house. "I heard you had applied for the Winfield school and never thought you might be applying elsewhere too, tho I don't see why I didn't think of it."

But then the truth about the salary came out and

they laughed a good deal about their inexperienced ventures. Nellie blushed a little, probably less because she had offered to teach for such low wages than because, if the whole truth had been known, the dice had been loaded in favor of the Brant school because of its nearness to the academy, tho she had not given the matter any conscious consideration.

It was several weeks later, just when he had given up all hopes of securing a school, that Fred received word of his election, and informed that the Moore school would begin a week from the following Monday.

Jane was greatly excited when she heard the news the next day and when Nellie dropped in a few hours later the two girls laid plans for a "conference" of the "three Mayville school teachers," a conference to be held at Nellie's home on Saturday evening. They knew the arrangement would be agreeable to Fred and there were no other schoolmates to consider, John and Bill having entered the academy the week previous. Perhaps it should be explained here that Bill had had no intention of going to the academy with John until a week or ten days before the school opened, when Mr. Jones not only advised but urged it.

The Saturday evening conference proved to be a more serious matter than might have been expected of the three young "Mayville school teachers." Earnest discussion began almost immediately and it would have been evident to a thoughtful ob-

server that these children, for so they were still, had been planning for weeks, even before they had had any definite basis of hope for an appointment, and their plans were far more constructive than the plans of the average teacher of experience in that section. Few teachers, in fact, made any plans whatever, and it was only by the grace of the reigning ignorance that they were styled "teachers" at all. It must not be thought that mirth, humor, and laughter were absent from that conference. The joy that comes from work, from earnest struggle to achieve, is far more satisfying, far more possessing than is the fun that characterizes the social "parties" of today at which insipid games are played and smooth soft balls of mushy gossip tossed back and forth. No doubt there was a good deal of imitation in the plans of these children, even exact copies of work of former teachers, but there was also some originality. In drawing upon their experience they not only followed Mr. Winter, but also Mr. Barlow, and still more their own parents, and so wove new figures into old forms. That they discarded bodily the methods of Miss Hyde and selected what was best in the teaching of Mr. Winter and the teaching of their own parents had in itself elements of originality. But better than all plans was the intelligent enthusiasm which these young people were going to carry to the neighboring districts.

When the conference was ended the three stepped out into the yard and, attracted by the beautiful

moonlight, they challenged each other for a race down the lane and back. They reached the farther end of the lane almost abreast, but Nellie led by a few feet. The return was a little upgrade and Fred won easily. Jane was a little behind in the first half of the distance but gradually gained on Nellie, and as the goal was reached her endurance had triumphed over the fleetness of the taller girl. After resting a few minutes and drinking fresh water from the bucket at the well Fred and Jane started, hand in hand, for their homes.

CHAPTER IX.

The holidays were again approaching and the young people were planning for its enjoyment. John and Bill had been in the academy over two months and report spoke well of their work. Fred had ridden, or walked, to and from the Moore district, the school being about three and a half miles from his home, having specified this as a condition on which he would teach the school. He wanted to be at home night and morning to help with the milking and to have the council and inspiration which his home gave. His school had enrolled twenty-two pupils, only three of whom were in the Primary Form. The seeming dullness of the children had made him greatly discouraged during the first two weeks. They expressed neither emotion, thought, or even physical alertness and his best efforts appeared to him as ineffectual as a child's cry for the moon. In talking the situation over with his mother one evening at the close of the first week he had said to her:

"I don't know what to do with them. Yesterday I told them the fable of the young eagle in the goose nest and tried my best to make it interesting, but when I asked them a few questions about it they just looked at me with blank, stolid faces. I tried

to make them laugh but they didn't even look at each other and so much as smile once. Their inexpressive stare reminded me of those Egyptian mummies Mr. Winter told us about last year and I laughed outright, I just couldn't help it. That sudden laugh did seem to jar them just a little. They don't even know how to play, and when some of them do get to running a little it is as tho they were afraid that some one might see them."

"Have you tried playing with them at recess, Fred?" asked his mother.

"No, I wouldn't know how or where to begin."

His mother sat thinking for a few minutes and then said:

"Try some running game, any one you think will interest them. If you can get a few or all of them to join hands and run together it may start their expressing machinery which has evidently grown rusty. All the people of this district recognize that the people of the Moore district lack a good deal of the progressive spirit that is evident throughout the Mayville section and most people seem to think that there is little hope of ever getting those people to join us in case we wish to extend our creamery operations. That is one reason I was glad you were to teach there, but it really seems worse than I had expected. Just what you can do I don't know, but those children need to play together, all of them, as a school. Perhaps if you get right in the line your-

self and run with them they may come to feel the fun of the thing."

Fred acted on the suggestion and a week later reported a little progress, several of the children having actually gotten to talking with him about the "recess fun." Several times, too, when he could not get out on the grounds immediately after dismissing, he had found the children already started in the game and all he needed to do was to put a little more spirit into it by joining.

As the weeks passed the growing freedom of expression on the playground led to greater freedom of expression of thought and emotion in the school room. The children actually began to laugh out loud when he told a funny story, as he often did, just to start the "expressing machinery." By Christmas time Fred felt greatly encouraged by the awakening, especially among the older boys and girls. During the last week preceding the holidays, the Upper Form pupils began the study of the solar system and the motion of the earth, and Fred explained the causes of night and day just as Mr. Winter had done, only he went slower and took greater care to make each step clear to these somewhat backward children. One of the more capable and assertive boys in the class, Charlie Smith, became very much interested and asked several questions regarding the matter. When Fred had explained as carefully as he could why the turning of the earth on its axis made the sun *appear* to move

across the sky from east to west the boy seemed thoroly satisfied, but said:

"Pa said last night that the sun does move across the sky from east to west every day and that if you say it don't, that you don't know."

"People used to think that," said Fred, "but all authorities now agree that that isn't true. If you figure out the distance it would have to travel every day you will see that it is entirely impossible."

And Fred tried to make clear just why the old theory was untenable.

At about three o'clock the next afternoon there was a loud rap at the door and Fred opened it. He saw before him a tall, heavy-set man who announced himself:

"I'm Charlie's father and I com' to see what ye're larnin' the chil'n. I hear ye're sa'in' som' queer things."

Fred was wholly inexperienced in meeting such a situation and it was evident that he was considerably disconcerted, perhaps more by the appearance and manner of his visitor than by the thought he expressed, and Mr. Smith was emboldened by the youth's timidity. Fred gave the man a chair and suggested rather meekly that if he would sit down and listen to the recitations until dismission they could talk matters over.

Spelling and reading were the only subjects left on the program which was printed on a large sheet of paper and posted on the wall in plain sight.

When the school had been dismissed and the children had left the room Mr. Smith walked up to the teacher's desk and said in a gruff voice:

"Why didn't you hear the gografi class?"

"That recited just before you came in," said Fred.

"Charlie tol' me las' night ye had gografi almost las' thing. Did he tell ye I was comin'?"

"No; he didn't mention it."

"He tells me ye're tryin' to make 'em believe the sun don't move and that the ea'th does all the movin'."

"I'm not teaching that the sun does not move but I do explain that it does not move across the sky every day, and that it seems to move from east to west each day because the earth turns the opposite way in the same time. Such a motion of the sun every day is, of course, absolutely impossible."

"Don't ye believe in God, boy? Nothin's impossible fer Him, and I don't want ye to be learnin' my boy any more of this stuff. He's gettin' so he don't believe what I tell 'im."

"You want him to learn the truth, don't you?"

"Yes, I do; and young man you better go down and see Preacher Dryer and git 'im to tell ye what the truth is. He's our minister over here at Sleepy Hollow near Goose Pond. We're Baptists, ye know."

"I have talked to the minister in Mayville about it and he preaches in his church just what I am teaching."

"He must be one of them Ingersil preachers. What church de ye belong to?"

"I do not belong to any church, but I go to the services sometimes."

"What ye teachin' school fer, then? Nobody that haint got religin 'sgot any bisnes teachin' school."

Fred was hardly equal to the situation, but he maintained his self-respect. He at first tried to explain in the simplest way what intelligent people everywhere were believing and why this belief had taken the place of the old superstition, but soon found that all effort in this direction was useless. Young as he was he realized that the religious bigot knew nothing about religion. Until today he had not even dreamed that such benighted people lived within a hundred miles from his home. On his way home he at first felt somewhat downhearted over the experience but the brisk air that fanned his face as he sat on his pony and sped over the road stimulated body and mind and brought back his natural optimism.

He talked the matter over with his parents that night. After thinking the problem over for a time his mother asked:

"How about the children, Fred? You spoke of a growing interest in their work."

"It is very much easier to teach them now than it was at first. Some of the children are very much interested. Charlie Smith, for instance, surprises me a good deal by the interest he is taking. I know

he likes me, and I think he and his father don't always agree."

"Do what little you can, Fred, to keep the boy in a kindly attitude toward his father."

"That's a good suggestion," said Mr. Nelson. "Don't take this matter too lightly, my boy. There is nothing more likely to bring on a community row than differences on matters of religion. Time will do more than talk to make the bigots reasonable. I would suggest that you drop the work on the solar system just as soon as you can and, if you think best, take it up again later in the term. You've got to teach the truth but you can, in a measure at least, select the time for doing it."

Fred acted on this suggestion and closed the discussion of the movements of the earth and planets the next day and put forth a special effort to make other phases of the work in geography interesting to the pupils. A few days later came the holiday vacation and he hoped that all the difficulty with Mr. Smith would have passed before the re-opening of school in January.

Nellie's school consisted of about twenty-five pupils, most of whom were in the Primary Form and only three in the Upper Form. They were naturally bright boys and girls, but the teachers in the Brant school had been of the Lucy Hyde type for the most part and so the children had made but

little progress. Never having had a teacher of the type of Mr. Winter neither parents nor pupils knew the difference between a real school and one in name only. The reading, even in the Upper Form, consisted in the pupil's saying in a stumbling fashion and in inarticulate, monotonous tones a part of the words that appeared in the lesson. In arithmetic they were equally backward, no attempt having been made apparently to give the children any clear basic conceptions. In the minds of the children the school was a sort of mysterious sideshow with vague attractions which belonged to a separate world. It had never dawned on their minds that there might be a living and interesting connection between the arithmetic of the school and the affairs on the farm. One of the first things Nellie Worthington did was to get the boys and girls to count the posts in the fence that enclosed the school yard, find out from their parents what the posts were worth in that locality, and then find the cost of all the posts in the fence. She did the same with the boards in the fence. The children "stepped off" distances and applied measurements to their own steps and to those of their school mates, work which later led to measuring the area of the school yard and neighboring plots. Thus the more formal work of the recitation was given a purpose and the children were stimulated to learn to add, subtract, multiply, and divide quickly and accurately. Toward the end of the year Fred visited Nellie's school and

said he had never seen any children who could add long columns of numbers with the speed and accuracy shown by these pupils, who were far ahead of his own pupils in all phases of arithmetic. Geography, too, was given a little connection with the things the children saw about them; and even the dry "sawdust" that filled the readers was found to have, in a few favorite spots at least, a trace of life.

The "Brick School" in which Jane held sway had fared a little better in the matter of teachers, tho most of the work of the children was indifferent and the reading was monotonous and lifeless. In referring to the readers in use Jane said to her mother one evening:

"Even Mr. Winter couldn't scare up enough life in that McGuffey Third Reader to satisfy a canary bird for one day."

She used to refer to that reader as "McGuffey's prison cell with pasteboard walls." Unwilling to confine the children within these pasteboard walls she brought clippings from papers just as Mr. Winter had done, and she read to the children interesting stories, especially such as offered opportunity for impersonation and dramatization, thus awakening the imagination of the children and giving them ideals as to what constituted reading. Toward the end of the year when the children had learned to enjoy the reading work she even found a few at-

tractions in the unsavory McGuffey. There was the story of the coat, labeled "A Fable" for fear some hapless child might discover a little truth in it; and also the story of the buttons, likewise dubbed "A Fable," which really could be made to have some interest for live children. A few other selections were found to have a small amount of microscopic life in them, but the bulk of the reading matter was so formal and highly moral that, as Jane said to her mother one evening:

"I think that reader must have been meant for angels, very patient ones, and not for mischievous children."

Both Jane and Nellie enjoyed the recesses and the noon intermission from the first, and the children were delighted with the new games which their teachers taught them. The two girls not only romped and played with the children on the playground, but when inclement weather prevented outdoor play, they even introduced the "Virginia Reel" and like rhythmical movements which were accompanied by a suitable song, or by the music of a "mouth organ." After one of these indoor noon hours Jane was describing some of the more amusing incidents to her mother:

"You remember Bob Spink, that awkward, shy little fellow I could never get to say or do anything? Well, you should have seen him in the dance this noon. At first he wouldn't even get up on the floor, but I noticed him watching the others and that at

times he so forgot himself that his body swayed with the music of the song the childern were singing. When we were thru with the first round I said I would have to do some writing and suggested to a couple of the older boys that they get Bob on the floor, and they did. They swung him around and kept him going until first thing I knew Bob was in the game in earnest. He was a picture that would have delighted a Punch artist. As the time would approach for him to move forward with the music and swing the girl opposite him he would first become uneasy, then begin to sway to and fro, his arms extending a foot beyond the sleeves of his coat and swinging like pendulums, and at last rush forward and execute the movement on which his whole soul had become centered. The moment he had finished his part he again became selfconscious, quickly looked everywhere about him to see if he was being watched, and then he would begin the whole process over again. I just wanted to laugh out loud, not merely because it was grotesque, but because I was so delighted that at last my little Bob had found himself by losing himself. He at last had been brought into tune with a very small part of the great universe about him. There is hope even for Bob, and he was my hopeless problem until today."

Another evening she was telling her parents about a "school exhibition" they had had that Friday afternoon and how she had tried to get the parents

to come out to see and hear the children. She had visited most of the homes and the net result had been to get four mothers to attend.

"It's strange that I don't have a dozen Bob Spinks instead of only one. I wish I could do something to wake those people up. Nellie says that the people in the Brant district are just the same."

By Christmas time these sleepy people had reached the stage where they were rubbing their eyes, tho Jane did not know it, and before the close of the term they were fairly awake on one subject at least.

The holiday vacation of two weeks was a busy one for these young people, all of them helping in the field and barn or in the house. There was recreation, too, for several afternoons they went skating on the little lake near the school house. Jane was as free and graceful on skates as a lark is in the air and often, when skating along rhythmically with a companion, would sing or whistle in cadence with their motion. It was during this vacation, too, that the young people got up one of their famous little dancing parties at the home of Major and Mrs. Wheelock, some six miles from Mayville. Sleighing was excellent and they made all arrangements to insure a good time—use of the large room for dancing purposes, two "fiddlers," one of whom was an expert at "calling off" for "square dances," and

the midnight supper. Money Musk, Virginia Reel, various quadrilles, heel and toe schottische, polka,—yes, and there was the waltz, their favorite,—as well as many other dances made up the program. At midnight came the supper—a supper to gladden the heart and satisfy the appetite of any healthy boy or girl. There was fried chicken, mashed potatoes with delicious hot gravy, bread and butter, hot corn muffins, beautiful white comb honey, cake, pumpkin pie, and plenty of water, tea or milk to drink, all for twenty-five cents a plate. What fun it was to drive home in the moonlight at two or three o'clock in the morning and mingle their songs with the jingle of the sleigh bells. On the way home John and Bill told amusing stories of incidents in their life at the academy; Fred and Jane and Nellie described funny happenings in their schools; and Nina surprised them all by mimicking the voice of the new Mayville teacher. He was an excellent teacher but had a peculiarity of voice and inflexion which excited his hearers to laughter until they became used to its uniqueness, laughter in which the teacher himself always joined.

Then there was the coasting down the hillslope just back of the Nelson home, always one of the most delightful of sports. The long climb up the hill was almost as exhilarating to those robust youngsters as was the lightning speed down the slippery slope.

The afternoon of New Year's Day was spent at the Nelson home and Mrs. Nelson was the unseen and unheard fairy that made this occasion especially delightful and wholesome. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Sanger came over to assist. The two mothers, tho they kept in the background, felt the joy of the dancing in the dining-room; the personations of real and fictitious characters; the serious discussion of live questions of the day, and the singing of songs in chorus. The young people had greatly regretted that the weather did not permit outdoor sports, but now they had forgotten about their disappointment. One of the subjects seriously discussed that afternoon was the educational value of Latin which the two boys were studying at the academy, but with which neither of them was deeply in love. Before the discussion ended Jane suggested that Bill and John should get up a debate on the subject and make it a public affair at Mayville. They could challenge two of the boys in the academy who liked Latin and so have both sides presented enthusiastically. The boys at once became deeply interested and agreed to carry out the plan if they could induce the other boys to join in the project. We may add here that they had little difficulty in getting two of the academy boys to accept their challenge, and the four shaped the question so as to make the debate a discussion of the relative merits of the sciences and the classics. In those days science had not yet established its right even to an

equal place with the languages in the school curriculum.

Before the little party broke up they arranged for a last skate on the lake the Sunday afternoon preceding the opening of the schools. At five o'clock it was time to go home in order to help with the evening chores.

Thus the vacation passed all too quickly for these young people and the time arrived when they must return to their respective schools.

CHAPTER X.

As the weeks passed and Jane and her pupils found their work increasingly interesting the school spirit of loyalty likewise grew stronger. The very earnestness of the games on the playground heightened the enjoyment which they yielded. And, tho Jane was not conscious of it, the vigor, alertness, and the determination to win in the games outside contributed materially to the mental and moral struggles within the schoolroom. It may be added here, too, that these games which naturally developed in the Mayville school and were now being transplanted to neighboring soil were such as must always have a large value in preparing boys and girls to function properly in community life. The open air, the free movement of the larger muscles and of the whole body; the alertness required in dodging, evading and fooling the opponent; the prominence of rhythm in some of the games, and the team work which is at the foundation of higher coöperative effort and which was a vital factor in these games, combine to give such training far greater value than is generally recognized by the schools of today. Science teaches their value but our schools are not putting into practice what science teaches. Jane, however, knew nothing of the

laws of psychology or sociology, and even if she had mastered all that was known of those sciences in her day and had followed their teaching she could hardly have selected as wisely as she did. She followed habit and custom and, fortunately, habit and custom tended in the right direction. She herself was largely the product of fortunate traditions which had been naturally selected as fittest to survive. In other communities, other trends, other traditions had developed, and now that these are reaching large proportions it may soon become possible to definitely choose the fittest. Many teachers are, however, still in doubt and a still larger number are following the trend that leads to extinction.

The people of the Brick District were following such a decadent trend. It will be recalled that by Christmas time they had begun to rub their eyes as tho it might be twilight; but whether that twilight heralded a sunrise or a night they knew not, and it finally proved to be both. Slowly those patrons of the school awoke to the realization that there really was a teacher in their district school. For some time they were uncertain whether that teacher was good or bad; but that she was a thought-provoking teacher could hardly be doubted for were not their children becoming more and more infatuated with school work and their teacher, and were they not themselves stirred to greater depths of thought and emotion than they had ever been? But was the new force, of which there was so much evidence among

the children, and which was ending all their own peaceful social slumbers, good or was it bad? Did it come from a god or from a devil? Gradually the heterogeneity of their grouping became a homogeneity of thought, and after days and weeks and months passed by the homogeneity of thought gave rise to homogeneity of action which directed its course toward the school board. It had taken these good people nearly seven months to discover that the text books in reading which they had bought for their children and which had cost so much hard-earned money, were not even being used. In the place of these school gospels there was being used reading matter taken from vulgar sources and which was most irreligious, some of it undoubtedly diabolical, otherwise it would not take so complete possession of their boys and girls. As the term closed they awoke, too, to the realization that all the good old traditions in "Rithmetic" had been abandoned and new-fangled notions substituted. At the end of seven months they had at last brought the full power of their light to a focus on the school ground activities and there saw not only traces of cloven hoofs but actually discovered the pen and ink with which the children were asked to assign their souls to his satanic majesty. If not a witch then at least the descendant of one, for otherwise how could this girl be so different from all the other teachers they had had and from themselves? All these strange, unusual activities came out of the

future, out of the unknown, and out of the unknown could come only demons and devils. *Their* god had his face directed backward, backward toward the good, backward toward their own garden of Eden in which beans and cabbage heads flourished.

A month before the close of the term the storm was in sight. Until that time Jane had been walking home, a distance of four miles, twice a week and back again the next morning; but now she decided to walk back and forth daily. Beyond this there was no weakening on her part. Two weeks later the storm broke about her head and, so far as she knew, she did not have a friend among the patrons of the school. Even if one had appeared the storm would have engulfed him too. Her pupils, however, were devoted to her and their devotion increased as the leaders against her became more and more aggressive. This comfort, too, was in part taken away from her, several of the parents refusing to permit their children to continue in school. On the last afternoon, however, all were permitted to return and they clung about their teacher, filled her desk with flowers and other simple gifts and, as Jane bade them good-by, they wept and sadly turned their lonely steps toward home. They faced a setting sun. Twilight was about them and they soon would be entombed in night.

Tears had come into Jane's eyes, too, but they were tears of joy rather than of sorrow for she felt that tho the children were going into the night, that

night was not wholly dark; they had been led to see a few bright stars and these would guide them on their way and perhaps bring them to a more auspicious dawn. As she hurried eastward and thought of that home toward which she was directing her steps how glorious it seemed now that she had known other and less happy ones, and she became more and more anxious to reach its cheer and shelter.

Nellie, too, had her troubles. As we have already intimated, she had not formed the habit of expressing her thoughts and emotions freely and frankly to her parents and so she tended to be cautious, and even secretive in matters of most vital moment to her hopes. Thus she avoided all open ruptures with her school board and even the most aggressive patrons made no concerted attack, but teacher and patrons knew that there could be no continuance of their relation. The children reflected the same compromising attitude. They were devoted to their teacher but made no struggle in her behalf. They had come to the forks in the road, but no signboard told them whither the roads led. They passed without realizing that there had been a choice and without knowing which road they had taken. Had there been contention the decision would have had to have been more or less consciously made and there would have been some struggle to maintain the selected

path, a struggle that would have prepared them for a safer decision at the next turn.

On his return to his school after the holidays Fred soon learned that Mr. Smith had been at work creating opposition. No doubt the man was honest and was really much concerned about the heresies that were being taught, but his power of distinguishing between the religious sentiment and instinctive pugnacity was but little developed. Many of the more liberal-minded parents gave little heed to these attacks, but there were a few excitable fanatics in the district who seized upon the charges against the boy with avidity and worked themselves up into an intoxicating frenzy. Perhaps there were not over one-quarter of the people concerned about this controversy, but it is often dangerous for a dozen sane men to attempt to coerce an infuriated madman.

The quarrel grew in intensity, but Fred continued his work with kindly, yet determined purpose, and won friends among the parents. Late in winter he was invited to aid in a program to be given in Sleepy Hollow Church and remained in the district for the night. At the conclusion of the entertainment Mr. Smith drew him into a discussion of the old mooted question and, realizing at once that the object was to reopen the quarrel and perhaps begin a religious controversy, he frankly stated that he would not be drawn into a discussion of the Bible

or religious creeds, but that if Mr. Smith really wished to know the basis for his teaching he would be glad to make as clear an explanation as he was able to make. The boy's frankness and evident honesty won for him the support of all but Smith and a few of his fanatical friends and made further attack inopportune; but there was constant irritation in the district because of the persistent activity of the opposition. During the last two weeks of the term Fred again took up the subject of the earth and its motions and handled it with the utmost freedom and frankness. While no direct attempt was made to interfere with his teaching, it was evident that the district was divided into two camps, one of which was distinctly hostile to him and the other, while naturally friendly and a distinct majority, was too indifferent or too devoid of courage to give active support. A month or more before the close of school he let it be known that he would not again apply for the school and this action tended somewhat to quiet the opposition and he closed the term in a fairly satisfactory manner. Had conditions favored his doing so he would gladly have returned the following year. It had taken most of the year to wake up those boys and girls and a few of them were hardly awake even at the end of the year, tho there was abundant evidence that during the second year he could make immensely greater progress with the children than had been possible in the first year; and he had faith that in a few years

these boys and girls might become as alert and capable as the children of any other district.

At the annual meeting of the Moore district the patrons again voted in favor of a "man teacher" and Jane insisted that this was a tribute to Fred's work, but as Mr. Smith and his friends harped so continuously on the importance of getting some "teacher with religion" that the board had satisfied their wishes, Fred regarded the matter as a very doubtful compliment.

Before closing this chapter we must refer to the debate, the planning of which has already been mentioned. It took place about the middle of March and was a creditable event. Every effort had been made by the young people of Mayville to give publicity to the contest and the house was packed to its limit. The arguments naturally were crude and not well digested, but there was some originality displayed which greatly added to the interest of the evening. A time for questions and answers by the debaters had been agreed on and when this part of the program was reached Bill Jones called attention to a statement made by one of the opponents to the effect that Latin was the most important study in the education of a boy or girl and then said:

"If that's true I'd like to ask Henry why all the schools study geography but only the Academy studies Latin?"

The boy challenged replied:

"We're not debating whether geography or Latin is more important. We're debating between science and Latin."

Thereupon Bill read from a slip of paper on which he had copied the definition of geography which he had taken from his text book:

"Geography is the science that treats of the earth's surface."

The three judges, all of them from Castleton, based their decision in favor of the Mayville boys on Bill's questions and the answers given, and on the fact that John's speech had been more distinct and forceful in delivery than any of the others.

The debate was an excellent stimulus not only to the boys who took part but to the audience as well, especially to the young people. It tended to inspire them with a desire to debate and discuss subjects of importance and to give a little consideration as to what studies are of relatively largest value. The Sangers, Nelsons, and other leaders of thought in the Mayville district had foreseen the danger of their children becoming mere partisans in the approaching debate and had created an atmosphere of fairness in which every excellence, whether shown by either of the home boys or by their opponents was heartily applauded; but the fact that science had won undoubtedly prejudiced many minds in their favor and led them to give a prominent place to science in their later studies.

CHAPTER XI.

During the following few years many changes were made, not only on the farms in the neighborhood of Mayville but also in the activities that centered in the village. The dairy herds thruout the section had steadliy increased and improved in quality, and there was a general improvement in the conditions of life on the farm. On the Sanger farm a new residence had taken the place of the old house, a large addition had been built to the barn, and a windmill pumped the water from the well. Fairfield had built a fine dairy barn, put up some good fences so as to increase the pasture service, and constructed some simple but substantial hog houses. The original mortgage had been lifted, but there was still a small debt on the barn. The Bergson farm, which was the largest in the section, now had two large barns, a fine dwelling, and many other improvements. The creamery had gradually extended its patronage to more remote farms, the young Mayville teachers unconsciously contributing to this movement. John Bergson and Bill Jones had finished the academy and John was going to college in the fall. During the last year Jane, Nellie, and Fred had attended the newly-opened town high school which seemed to be an outgrowth of the creamery

movement. Previous to that time Fred had been teaching during the winter term, continuing to live at home even when he taught in the little village of Sackville which was six miles distant. During the balance of the year he devoted himself to farm work in the daytime and to study in the evening, always holding to his plan to attend college some day. As Mrs. Nelson in years past had found that the boy had outgrown her in knowledge and teaching ability so now Mr. Nelson often found the boy's judgment better than his own, especially in the selection and care of stock, and so deferred to him more and more until Fred had assumed a large part of the management. When the high school was opened in Mayville and a college graduate was selected as its first principal, Fred saw his hopes of a college course brought much nearer than they had been. The principal proved to be a strong character and an exceptionally good teacher, and long before the six month's term closed he had led Fred to see ways and means of earning a considerable part of the cost of a university course while in attendance and the hope had grown to a determination. Jane and Nellie had also attended the local high school during this first year, and during the previous year Nellie had lived with an aunt in one of the small cities up state and attended the high school there while Jane had been teaching each year until the local high school was opened. Both the girls were going to take the university entrance examination, tho Jane decided

after it was over, not to go to college until a year later, a change to which Fred found it difficult to adjust his mind. The examination proved to be less formidable than they had anticipated and all of them passed, tho not without being conditioned in one or two subjects they had studied without the aid of a teacher, such as botany and geometry.

One Sunday afternoon about three weeks before the opening of college, while Fred was reading and meditating in the orchard, Jane came running out, greeting him gleefully with:

"Hello, Fred. I've got some news for you. What do you think it is?"

Fred took the hand she extended and led her to a shady spot where the grass formed a matted green carpet and they sat down as he said earnestly:

"Oh, Jane, I do hope you have come to tell me that you have given up the idea of teaching again this year and are going to the university instead."

"I am. Mamma persuaded me yesterday. You know we still have a debt on the new house and I wanted to teach so that I might help pay that off. I don't know how mamma got me to give in but I'm happy now that I'm going."

There was no need for Fred to say that he was, too, his eyes and his whole face indicated that plainly. For years they had planned to go at the same time, had studied together in preparation for the entrance examinations, had frequently talked about the courses and studies they would take, and

had looked forward with pleasure to the good times they would have together during the hours of recreation. The opening of the Mayville high school was a great help to their ambition, and when at last the examination, that one remaining cloud on their horizon, had passed, they were completely happy.

Then Jane happened to overhear a part of a conversation between her parents in which the debt was mentioned and the needed work that would result from her leaving home, and she had slipped away and battled with herself for several hours. At last her resolution smiled thru her tears and a week later she announced to her parents that she was going to teach again and had already been promised the school she had taught two years ago. She was to have an increase in wages over those paid her in the past and she would be near enough to her home to go back and forth daily. Her parents were completely taken by surprise and tried to persuade her to adhere to the original plans, but all pleading was in vain and Jane seemed so happy in her determination that to urge her further seemed out of place. Fred feared to press the matter because doing so seemed like striving against Jane's own happiness. Had Jane listened to the whole of that conversation between her father and mother, and on which she based her change of plans, she would not have decided to teach. The statements she had overheard were but preliminaries to a more comprehensive plan to meet all their financial obligations, including

Jane's expenses. She would have learned that the milk checks were steadily increasing, that the sale of the fall crop of hogs would pay off a part, if not all of the debt, and that there would be funds for employing some one to help Mrs. Sanger in the house after Jane had gone. Not until Mrs. Sanger had found out the real reason why Jane had changed her plans was she able to correct the false impressions the girl had gotten and get her to return to her original plan.

So now John and Fred and Jane and Nellie were all to leave Mayville and its vicinity and become students in the great university of which they had so often dreamed, always with a fear that the dream might never come true. The four made a special trip to Bill's home in the hope of inducing him to go too, but Bill had fully decided that the course in the academy ended his schooling and remained obdurate to all entreaties.

Thruout the first year in college the four young people from Mayville were in the same mathematical classes. In higher algebra and analytical geometry, Jane was seriously handicapped by her lack of training, but in the last part of the year, which was devoted to trigonometry, she made an excellent record. Nellie was naturally good in mathematics and had the advantage of an additional year in a good high school, so that her standings were high thruout the year. John, who had taken all the mathematics offered in the academy, was one of the star

students, tho Fred, by dint of exceptionally hard work, was also very near the head of the class. Jane's work in French and Early English was brilliant, and her work in biology was good.

For a time Nellie and Jane missed the outdoor games and felt the need of more exercise than college conditions in those days offered, but as they became somewhat acquainted they found other girls who felt the same need and they introduced some of the games of Mayville school days, using a vacant lot as a playground. Skating in winter and rowing and swimming in summer were especial delights, and dancing always continued to be a favorite form of exercise. The boys, too, kept up their interest in outdoor sports, tho Fred got a large part of his daily exercise in doing odd jobs by which he earned the greater part of his expenses, but often went skating and boating in season. He was very fond of dancing but seldom attended the little parties common in college circles.

At one of the dancing parties the last week in their freshman year Jane was dancing with Harold Waite, a classmate, and at the end of the dance they went out into the moonlight to enjoy the fresh summer night air. Harold was a well built, intelligent young man of twenty-two who had lived all his life in the metropolis of the state. He had passed thru the nine grades of the elementary schools, had taken four years in what was regarded as the best equipped and most progressive high school in the

state, and had spent one year in a school specially designed to prepare students for the university courses. His knowledge of laboratories and laboratory work, his ability to read and speak both French and German as well as his excellent command of English, his extended knowledge of history, and his skill in drawing made his less fortunate classmates marvel at his superior attainments and made them regret their own lack of preparation. Fred had expressed the sentiment prevailing among his friends when he said:

"Harold Waite can prepare in ten minutes a lesson that takes me an hour or more. I would give almost anything to have his ability and preparation."

As Jane and Harold strolled along the sidewalk Jane, in response to Harold's questions, was telling of her farm home, its dairy, the crops and the fine fields. She had had a letter from her brother, Albert, that day and so could give the latest information regarding the progress at home. Her animated and enthusiastic descriptions of the farm activities greatly interested Harold and he became very anxious to visit this enchanting place to which his enchantress was eager to return. As soon as the wish had been expressed, Jane suggested that he should come during the summer and spend a few days in Mayville where she and Fred and John and Nellie would gladly welcome him, and Harold assured her that he would. Waite was a refined and

gentlemanly young man and, tho he had never done a day's labor with his hands in his life, he felt a deep poetic interest in the animals and crops, even in the long hours of toil, as dramatized by this charming girl at his side. Even when she told of Fred's sister, Rose, going to the barn night and morning to help with the milking it all appealed to this city youth as the beginning of a beautiful epic. He was honest in his conviction that all toil is noble, and in this thought he was prepared to struggle for the maintenance of that ideal; but he was yet to learn that in the warp and woof of his life a most important strand had been omitted. He had yet to learn that only when thinking and doing are interwoven, when thought is made whole with deed, can the highest loveliness be attained.

As Harold re-entered the room with his companion and was starting across the floor toward a waiting friend he said:

"You'll surely see me next summer, Miss Sanger. I'll write to let you know when I'm coming."

We cannot enter into an account of the events of those last few days of the first year in college. As there were few recitations there was ample opportunity for swimming, boating, botanizing and other forms of recreation. Jane spent considerable time in the library, and in going about with friends to visit points of interest. One day in company with Fred she visited the department of agriculture and became greatly interested in its work, determining

finally to take one study in that department as an extra during the coming year. Fred had not been taking the agricultural course, but had spent considerable time on the college farm studying the methods of handling the pure-bred stock, crop experimentation, and other work. During the latter part of the year he had been employed in the barn and given charge of the feeding and care of the cattle, thus being able to earn all he needed to maintain himself at college. He even took a course in animal husbandry as an extra during the last term. In those days the agricultural course was almost without students and, as Fred expressed it to his parents during the summer, there were "none so poor to do it reverence." Fred's work in the barn threw him into contact with the few men who constituted the faculty and, finding that the young man was exceptionally capable and thoroughly reliable, they aided him not only by giving him opportunities to increase his earnings but also by inviting him to conferences and special lectures. During the last week of the term Fred devoted nearly all of his time to this special work but he reserved three or four hours of the midday for study and recreation. He and Jane often went boating, Jane usually doing the rowing while he read to her, for, as she said:

"I need the exercise and you don't."

They were both deeply interested in the doctrine of evolution which at that time was profoundly affecting the thought of the young men and women in

our colleges. It had a special attraction for these two young people from Mayville, immeasurably extending, as it did, their purview of time and space, and alluring them on toward unlimited freedom of thought with its concomitant sublime emotions. They often read Huxley, Jane always preferring to have Fred do this kind of reading.

"You can read science so much better than I can, and you can explain better when you have the book to refer to than when you are rowing."

The commencement period is always a happy time for normal young people. It is, too, a period of peace among the classes, whereas the beginning of the year is a time of stress and strain. At the close of the year there is promotion and new dignity for all—all save the few unsophisticated country boys and girls who appear on the campus and in class-rooms to take the entrance examinations. How small, how foreign they looked to the newly-made sophomores who hardly saw in these newcomers a trace of any resemblance to their own former selves. It was always the graduates who felt the greatest sympathy and friendship for these timid aspirants for freshmen trials and honors, for the graduates were going back to the more prosaic ranks from which these others were coming. Perhaps they felt that they were entering the first class in that larger college of business life and that other classes in that new college would look upon them "like freshmen, green as grass."

Nellie and John saw each other almost daily during their freshman year, but they met rather as fellow students than as close friends. A careful observer would have noticed that there was not quite the same intimacy that had existed during the years preceding their coming to college. Had he been able to read their minds and hearts, however, he would also have known that appearances belied the real, and that underneath the surface the fires of friendship were burning as warm as ever. Were they unconsciously, and perhaps against their own hopes, directing the current of their lives into unsuspected channels? We do not know.

Commencement came and passed. The decorations, the address by a representative from a distant university, the orations by members of the graduating class, the conferring of diplomas, and other festivities made a deep impression on our friends. After dinner on the last day the four met at the boathouse by previous arrangement and rowed to Linden Bluff for a last outing. They made plans for the summer, and other plans for their sophomore year as they sat on the bank of the lake. How distant now seemed their Mayville school days, and how interesting to look back over the varied experience.

"It's a crime against the children of this state to let a single Miss Hyde teach school, and they are allowing thousands of them to go out into the schools to kill the spiritual life of hundreds of thousands

of boys and girls," said Jane when Lucy Hyde was mentioned, and she recited Marco Bozzaris as Miss Hyde used to read it until her hearers roared with laughter and marveled at her skill.

"One or two of the professors here are not much better," said John. "There is as much difference between Prexy's teaching and that of Professor Blankhead as there was between the teaching of Mr. Winter and of Miss Hyde."

"Yes, a good many of the students realize it, too, but almost all of them cover up the real difficulty by saying that he really knows as much as any of the faculty but that he cannot express what he knows," said Fred. "That's nonsense. Even if it were true it would be impossible for anyone to find it out. Such sentiments grow up on a fiction and come in time to take the place of wisdom and then anybody who can look wise can pass for a wise owl. A thought that is perfectly clear will find clear expression. At any rate a person who cannot make his own thought clear and vivid to another mind that is receptive and capable of conceiving it has no business to be a teacher."

"I'm not going to take any study under Miss Comway," said Nellie. "She looks like a dyspeptic ghost and her students say she is as cranky as a Kentucky mule. They all admit, however, that she is a capable teacher."

"Yes, there are a few 'that never would be missed,'

but it's a wonderful place and there is inspiration everywhere about us," said Jane.

So the year ended and the students returned to their homes.

CHAPTER XII.

During the first days of the vacation the hard work that awaited the four young people in whom we have a special interest was a little irksome, at least it was so with John, but when the muscles became hardened and old interests had merged with the new ones, all feeling of drudgery disappeared. The great need that there was for their help, and an appreciative recognition of its value, added to their interest. Nellie's brothers and sisters were always delighted with her cooking and now she had new dishes to offer and new ways of preparing old ones. Learning of some of the financial hardships of the family she decided to earn a part of her college expenses by teaching two hours a day, helping half a dozen young people of the village to prepare for college, in addition to assuming most of the responsibility of the housework so as to give her mother needed rest, and time for sewing that had accumulated. She was a stimulus to the younger members of the family as well as a great comfort to her parents. She tried to induce her brother Alfred to prepare for college but in this she failed, tho she got him to read the life of Abraham Lincoln which a friend had loaned her for the summer.

Fred had little difficulty in getting back into farm

work. He soon found that his interest in the crops and the stock had grown during the year, and even aching muscles and blistered hands failed to dampen his ardor.

Several weeks after the children had returned to their homes Mrs. Sanger, who was spending an hour on Fairfield Farm, said to Mrs. Nelson:

"I was just a little afraid that when Jane came home she might not feel about farm work as she did before she went away to college. She wrote such enthusiastic letters about her school that I thought she might care for nothing else; but she went to work the morning after she got home just as tho she had been at home all the time. Yesterday when the men were hard pressed she went out into the field and loaded a load of hay for her father. When I told her I feared the work was too hard for her she said that as long as she was feeling fine and did not work any harder than she felt sure was good for her that that work was just as good as cooking or scrubbing. She says that the president of the university thinks so, too, and that any one who listened to him couldn't help being inspired by work. She and Fred think that the talks the president gives to the students are wonderful, but I guess they get more out of them than some of the other boys and girls. We surely are fortunate, Mrs. Nelson, and I feel that we owe a great deal to you and to Mr. Winter for what the children are."

"I'm as much indebted to you as you are to me.

We do have many things to be thankful for—the good school, the creamery, and especially for the large number of good and capable neighbors. When my sister was here last winter she told about their village and it made me appreciate Mayville more than I had ever done before. The people up there got into a school row years ago and then later into a church row and now they can't get together on anything. They tried to get a creamery started two or three years after the Mayville creamery opened and everybody seemed anxious, she said. They met and talked this over and every one seemed ready to do his part when one man happened to refer to something connected with the old church row. His remark roiled the man who had been the leader on one side and he made some sharp reply that set the whole meeting to wrangling and it broke up just in time to prevent a fight."

The two women were silent for a time, each occupied with her own thoughts. Mrs. Sanger, standing by the window, was looking out but what she saw was not the barns and fields and cattle that were directly before her, but she looked out, out into the depths of time toward a new day of which she dimly saw the distant dawn. All the toil, the poverty, the hardships of their pioneer days were glorified and thru them all the shadowy future appeared and she worshipped at its shrine.

We do not presume to fathom the soul of Mrs. Nelson. As she sat with a pan of apples on her lap,

preparing them for the oven, her hands dropped on her knees, and, lost to all things of sense, she painted the same dim dawn of that coming day. But she saw it from a different angle. The faint light revealed action as its central thought. Figures, ill defined, but beautiful in outline, were moving toward the point of daybreak. The leader resembled her own noble husband struggling manfully and joyfully against the obstacles before him, leading a few and guiding many toward the light.

It must not be thought that these women moved consciously toward a great goal. Their aspiration and efforts were instinctive rather than definitely planned; but the age of instinct necessarily precedes conscious direction.

About the middle of July Jane received a letter from Harold Waite announcing that he intended to start the next day for Castleton where he would visit a friend for a couple of weeks, and if it would be agreeable he and his friend would drive over some day the following week. Later in the day John dropped in on his way home from the village where he had been on some errands, preparatory to harvest work which was to begin the next day. Jane told him the good news and asked him to stop on his way home and tell Nellie. John was anxious to have Harold spend a day or two at his home and asked Jane to write Waite to come prepared to stay two or three days with his Mayville friends.

"It's a very busy time but we can always spare a day or two for such a friend as Waite," John said.

That evening Jane went over to Fairfield Farm and when Fred had read Waite's letter she said she hoped they could make it pleasant for this classmate.

"You know how busy everybody is, Jane, but we must plan something for Waite's visit. I'm afraid he will think farm life pretty dull."

"I'm sure he'll like it. He can't help but like it at this time of the year. When I told him about the farm and the work he was as enthusiastic about it as could be and wanted to see it all for himself. That's why he is coming," said Jane.

"I'm afraid he will never make a farmer," Fred answered. "You see he has always lived in a city with thousands of people stirring about him; with fine walks and parks and theaters, and his home has all the comforts and conveniences money can buy. That's why I hate to invite him into our humble home; but we must plan some way of entertaining him. He's a brilliant fellow."

"Let's drive out to Major and Mrs. Wheelock's the evening he comes and have a dancing party out on the lawn and one of those good midnight suppers Mrs. Wheelock knows so well how to prepare. It will be a new experience for him."

That was a good idea and they acted on it. Jane wrote the plan and arranged that Waite and his friend should be at her home by six o'clock the following Wednesday and after supper they would

start for the Major's home. Then he and his friend were to go home with John.

Waite and his friend reached Mayville before it was time to go to Jane's home and so they decided to call at Fairfield Farm for a short visit with Fred. They found him in the harvest field binding grain behind the self-rake reaper. A half hour earlier he had repaired and oiled the machine which was being driven by his little sister, Rose, and his hands were still black with grease as were also his sleeves; but he shook hands heartily with the two young men and began chatting, suggesting to Waite that he probably had not expected to find his classmate so much like a hired man. When the three horses approached in their round with the reaper Fred hailed the driver, lifted her from the seat, and then introduced the young men to his sister:

"This is the Boss, Waite. She lays out the work we are to do and watches to see if any of us are shirking. We've got to bind up all that she reaps. Only by keeping on the good side of her is it possible for us to get a little rest once in a while."

"If your friends will help you catch up with the reaper while I am gone I'll treat you all to some fresh water when I get back," said Rose, as she started for the spring with the empty jug and ran across the field.

"She's as fleet as a deer," said Waite, watching her. Fred took the visitors around the field and introduced them to the other three workers. They

stopped and visited a few minutes with Mr. Nelson, then went on to meet Edwin, and finally met Bill Jones, who was helping in the harvest field for a few days. Fred had already explained that Edwin was planning to go to college as soon as he himself had finished and could get back on the farm, and as he introduced Bill he said:

"I've been trying for two years to persuade Jones to go to the university, but can't make a dent in his resisting armor. He could easily catch up with the class and finish in three years, and perhaps he'll catch up with some of us unprepared fellows anyway, for he's always studying when he isn't working . . . or playing."

Waite seemed greatly interested in the work and all that Fred had to say about the crops and farming. He tried his hand at binding, too, tho he failed to "catch on" to the art of "making a band" and to the little trick of "tucking under" the knot. When he left the field to go to the Sanger home Fred felt that he had misjudged the city lad.

The milking hour had begun a little earlier on the Sanger farm that evening because of the expected guests and the party that had been planned. Jane had just finished milking the last of the four cows she had assigned to herself for the summer and had started for the milkhouse with her pail of milk when the two young men appeared in the yard. For a moment she stood still when she saw them, the milk pail in one hand and her hat in the other, as

if debating whether to hurry with the milk to the cooler or go to meet her guests. A snow-white apron covered her dress completely, her arms were bare, and her heavy golden hair, tied with a pale-blue ribbon, hung loosely down her back. To Waite she was a picture never to be forgotten, a classic picture of healthy, graceful, beautiful young womanhood. She stood in an attitude of suspense just for an instant, then tossed her head back and laughed, waved her hat to the young men and called as she started toward the milkhouse with her pail:

"Come on, Mr. Waite; catch me if you can."

He couldn't, tho he tried. He reached the milkhouse just as Jane was pouring the milk into the setting can. After explaining briefly the milk-cooling process to Waite the two walked toward the gate where young Griffon was standing, and Jane was introduced. She conducted the two young men into the dairy barn where they met her father and Albert. Explaining that she was needed in the house she said:

"You must stay out here with Albert and papa until you hear the bugle call for supper," and hurried away.

When the milking was finished Albert showed the boys around the barn and stables, pointing out the choice animals and explaining how they were fed and cared for. It was all very interesting to Waite, who listened earnestly to this country youth who knew so much about these real things. He was

especially interested in the large flock of fine chickens, "one of Jane's parts of the farm," as Albert had described it.

At half-past five Albert remarked:

"It's time I was taking my shower bath, but I must first show you my bath-room. It's the finest in the country. I'm proud of it because I invented it myself."

He led them to a little room in one corner of the barn. The inner walls and ceiling were painted white and the floor was of cement, a drain leading from it to the lowland near the barn. At the ceiling near one corner a small wooden keg was suspended.

"That's the water tank," explained Albert. "It's full now and when it's empty all we need to do is to turn this faucet and fill it up again."

A half-inch water pipe with a faucet in it extended into the bottom of the keg, a few feet of rubber tube was attached to the lower end of the pipe and at the other end of the rubber tube was what Albert called "the head of a big sprinkling can." Hooks for clothing had been placed on the walls, light-colored shades were fastened to the windows, and there was a small plain cupboard in which were clean towels, soap and other toilet articles. Two very plain chairs stood on the floor, and a shoe-blacking outfit was near one of them.

"Jane thinks this is the best room on the place and she runs out here every morning in her robe and takes a shower bath," said Albert. Then he added:

"But you'll excuse me now for I've got to hurry or I'll be late for supper. Father will be glad to take you out to the clover field and show you the hogs."

As the two young men slowly made their way in the direction they had seen Mr. Sanger take, Harold said to his companion:

"I almost envy that boy for his training. He probably knows nothing of Greek or Latin, of French or German literature, but he's got some real valuable experience and seems to be making good use of it, too. He's so sure of himself, too, and yet there is no trace of any brag in him. When I see such fellows as these Mayville lads and such young women as Miss Sanger and Miss Worthington I often wonder if with all their lack of educational opportunities they do not have a decided advantage over us city fellows. I wouldn't be without the training I have had, but I wish I had some of the experience these young people get."

They had had just time enough to look at the fine herd of Berkshire shoats, "knee-deep in clover," when the bugle sounded and Mr. Sanger announced that every good soldier who was ready to do his duty at the supper table must make double-quick time for the ranks.

At half past seven Albert, who was standing on the porch ready for the party, called:

"Here comes the omnibus," and every one rushed out to see.

The "omnibus" was a light wagon on which there was a hayrack and plenty of soft new hay. John was driving his spirited young team. He had brought with him his sister Jennie, several years older than himself, and had stopped on the way for Mary and Elsie Milner and for Nellie. At Fairfield farmgate he had added Fred and Rose and Bill, and just as he turned into the lane leading to the Sanger home Nina Bell and Joe Brown climbed on to the "omnibus" so that now the party was complete. No one thought of a chaperon and none was needed. A chaperon is only a "make-believe" anyway, a fact of which she is well aware tho she may not confess it, and these young people were not of the "make-believe" kind.

Anyone who has ever had the pleasure of being in a "hayrack party"—and we hope that none of our readers have been denied this delightful experience—needs not to be reminded of its joys. Life on the "omnibus" moves so rapidly that the slowest team travels too fast. People along the road leave their houses and come out to listen and see. In the distance they hear the festival of song and laughter, very faint at first but growing more and more distinct until it bursts into a mighty hallelujah chorus. It is a moving stage. Now is heard a sweet, melodious folk song, accompanied perhaps by a harmonica manipulated by an untrained, unknown Mozart. This is followed, it may be, by the song and laughter of a minstrel band composed of master

actors who know not that they are acting. Then, perchance, songs of love and the most precious of sacred songs, with interludes of silence, tell of life's deeper, more permanent currents. Again from the moving stage may come a melodrama or a vaudeville, or perhaps a circus barker is heard announcing each of the many wonders of the world, and each wonder responds in a way to justify all that the barker has said, and more. In the performance there is, too, what the keenest ears of the wayside audience are unable to perceive. In a period of silence some one has noted the stars overhead and an inquiry has stirred a dozen souls to unknown depths. There is Orion and his dog, the great star Sirius, so stupendous that our own glorious sun is dwarfed into insignificance in comparison. The Milky Way becomes an object of wonder and Fred quotes:

> "Continuous as the stars that shine and twinkle on the Milky Way
> They stretched in never ending line along the margin of the bay."

Yes, and there is Orion's dagger represented by three small stars, the middle one with a haze about it. Bill wants to know what it is, and Fred says:

"No one seems to know, but it is of such immensity that a million stars like Sirius, or even a million solar systems would be lost in its bounds; and it is

supposed to be so remote that even at the high speed of light it would take ages to span the distance. It may be another stellar system, vaster than the one we behold above us."

"I have never before noticed the stars, and have never thought about them," said Harold. "It's all intensely interesting. Where did you learn all that, Nelson?"

"I know next to nothing about astronomy," said Fred, "but I mean to know more some day. I took the twelve weeks' course at the university this spring and one of our Mayville teachers years ago got us interested. If you had had a chance to see the heavens every night as we have here you would have become interested long ago; but shut in by tall buildings and the air filled with smoke from your city factories it would have been a marvel if you had become interested."

"My, but that nebulous mist must be far away," suggested Bill. "I've been trying to get a little idea of how far light will travel in just one year and I can't form the least conception of that."

"Let's talk about something else," said Nina, giving a little uneasy movement of her whole body.

"Yes, let's think about something else," said Jane quietly, and then she added softly:

"But the stars are beautiful, and it's all so wonderful."

We shall not attempt any detailed account of the events at the home of the Major and his good wife.

The supper had a few extra delicacies because Mrs. Wheelock had heard that "a fine young man from the city" was to be the guest of the evening and that he came from a rich home. The dancing on the lawn was a new experience to Harold. Most of the "square dances" and many of the others were new to him, but after he had passed thru the first degree in the initiation he found them "heaps of fun." The fine lawn offered splendid opportunity for such dancing. Lanterns had at first been hung about the "dancing pavilion," as Jane called it, but the moon was coming up and soon the lanterns were superfluous. As the supper hour approached Nellie whispered to Jane and the two girls ran over to where the "fiddlers" were sitting and spoke to them quietly. A moment later they were dancing a Swedish folk dance to the music of the violins. A college friend had taught them the dance and they had proven themselves exceedingly apt pupils. Waite was completely lost in the scene, fascinated by the two lithe, graceful figures as they moved in that primeval rhythm which had almost become instinctive when modern civilization, with its artificial system of education, threatened to educate it out of the race.

When they had finished dancing, Jane called to Rose Nelson and asked that she dance the negro folk dance she had recently taught her. Rose complied promptly, and the applause and cheering attested to the excellence of the performance.

"Look out, Jane, or your pupil will surpass even her teacher," said Bill as Rose, flushed, but looking more as tho she would like to begin again than stop, ran across the room and seated herself on Fred's lap.

After supper it was suggested that as the lawn did not permit the dancing of waltzes that they use the large room in the house for an hour before going home. Before starting the waltzes the girls said it was the boys' turn to "show off" and Bill danced the "clodhopper," and several of the Mayville boys danced other intricate "jigs," to the great amusement of all, especially to Waite. The waltzes closed with "Home Sweet Home," and then, tired, but happy, they all boarded the "omnibus" and started for Mayville. It was nearly three o'clock when they reached home. Mrs. Sanger and Mrs. Nelson had not given their consent to the party until the young folks had promised that they would not get up until they were called, and so they did not arise until noon, still sleepy, but "so hungry."

CHAPTER XIII.

How quickly the college days—yes, and the years, too—passed. About the middle of the sophomore year Jane and Fred decided that they would try to complete the course in three years instead of taking the usual four. They had taken some extra work from the first and were able to figure out that by making just a little additional effort the four years could be condensed into three. The fear they had had at the beginning of their college course that the limitations of their early schooling and the insufficiency of their self-preparation would always seriously handicap them disappeared and, while they never ceased regretting their unpreparedness, gradually gave place to that self-assurance that leads to original work. No doubt the years of teaching which they had done had aided in the development of this feeling of surefootedness, and the home life had contributed to the same result.

Nellie and John might likewise have shortened their course by a year, but they both preferred to take the full time. Nellie was planning to teach and John had decided to study law and the longer course would mean added power and prestige.

Once having decided that they could finish the course in the following year, Fred and Jane began

to make more definite plans for the future. One day toward the close of their second year they were seated under one of the fine elms on the campus discussing the future. All their home training had emphasized other riches than material wealth. Their own natural instincts and their years of hard but joyous toil aided in the development of the same ideals. David Stevens, president of the still young university, was pointing with iron resolution toward the same goal and was inspiring them to pursue the path that led thither. They decided that they would go back to the farm and give the younger children an opportunity to get even a better education than they themselves would have. The dairies were paying and the stock on the farms was steadily increasing the fertility of the soil. By good management, the introduction of a few improved methods, and by the culling of the dairy herd and procuring a few pure-bred animals as means permitted, Fred felt sure that from ten to twenty-five per cent could in time be added to the present returns and this would be ample to make the improvements and keep the younger members of the family in college. This was their general plan and as they reviewed it, adding a little and modifying details, Fred said:

"I've been thinking of late, Jane, that Fairfield Farm ought to have a new house and that it should be placed on the broad knoll east of the barn and near the line between your farm and ours. It's an ideal building site and it will be near your home and

mine. I know it is useless at present to talk to father and mother about such a plan if the house is to be for them. They are so anxious for the education and advancement of their children that they never think of their own ease and comfort; but if they know it is to be a home for us they will be delighted with the idea. After we are once established in the new home we can find a way of relieving them of some of the burdens they are carrying, and we can do the same for your father and mother, for our home will be just as near to them as it will be to mine. I'd like to have a new house all ready for us when we graduate."

She had placed her hand in his as she had so often done in the years that had passed and her eyes drooped as she listened. When he had finished she looked into his face earnestly and said:

"I've been thinking about the same thing, all but the new house. Perhaps that is best, but let's not decide finally today."

Two weeks later they rowed across the bay to a favorite point where they sat under the trees and read for an hour or more. When they arose and started for the shore where they had left their boat, Jane slipped her hand into Fred's and said:

"I've thought about that new home, Fred, and it has already become my home. I've made some plans and sketches of the house and rooms and will bring them with me next time we go out boating. Father

and mother will both be happy and I know your folks will, too."

He folded her in his arms and their lips met for the first time.

The naturalness of the relation between Jane and Fred, the simplicity with which they had expressed their love had prevented their friends and classmates from suspecting more than a friendship between them. Had Jane ever thought of any other possible lover she could not but have become aware that Harold Waite felt more than an ordinary friendship for her. From the first week of the sophomore year he had shown his devotion to her, but he expressed it with such reserve and refinement that it never obtruded itself on Jane's notice. Fred rarely had time to attend dancing parties, but Jane occasionally went and then usually with Harold. They had gone skating a few times and boating once, but even Fred never suspected that the young man might have a deeper feeling than that of friendship. A dozen times during the last half year Harold had been on the point of overwhelming her with his passion but each time something in Jane had kept him silent. Had she shown the slightest response to the emotion that filled his own heart the declaration would long since have burst from his lips. But now that the last week of the year had come he could delay the matter no longer. He tried to arrange for boating but Jane was busy and could not go. He sought her on the Saturday pre-

ceding commencement only to find that Jane had gone for the week end to visit a friend a short distance from town. On the following Monday he strolled about the campus watching for her appearance and chanced to meet her as she was returning from the college farm where Fred had shown her the experimental crops, the fine pure-bred cows that had recently been bought, and the barn that had just been completed. As they walked across the campus she told Harold of the new things she had just seen on the farm; but as she talked she became aware that her friend did not show the undivided interest he had always shown heretofore. She noticed, too, a strange hesitancy in his speech and even his steps seemed a little uncertain. The very way in which he suggested that they go to the little grove a short distance beyond the campus finally brought to her mind the full consciousness of the truth. A sense of deep self-condemnation took possession of her mind, but it passed in a moment and she said kindly and frankly:

"Yes, it's cool there and I've become heated by the long walk. I want to rest while I tell you something."

She kept on talking to him about the visit she had just made to the farm until they reached the grove and had sat down on the rustic seat between two large oaks. Then she said:

"But I mustn't go on telling you about that visit because I have something important to tell you and

you are going to be the first person to hear it from me. You know Fred and I have been planning for years and now our plans have been quite definitely made." And then she told him where the new house was to stand, how the two farms were going to be managed as one, thus saving the cost of duplicating a large part of the more expensive machinery. There would also be a saving in horse power and in labor, all of which would tend to give more time for the things of the mind and the advancement of the community. Recalling to his mind the relative location of the two farms and homes she sketched the plans for the new improvements to be made during the next few years. She also made a sketch of the house and its division into rooms, pointing out the guest room, and made him promise that he would visit them some time after they had gotten settled and could make his visit pleasant. She was enthusiastic in telling about all the details, nowhere more so than when describing the shower bath, which was to be located in the basement and which was to be an improved model of Albert's invention.

She had talked continuously and so had given the young man no opportunity to think of what he had had in mind, but there had been time for him to adjust his mind to the real situation, and when at last she felt confident that all danger was over she ceased speaking and Harold said:

"I did not know that you were engaged."

It had never occurred to Jane until then that she

and Fred had never formally plighted their troth; that in fact they had never mentioned in words either engagement or marriage, but they had told each other of their love in more effective ways. So Jane answered simply:

"Yes, we have been engaged for years. From the time I was a little girl I never thought of not living with Fred."

Then they talked of the never-to-be-forgotten "omnibus" ride and the dance and supper at Major and Mrs. Wheelock's; of their school experiences, and of their hopes for the future. Harold, too, had plans, and he revealed them to her just as he had been planning for months to do, yet under different conditions from those he had anticipated. But he did not recall this now, or if he did it was but as a dream. He felt that the friendship between them had deepend thru this experience and he prized that friendship as a precious gift. So he grew enthusiastic as he told of the business plans he and his father were making; how these would take him to remote parts of the world, and how he would be constantly in intimate contact with the forces shaping nations and empires, and how he, too, in later years, would have a fine farm with pure-bred cattle and horses and other stock. The farm would be his real home after he had traveled over the earth and learned to know every phase of their great business. His high hopes and his animation made

Jane fancy that perhaps she had been mistaken in reading his purpose, and she hoped that she had.

A year later, just after they had graduated, Fred and Jane were quietly married in the Sanger home, and after a delightful three weeks' tour thru the Great Lakes they settled in their new home which had been completed and furnished a month before.

CHAPTER XIV.

The plans that Fred and Jane had made with so much care and pleasure during the last two years in college were not all realized, but there was on the whole, steady progress toward the main goal. As the returns from the dairy herd, and from the farm generally, increased, all surplus was used to install labor-saving devices; to improve stock, and supply the means of self-improvement. The barnyard manure was conserved with greater care than it had ever been before; more clover was sown from year to year and some of it was always plowed under as green manure, and, after four or five attempts, an alfalfa field was finally started. The two-horse team gave place to the three-horse team wherever this was possible, and the horses were heavier than in earlier years. The crops, too, were undergoing a corresponding change. Pure-bred corn was replacing the old mongrel varieties, and from one to two hundred bushels of seed corn was sold annually. By the time Albert and Edwin had finished their college course the two farms had been practically merged into one and the labor systematized and greatly reduced. As Albert had specialized in dairying he took over the management of the herds on both places as soon as he had graduated, and de-

veloped them to a still higher degree of excellence and productiveness.

Edwin Nelson decided that he would follow the teaching profession and, on graduating, became principal of the high school in one of the small cities of the state. He and Albert had roomed together thruout their college course and, tho Albert was much larger and heavier, and they had taken entirely different courses, they were known among the students as "the twins" because of their intimate friendship. They had both been interested in debating work and Edwin contributed from time to time to the college paper.

Nor must we omit other changes that came in the lives of our friends, changes of still greater importance than those already mentioned. Two sons had been born to Jane and Fred. Willis was past three and Harold was just beginning to walk. If we were to attempt to enumerate the excellences, physical and mental, of these two youngsters and attempt to describe their many and marvelous achievements we would exhaust the patience of the reader and only disappoint the fond parents by our lack of skill and discernment.

As time passed the hours on the farm were somewhat reduced, tho they were still long in comparison to the day of the factory laborer. Both Fred and Jane had been able to reduce their manual labor to from six to eight hours a day, with some exceptions in busy seasons, but they were busy with use-

ful work throughout their waking hours. They usually read and discussed together for an hour or more each day and constantly gave some consideration to the progress of the community in which they lived. Once a week there was an evening meeting of citizens in the village hall for the discussion of any subjects that might be of interest to those in attendance. There was no formal organization other than provision for a presiding officer and a permanent secretary. The only iron-clad rule was that the meeting should begin at eight o'clock and close not later than ten.

They were returning from one of these meetings when Jane said:

"It would have been easy to stay at home tonight, but I'm glad I came. Bill is right when he says that while a single meeting does not accomplish much such meetings will, in the course of years, result in immense changes for good in the community."

"I always learn something, too," said Fred. "That suggestion of Jim Bain that we plan something that the community should do ten years from now and that a committee of three be appointed to report projects was a good one. It's the first time I have ever heard that man say a word in these meetings, and I always looked on him as a sort of dullard. I'm glad he was made chairman of that committee for he may have some more good things at work in his gray matter."

"How foolish it is for people to think that because

they have been away to college therefore they know a whole lot more than those who never have had that privilege. Of course, they do know many things that others do not, but there are very few people in our club from whom the best educated individuals in the world could not learn something of value. There were many good things said tonight. Who would have thought that little Mrs. Mace, the widow, who lives, with her six children, on their farm south of town and who has all she can do to make a living with the help of her boys and girls, would suggest that the club should sometime discuss the kind of work children should do and the length of their working day?" said Jane.

"Of course, all the people do not get as much out of these suggestions as we do, Jane, but they do get something, and their work is made lighter by the thoughts and hopes awakened."

"Yes, and the best thing about these meetings is that they offer a good soil in which little thoughts and hopes may grow to big ones. When Mrs. Bergson turned to Mrs. Mace and said that the subject she had proposed was the most important that our club could consider and pointed out many good things it might lead to, that little widow's face was aglow with interest and I am sure the little seed in her mind grew perceptibly during those few moments. We all like to have our ideas accepted. They are our children and we love to see them grow into vigorous, wholesome maturity."

"It is a good soil for the growth of ideas," said Fred. "Every one seems anxious to see the good side of any suggestions that are made. You remember how Harry Dixon, who moved away from Mayville last year, used to hit everybody who suggested anything that did not fit into his own way of thinking? If he had had two or three backers they might have made our free thought club a Russian despotism. He did scare a good many people for a time but after awhile everybody quietly ignored what he said, and then he moved away because his ideas couldn't grow here."

"Bill often surprises me by the skill with which he takes a suggestion of an unformed or ill-shaped idea and gives it clear-cut form and appealing force," said Jane.

One evening as they were discussing the work on the farm, Fred said:

"I'm so glad our folks never really thought of 'retiring,' as so many farmers do, by moving to the village and doing little or nothing. They're just as happy here as can be and the only thing that would drive them away from the farm is the least suspicion that perhaps their presence here might be a hindrance to us and the other children. Father has had entire charge of the hogs during the past few years and he is just like a boy in his enthusiasm; and your father has developed such a fine herd of sheep that many farmers come from a distance to see them. The two men have lots of fun talking

over their hobbies. And our mothers are just as interested in their hobbies. You remember how difficult it was for us to persuade the four to take that trip thru Lake Michigan from Chicago to the Soo last summer? They still talk about Petoskey, Mackinac Island, the great locks, and other points of special interest; and think that a trip by boat is much pleasanter and more wholesome than one by rail because of the freedom from dust and foul air and because of the greater liberty of individual movement permitted on the boat. I've been thinking that it's time they were getting away again. The university is offering a ten-day course for farmers. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to get them to attend next winter?"

"You always have some suggestive thought, Fred," said Jane. "Our folks are happy because they are interested and they are interested because their work is really very useful and they know it is. When I think of their years of self-sacrifice; their happy toil in the face of obstacles that would have overwhelmed most people; the service they have rendered the community; their great ambition for us and the other children; and the wise selection of values which they made, I realize that the only way we can repay the debt is by giving some thought to their happiness; and that simply means that they shall have opportunities suited to their years and interests. To rob them of their life of action would be cruelty or stupidity. How interesting the past

is when one thinks of it as a store house filled with an abundance of the finest material for building a better future. The fact that our parents and others of this community had good ideals, and daily *did* the little things that step by step led toward the realization of those ideals has had far-reaching results. I often think that our parents enfolded us in their wisdom more than in their love, tho the two cannot really be divorced. But for the united efforts of a few people in this district our school might have been similar to those we taught that first winter. A few more teachers like Lucy Hyde and we might all have been started down the toboggan slide that leads to the low level of inferiority where toil is drudgery and where the monotony of life may only be relieved here and there by a little fun and narrow pleasures but where joy is unknown. Of course, our community is somewhat exceptional for it has its Bergsons, its Worthingtons, Joneses, Milners, and others of their type, but there had to be a motive force. Your mother is a wonderful woman, Fred. I have always thought so, but of late I have seen it from a new angle. Until recently my appreciation was based entirely on what she did, on the many excellent things she accomplished, but of late I have come to see that the things she resisted doing have equal value. Our own children have led me to this new viewpoint. You know how comforting it is to caress Willis, to pick up and cuddle Harold the moment he cries, and so you can appreciate how

much a mother who is constantly among her children has to resist. It is very clear to me now, however, that inhibition—inhibition in a sense not dreamed of by our college professors who talked so much about it in psychology—is at least a co-partner of action in the development of character, whether it be the character of an individual, of a community, of a state, or of a nation. Like bacteria developed in the laboratory, children may be so protected in the home, and life made so easy for them that when they are sent into the world they lose out because they have not learned to struggle vigorously. In our parents these copartners served more or less instinctively, but instinct gradually gives way to conscious direction. What the people of this district did in the past for their schools the people of today can do for all the activities of the community. The more of the older folks who take that ten-day course next winter the easier will it be to bring other good things to Mayville."

It took a good deal of persuasion to induce the parents to attend the farmers' course. They were all together one evening when Fred suggested:

"You four children have got to go to college for you're getting beyond me. You ask so many questions about sheep and chickens and hogs which I can't answer that I'm going to turn you over to better authority," and he told of the program to which the ten-day course would be devoted.

"They'll never admit us," said Mr. Sanger. "I couldn't even pass in spelling."

"You're interested and have a lot of questions on your mind about the work you are doing and that's the only sort of preparation any college ought to demand of its prospective students. Fortunately our university has made a beginning in pulling down the stupid high-walled fence about the institution, put there no doubt for fear a little of the precious light from within might get out and illuminate some of the dark paths the people are traveling."

Jane joined in urging the matter and after some weeks it was finally decided that they would "take a college course." They found it so interesting that it proved to be only the first of many similar courses during the years that followed. This work stimulated their interest in reading and study at home and connected them with new forces that drew them into the larger current of life.

From the time Carl Winter had taught the local school he had kept up a desultory correspondence with his Mayville friends. After finishing his medical education he became an intern in a Chicago hospital and continued his connection with the hospital for a couple of years, and then settled in a rural community in Ohio where he hoped to establish a hospital of his own after practicing for a few years. He soon found that the people whom he had come to

serve were not ready to support the hospital idea and he began planning to go to Chicago or Cleveland. Fred wrote him that Mayville had grown considerably larger and that its civil life had improved so that it might be possible to find an opening for his plans here. At any rate it would be worth investigating and he invited him to visit his old friends and consider the prospects.

Winter at last accepted the invitation, more for the purpose of seeing the people of Mayville once more than because of any hope of finding the opening for which he was looking. In fact, he had partially decided to move to Chicago. He agreed to spend one day with his Mayville friends and it was arranged that Bill Jones should meet him and they would spend the afternoon in going about and then he could spend the night with Fred and Jane. Winter was greatly surprised to find that in place of the little one-room school of fifteen years ago the village now had a large brick building in which ten teachers were at work. The high school, housed in the same building, had been made possible by enlarging the district which in turn was a natural result of the development of the creamery. Still larger plans were in prospect for the future, as Bill pointed out. The school board had already bought a twenty-acre tract adjoining the school grounds to be used in the years to come for agricultural work and experimentation and for recreation purposes. The village club, now called the

Community Center, a year ago had adopted a ten-year program for the development of community life and it centered about the schools. It would take ten years of propaganda to get the community ready for the whole scheme and prepare for financing it; but the first year had brought more progress than they had dared hope it would. Many of the people at first considered ten acres of land ample, but the committee had held firmly to the larger area and had won out. Now that the land had been rented for more than the taxes and interest on the purchase price everyone was satisfied. Already a small per cent of the income of the creamery was set aside as a fund for the development and this fund would increase as the value of the project became clearer. Individuals were also pledging financial support and the village board had voted to set aside a small percentage of the next annual tax so that it seemed now that before the ten years were up there would be no difficulty in putting the plans into operation. They were hoping, so Bill assured Dr. Winter, that some doctor who was more interested in making a life that is worth while than in making money, would recognize the opportunity that offered here to combine medical practice with education, and fit into their plans. These plans would require that the doctor should become an employee of the community and that he should devote his whole energy to the development and maintenance of health rather than the curing of sickness. Bill finally suggested:

"If you could see your way clear to come to Mayville, Dr. Winter, and work out the plans of which I have given a very brief outline, there is little that you would be likely to ask for that would not be promptly granted, even a well equipped hospital, remembering always that the whole ten-year program must be considered as a unit."

"I would be glad to be the employee of the community and wait several years for the hospital, but I would not be interested if I could not be assured a large share in the planning of the whole health program as well as the hospital," Dr. Winter replied.

"We had a meeting a few evenings ago and talked of the possibility of your coming, and the moment that we are sure that your interests are social rather than individualistic you will find every one disposed to leave the planning in your hands, tho we believe that all community projects should be discussed at several of our meetings, which are always public, before they are finally approved. We also decided that the principal of the schools, the head of the recreation work, which, of course, is still a matter of the future, and the head of the department of health shall agree upon plans before they are submitted to the *Community Center*. For the next few years the program would be shaped by yourself and the principal, but after that we hope to have a well-trained man or woman in charge of the recreation work, of which community singing will be an important part. I need not tell you that this com-

munity remembers you and the work you did here with gratitude and is predisposed to give you large authority, but we must be assured that you are still as deeply interested in the general welfare as you were in the days when we were your pupils."

During the afternoon Dr. Winter met fifty or more of the citizens and all showed the same enthusiastic interest in the community plans as Bill Jones had expressed and he was very much interested in the possibilities that seemed to offer.

Toward evening Bill took Winter out to Fairfield Farm and as they approached the place he said:

"Fred and Jane can explain Mayville's plans for the next ten years better than I can. They are exceptional people and you will be greatly interested in what they have to tell you, even tho you do not entertain the idea of settling among us."

Fairfield Farm was an inspiration to Winter and he inspected every improvement that had been made with as much care as tho farming were his business. He was especially interested in the division of responsibility and work and the hearty coöperation manifested everywhere.

The late evening was devoted to discussing the special mission that had brought him to Mayville at this time and he was surprised at the definite knowledge Jane and Fred had of hospitals and their work and of the public health programs of a few of the most progressive cities of this country as well as the more advanced stage of this work abroad. He was

interested to learn that the Mayville bank was a community institution which, while it paid its stockholders a dividend of six per cent on their investment, was annually using from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars out of its net earnings for public improvements. It was also loaning money to farmers at a low rate of interest, and was aiding community industries by helping to finance them on easy but carefully worked out business terms. The plans for the future included the development of a complete system of public marketing and coöperative retailing, thus insuring all producers the highest market prices on products sold and opportunity to buy supplies at as near wholesale rates as possible. Other phases of community development were a part of the program, such as insurance against fire and other dangers, and home-building plans.

"I didn't think it possible that such vast changes could be made in a community in the short space of fifteen years, not even in Mayville, which I have always said was the best district in which I ever taught," said Winter.

"They have not been made," said Fred. "They are merely in the making and far from being realities. Only a month ago a young doctor came here to investigate the situation, and after we had gone over all our plans, just as we have with you, he couldn't see any prospects in them for him. I am sure he felt that our plans were dreams which would never come true. The moment we found that he was

taking that view of the situation Bill Jones suggested that we give up thinking further about having the young man fit into the place because he would surely fail, which he certainly would have done in spite of his excellent preparation and undoubted ability. It reminded me of an incident that occurred on the Bergson farm during the time when John and Bill were attending the academy. A young man from the academy was visiting John, and Bill and I called one Sunday afternoon. The four of us walked over the fields and when we came to the brook we debated the question whether or not it would be possible to jump across. John said he knew it was possible to leap across while his friend, Vern, stoutly maintained it could not be done. Vern was a good athlete and had repeatedly out-jumped John at the academy and we at last got him to agree to make the attempt on condition that John would follow. He did so but fell short, and was covered with mud and water as he scrambled up on the opposite side. He had proved the correctness of his belief. John followed and landed safely on the farther bank, proving that he, too, had been right. Conviction that the thing you are undertaking is possible and confidence in your own powers to make it come true are fundamental necessities."

"If I should accept the proposition your *Community Center* has made me I should want at least one month a year for self improvement. Every summer during the past eight years I have gone to one of the

noted clinics of the country and spent from three to five weeks in getting the best experience in medical and surgical practice that offered, and I simply cannot keep pace with progress unless I continue to do so."

"We have known of this practice of yours and it was the best evidence to us that you had the very attitude we needed. There is no doubt but that this community will want you to do that very thing and will, of course, pay the expenses you incur while getting this enlarged experience for us. It is always to be remembered, however, that any one who joins us in our plans must be prepared to share our failures as well as our successes."

Before Dr. Winter left Mayville the next morning he had outlined his own program and submitted it to the informal meeting of the *Community Center*. It would take him four or five months to close up his affairs in the Ohio community in which he had been practicing and then he wished to spend about the same length of time in Europe in preparation for the new work. That would bring him to Mayville at the end of nine or ten months from this date. As this was entirely satisfactory to the local committee the rest of the time previous to his departure was spent in going over the twenty-acre field and getting detailed data on which he might build his plans. As he and a few of his friends were waiting for the train at the depot, Winter said to them:

"The prospects here offer greater opportunity for

happiness than can be bought with vast riches in any other place in which I have lived. Everywhere I go I find at least an effort at the conservation of natural material resources but woeful waste of human life. Here I find that the conservation of human life is the first consideration and your program has gone far enough to make me confident of the future."

CHAPTER XV.

A generation had passed, tho not disappeared, since we beheld little Jane Sanger piloting the new pupil, Fred Nelson, to the stone school house on that long-ago September morning. They were children of nine and ten years then, and now their own boys, Willis and Harold, were ten and eight. And there was little Harriet, "six years old last May," as she would announce, who was the image of Jane as she was more than thirty years ago. She had arrived the spring following the "freshman year" in college of her grandparents. Her parents had used the approaching event as a leverage to get the four grandparents to go to the university for the farmers' course, and so when Mrs. Nelson took the baby up in her arms for the first time she said:

"You're the little fairy who made it possible for four old people to go to college where they bathed in the fountain of perpetual youth and came back as children. They'll be pretty ungrateful if they don't see to it that you have four staunch friends."

When John Bergson graduated from the college of law, just two years after Fred and Jane had completed their courses, he became the junior member of a well established law firm in one of the large cities of a neighboring state. The two older mem-

bers of this firm felt the need of employing a young man who could do some of the more laborious work and take over the criminal cases. John had called on them early in the year and had given them references. They liked his appearance, and all the references vouched for his industry, ability, and reliability. He seemed to be the sort of young man they were looking for and one they undoubtedly could later take into the firm as a full-fledged partner.

During his first year as a practicing attorney John was connected with one case that brought him into considerable prominence. A farmer by the name of Carey had bought a mower of a machine agent in the city, paying one-half cash and promising to pay the balance before the first of the year. He offered to give his note for the balance but the agent assured him that this was not necessary and that he would take his word in lieu of any note. The farmer, feeling rather proud that he was thus trusted, gladly accepted the alternative. When he came to settle his account, however, he found that he had been credited with ten dollars less than he claimed he had paid in cash to the agent, and an altercation resulted, terminating in an assault. As the two men were alone in the office there were, of course, no witnesses to testify as to what had taken place; but when the agent burst thru the door and ran out on the street calling for the police, his face rather badly cut, and bleeding profusely, Carey was

seen rushing after him and was heard to use some very threatening language as to what he would do with that agent if he got hold of him again. Carey was arrested and was charged with assault and battery with intent to do great bodily harm. He refused to make any statement as to the occurrence but immediately placed his case in the hands of the firm with which John Bergson was connected, and the older members placed the defense in the hands of the young attorney.

It happened that the machine agent was an active ward politician and the henchman of one of the political bosses of the city, a lawyer of considerable prominence not only locally but thruout the state. Thus the case came to have a political aspect. The political opponents of the boss and his underlings made as effective use as they could of the charges against the agent and showed the utmost sympathy for the farmer. This naturally added to the boss's determination to win the case, for his political prestige as well as to vindicate his client. It was John's first case of any importance and he meant to make the most of the opportunity to win recognition. He studied the case with great care and consulted the older men of his firm on all conceivable points involved. He knew that his opponent was a lawyer of long experience and recognized ability and that he could win for the farmer only by superior preparation.

When the case came to trial, Carey and the agent

gave such different accounts of what had taken place in the latter's office that the verdict would evidently be determined, in large part at least, by the opposing attorneys. John sympathized deeply with the farmer and sincerely believed that the agent had not only made a fraudulent record but that he had been guilty of starting the assault in the hope of bulldozing Carey into making the payment, so that in addition to a thoro knowledge of the law points involved he had the advantage of making a plea for justice in which his whole heart was centered. He also had the advantage of a sympathetic audience for himself and his client in the court room. Boss Barker, who defended the agent, had somewhat miscounted on the ability of his youthful opponent and was rather unprepared for the force and quiet determination with which John Bergson called his bluffs. Not only was the verdict in favor of the farmer but the case also resulted in a decided victory for the young lawyer, who at once became the congressional candidate of the political party opposing the boss. John was defeated at the polls in this campaign, but only by a small margin, and his vote was so much larger than any candidate of the party had received in recent years that he was renominated two years later and elected. After serving eight years in the House of Representatives he was chosen by the state legislature to the national Senate.

The campaign in which John was elected to the House for the first time was a memorable one. The

young man was so earnest, so fearless in announcing what he would and what he would not vote for, and proved himself such an able speaker that he made a deep impression on the people thruout his district, an impression that still made the name of Senator Bergson a symbol of all that is clean and progressive in government.

We must also record that during the first year of his connection with the law firm, John Bergson met the daughter of one of the senior members of the firm and that the acquaintance quickly developed into an intimacy, and resulted in an engagement before the end of the year. His elevation to full copartnership at the close of the year and his political prospects warranted marriage and shortly after the close of his first political campaign John Bergson and Mary Baker were married in the Episcopal church of which Mr. and Mrs. Baker were members. In referring to his church membership, Mr. Baker said to John one day, in a half-bantering, half-apologizing mood:

"That's the only church I ever felt like joining for it's the only one I know that interferes neither with a man's politics nor religion."

Some people spoke of Mary Baker as a handsome girl; many referred to her as "pretty," and all agreed that she was good-looking. She was a graduate of a small college for women, having finished her course the year before John met her. She was proficient in Latin and other languages and had won

distinction in her class, having been its president during her senior year. Kindly and gracious in manner, she was well fitted for the social life she was destined to lead.

From the time they had graduated Fred and Jane had kept up a steady correspondence with John and he had written them frankly of his engagement and later of his marriage. One evening, after having read a letter from John in which he described his fiancee, Jane said:

"I never could understand what happened to bring about a change in the friendship between John and Nellie. It has always seemed to me that John was more deeply in love with Nell than he ever was or is likely to be with any other woman, and I am sure that Nellie still worships him, tho of course she would not confess it, even to herself."

"I remember a little incident that has always clung pretty firmly in my memory," said Fred. "It occurred shortly after we entered college. I think it was at the first little dancing party we attended. Nellie was standing in the doorway of the hall, tall, erect and graceful, and I was just thinking what a fine couple she and John made, when I saw both John and Harold Waite approaching her to engage her for the dance, the second last on the program. Harold was a little ahead and Nellie went off with him. I could see that John was disappointed. At the end of the dance Nellie started across the floor toward the place where John was sitting, but as she

approached him a slight appearance of indifference on the part of John seemed to prompt her to change her purpose on the instant and she passed on to join you and some other girls who were grouped near the opposite corner. I can still see her as she walked across that floor like an imperial majesty, tho I could not get myself to believe that her "maiden meditation" was wholly "fancy free." You know how proud they both are and I have often wondered if perhaps that or some other trivial incident developed into a barrier they were unable to break down. At any rate I know that they did not go home together from that party."

"That may be the explanation," said Jane. "They were both very sensitive to little things."

And after meditating a few moments she added, smiling:

"We selected our parents wisely, Fred. They led us to always speak frankly of our little troubles and irritations and so we really never had any, or at least they never lasted more than a brief interval. Secret diplomacy may wreck individual lives as well as the lives of nations."

No word regarding the matter ever escaped the lips of Nellie. She was, for a time, a successful teacher in one of the larger high schools of the state and then, probably driven by a love she knew not how else to express, she entered the field of the missionary. Thru many years she gave her life to this service and then, broken in health and spirit,

she succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever and died in a distant land. Her life reminds us of a lone, dark star in God's vast universe. In its youth it is a glowing globe, effulgent with light and warmth, a radiant object, beautiful to behold; but with no worlds, those children of the heavens, to encircle it, it passes on its lonely path, its splendor vanishes, it loses its light and its warmth, and glides unheeded into the fathomless depths of space to an unknown goal.

Five years after his graduation from college Harold Waite visited Fred and Jane, spending two or three days in their home. His dreams for a business career were being realized beyond his fondest hopes. He had already encircled the globe twice in the interests of his company, and was wealthy in his own name. Soon he would be a millionaire. He told Jane of his wife:

"She's beautiful, and has the best taste in dress and house decoration of any woman I know. We're as happy as can be. Some day we're going to have a large farm and stock it with the finest cattle and horses I can buy, and we're going to make it our home, too. I've had that in mind ever since my first visit to Mayville."

Ten years later Waite had become a multi-millionaire, and the game had become more fascinating than ever. He had beaten first tens, then hundreds,

and finally thousands of competitors, until the number of superior champions could be counted on his fingers. He would beat them, too, and unseat Mammon himself. He staked all on a corner in cotton. There could be no doubt about the success of his plans. He must just hold out a few weeks. He drove his irresistible machine with relentless nerve, crushing everything before it, but just as the goal was in sight the wheels stopped. The most skilled agents and the most desperate efforts failed to start the machine again and it had to be abandoned, a wreck on the desert of time, an appalling monument to the mutilated warriors in that barbaric battle. Thousands pass it daily, but few see its inscription and still fewer stop to read.

When the end came Harold was at first too stunned to realize the truth. Like Silas Marner, he could not believe that his gold was really gone. At first he looked hither and thither, everywhere, for a chance to regain his hold on his treasure, but found none. Then, in his office, like the lone weaver in his hovel, his form shrank, his soul shriveled, and he dropped into the depths of despair.

But he was still young. He would regain his fortune. His friends would help him to a new start. Alas, he had never discriminated closely between friends and fawners. The former could not help him back to the life he had lost, and the latter limited their aid to expressions of sympathy.

Fred and Jane saw the announcement of the fail-

ure in the papers but the facts were not stated and they were led to believe that the failure was far from irretrievable. They felt a delicacy about writing until they should hear directly from Harold, but no letter came. Thru the aid of some relatives Harold was finally enabled to buy a farm and equip it and he and his wife moved onto it. Something of the old ambition and the long-cherished hope returned to Waite, and as plans began to shape in his mind, plans based on his happy experience at Mayville, he gradually grew hopeful, almost confident, and awakened like hopes in his wife. But the reality of farm life and the dream of it failed to merge. Life on the farm became intolerable to his wife and she frequently visited her home for weeks at a time, and finally abandoned her husband altogether. Harold's own people had fallen in the wreck and he had no one to turn to. So he stayed on, the orbit of his ambition growing smaller and smaller until it at last coincided with the limited circumference of his farming ability.

CHAPTER XVI.

The years roll by softly, swiftly, joyously to those who are happy. Changes come, but they are so gradual, so silent, and so natural that they are not perceived month by month, not even year by year. To us who return to behold them only at longer intervals they seem momentous. The Mayville creamery has lost its local and provincial character. Its territory has been more than quadrupled and a motor truck is every farmer's daily express. The greater part of the net earnings of the community bank, of the creamery, coöperative store, and other community enterprises had furnished abundant means for building excellent roads and other community needs. The Mayville creative spirit has everywhere been at work. In the case of the creamery it was led by Albert Sanger, now married and with boys and girls of his own. It will be recalled that he had developed considerable ability as a debater while at college and he turned that ability to use when he returned to Mayville. Dairying had been the core of his college course. He was a good judge of the dairy type of all breeds of cattle, had mastered every phase of the creamery process, was proficient in bacteriology, and foresaw that vast changes must result from the use of the Babcock test

and other improvements. He was anxious that Mayville should anticipate these changes and immediately after graduation he began holding meetings to talk dairying and demonstrate the operation and use of the Babcock tester. At first these meetings were exceedingly small, often being held in some little country school-house, or even at some home; but little by little they grew to larger proportions. It became evident that the young man not only was master of his subject but that he was in earnest and was working unselfishly, for he received no financial returns. At first the farmers regarded him as visionary, and he always was an idealist, but his idealism was highly practical, for he never preached what he did not practice at home. Fairfield Twin Farms, as the Nelson and Sanger farms had been renamed when their interests were merged, became a Mecca where the things described from the platform could be seen in tangible form. The fine dairy cattle, the modern dairy barn with its sanitary equipment, the methods of feeding and handling the milch cows, the milking process, the testing of the milk for butter fat, and other phases of the dairy business were of interest to visitors. They were interested, too, in the fine fields of alfalfa, the pure-bred corn, in Mr. Sanger's herd of sheep and Mr. Paul Nelson's herd of swine. It may be mentioned here that one of the things urged by Albert Sanger which was regarded as visionary was the growing of alfalfa. Many

a farmer announced openly in meeting that it couldn't be done for he had tried it and knew. Tho Albert explained that Fairfield Twin Farms had not only tried it once and failed, but twice, and even three times without success, and that not until a fourth effort was made did satisfactory results follow, he could not convince these farmers. When, however, they visited Fairfield and saw the excellent crops of alfalfa actually growing in the field they became converts and began growing fields of their own.

Once when he was lecturing in a city at a distance from home and told how the creamery at Mayville had for years given a percentage of its earnings to the building of roads, a business man suggested: "I should think you fellows would want that extra money for yourselves and get a little fun out of it."

And Albert replied:

"It's just because we do want to get a whole lot of fun out of it that we use it as we do."

About the beginning of the twentieth century a shoe factory was opened and operated on a coöperative plan. It had a rather interesting history. We may recall that when Jane and Fred were children they used to have their shoes mended by the little Irish cobbler, Patrick O'Neil. Tho he had but little education O'Neil was an intelligent, industrious and honest workman, devoted to his family. There

were five boys and one girl. Vincent, who was the same age as Rose Nelson, was the oldest of these children. During the winter term of her senior year in the local high school Rose was spending an evening with Fred and Jane, and in telling of her school work incidentally mentioned the excellent work Vincent O'Neil was doing, and said:

"Yesterday in the history class he told what Carlyle said about the French Revolution and he is always bringing some things from authors no one else in the class reads. He told me last week that he works in the store every school day from a quarter after four until a quarter after seven and then goes home for supper, and after that reads and studies his lessons."

When Rose had gone Fred said:

"Strange I never thought particularly about those boys. I've often noticed Vincent and the younger brother, James, because in spite of their poor clothes they always looked neat and clean."

Jane had never thought of them either, but it was evident that she would.

A few days later Fred took a pair of shoes to the cobbler to have new heels put on them, and before he left he asked if it might be possible for Vincent to help him on Fairfield the following Saturday. O'Neil informed him that Vincent was working in the store every evening and all day Saturday; that it was a steady job, and that he would have to speak to Vincent about the new work. After learning

just how much Vincent was earning Fred asked if there would be any objection if he saw Vincent and arranged the matter with him, and was assured that anything to which Vincent agreed would be entirely satisfactory to his parents. So Fred saw Vincent and arranged that he should come to Fairfield every Friday evening and remain until after chore time on Sunday evening, helping on the farm all day Saturday and with the chores Sunday. Vincent was led to accept the proposition because it gave him a larger financial return per week than he had been receiving and assured him increased wages for the summer vacation. After he had been working on Fairfield a few week-ends the subject of education was discussed one day, and Fred said:

"Of course you're going to college, Vincent. I notice you have the turn of mind that will make a first-class engineer."

"No, sir; I couldn't think of it. It's all father can do to give me a chance to finish the high school. He couldn't do that if Jim and I didn't help earn for the family," and he told how for years he had been working to supplement the meager earnings of the father, and that as soon as James could earn a little money how he, too, had gone to work, and now the third brother had gotten started tho he was only eleven and got very small wages.

"Keep it on your mind just the same, Vincent, and you'll find a way to go all right," said Fred.

Not long after this Fred stepped into the shop of

the cobbler one day and broached the same subject to the father:

"Vincent's got to go to college, Mr. O'Neil. He's not only a capable boy but he's got the qualities of making a leader among men."

The cobbler looked at Fred in utter astonishment and replied:

"Why, Mishter Nelson, you don't know how poor we are or you shure wouldn't think of it. It's more'n I kin do now to give'm plenty to ate an' I can't dress 'em the way as I should. The b'ys 'aben helpin' me a lot in late years or we couldn't git along atall. We've bin strainin' hard to let Vincent finish high school, Mishter Nelson, and I jist can't do more. I'm not arnin' more'n a dollar and a quarter a day, thake it the year 'roun'."

"I've been thinking about all that and I've come to realize just how plucky you've been to bring up that fine family the way you have, trying to give them all a high-school education. It's not only because Vincent is an exceptional boy that he must go to college, but the very fact that you are poor is an added reason why he should go. Why, in five or six years from now you'll be as happy as a boy and you'll not need to worry much about making a living. If you can just get along by letting Vincent save up all the money he makes this summer during vacation he will be able to make his way thru college without any help from home. I'll see you again before long. Good-by."

Long after Fred had gone Patrick O'Neil was still sitting at his bench, his hands resting on his lap. The wheels of his thought had found a new movement. For years and years they had been going round and round in the same way, tolling off the same thoughts with the same rhythmic movement. But now that movement had been suddenly interrupted. It was almost as tho the wheels had been stopped for an instant and then set going in the opposite direction, with an uncertain movement as tho fearful of their new orbit.

In the following September Vincent O'Neal started for the university with seventy-five dollars in his pocket. In his pocket there was, too, a letter from one of the professors asking him to call on him at a certain hour to consult him about finding work to earn his way thru college. The professor had written Fred that the young man would have no trouble about earning his way "if there is the right stuff in him."

When Vincent O'Neil graduated four years later he had not only earned his way but had about seven hundred dollars to his credit in the bank, as can be vouched for by reliable witnesses. But the by-products were far more valuable than the direct results. James O'Neil was already a sophomore in the same college and the four younger O'Neils were headed in the same direction. The little cobbler gradually had become accustomed to the reversed motion of the wheels of thought and soon was enjoying the change

from the old monotonous round. In time, other forces effected other motions, and, finally, he was able to initiate slight modifications of movements by the force of his own will. When O'Niel first began speaking about the possibility of Vincent going to college a few of his neighbors wondered if the cobbler was not "getting a little off the track." An old Scotchman expressed the idea by saying:

"Pat's got a w'eel in 'is 'ead."

After Vincent had graduated it might have properly been said of Patrick O'Neil that he had a whole clock works in his head.

When Vincent O'Neil graduated, Patrick O'Neil "attended" the university to see his boy receive the diploma, and among the thousands who had come from all parts of the state to witness the commencement ceremonies there was none happier than the little Irish cobbler. As he met Fred and Jane on the campus tears rolled down his face, but they were tears of joy. The wrinkled little face, so chiseled by the hard hand of toil thru many years of slavish service under the unrelenting master, Necessity, seemed, as Jane expressed it, "almost glorified." He recalled the time when Fred had first suggested the idea of Vincent coming to the university and the immense changes that had come over the whole family, and he grew enthusiastic about the future. When he had gone, Jane said:

"What a pity it would have been if the wealth in

that family had never been given to the world for its profit and pleasure."

Vincent had not graduated from the engineering course, tho he had followed that course during the first year. He changed because he was beginning to see his own future in his own way, and seeing it in a different direction. His "extras" continued to be in the engineering department but he studied history, the labor movement, economics, commerce, banking and kindred subjects. A year before he graduated he submitted his plans to Fred and the Mayville *Community Center*. Mayville was to have a shoe factory, modern not only in the sense that it was to have the best possible equipment and arrangement, but it was to be modern in management of labor and all other administrative functions. During the year that followed these plans were repeatedly discussed by the *Community Center* and modified, all modifications being approved by Vincent. It was also voted that Vincent should visit some of the best factories in the country during the summer following his graduation and study every detail for several months before actual construction was begun, the cost of such study to be borne by the community. He was to get into touch with some of the leaders of educational thought who were advocating industry as an important phase of education and work out a plan by which every pupil of the Mayville high school might have opportunity to learn thru actual experience and under the same

conditions that the older employees labored under, every phase of the shoemaking process, including the administrative functions.

Just about a year after Patrick O'Neil had first "attended" the university he found himself an employee of the new factory, helping Vincent to superintend the work. But he was not satisfied not to be working with his hands and before many months had passed he had learned to operate every machine in the shop and understood each part of the shipping and receiving of goods. All the laborers were given opportunity to do much the same thing. In explaining the value of this plan, Patrick would say:

"Shure, if they work at one machine all the toime th'ir minds git goin' fashter and fashter 'till they git too dizzy to think, an' they need to change to git th'ir thoughts goin' in a different way."

A brief sketch of Edwin Nelson is necessary that we may appreciate another development of Mayville's industries. It will be remembered that after graduating from the university Edwin became principal of the high school in one of the small cities in another section of the state. By inheritance, home training, and education he was specially fitted for his work, but he constantly found himself in advance of his time. He was too honest and frank to hedge in his teaching and so his ideas were always getting him into trouble with the ignorant and bigoted. These people in themselves would have

had little influence had not the politicians preyed upon such prejudices and used the ignorance to advance their own interests. At first it was Edwin's hope to cling to his first school until sentiment in favor of his ideals might be created, but he soon realized that it would take more than a lifetime to bring about such a change and so at the end of his third year, when he found an opportunity to go to a larger school, he accepted the new position. Here he worked with a little more caution, tho with no less honesty and frankness. He was an inspiration to his pupils, creating in their minds new and nobler ideals of manhood and womanhood and stimulating them to look toward a larger education than the local school could give. His very success and the enthusiasm with which his pupils and friends followed his lead incited opposition. His kindly disposition and his fairness toward enemies as well as friends kept the opposition from any open attack for several years, but his friends became too ardent and brought on the storm. In the face of it the school board unanimously re-elected him at an increased salary, but he resigned, feeling that his usefulness had been too greatly impaired for him to continue in the work longer. He might have accepted a similar position in a larger school, but he felt that he had come to the forks of the road and must definitely choose one of the two greatly diverging paths. To continue teaching meant that he must suppress the truth, or teach it so mixed with

falsehood and chicane that it would act as a narcotic drug rather than as an invigorating stimulus to the children. So he decided to take the other path, take charge of the Mayville local paper and teach with his pen instead of thru personal contact with classes.

Up to this time the Mayville Weekly Journal had been in the hands of a man who had little sympathy with such a community program as Mayville was entering upon and sought to create opposition, especially to the ten-year program for the development of its educational system, which was to include a public health department in charge of experts. His paper was supported by advertising from out-of-town concerns, and he tried to keep up his local subscription list by little personal appeals to those who were flattered by seeing their names in print. He found himself more and more isolated, unable to use the spiritual riches among which he lived. He was several times waited upon by a committee of the *Community Center* which offered to buy his plant, but he wanted three times as much as the property was worth and refused to consider a proposition to have the owner of the paper in Castleton or some other neighboring town come in and appraise the outfit. Finally when the weekly issue contained an exceptionally long list of "Personals," giving the simplest and most unessential movements of individuals the prominence of matters of the greatest importance, some one got up a "take off"

in the form of a little printed sheet which was distributed thru the town one night. No one ever seemed to know who the author or authors of the edition of the "Mayville Times" was. It contained an editorial of about one hundred words extolling the merits of "Personals" and "Locals," and the rest of the four small pages was divided between the two great headings. Of course, only fictitious names were used, the following being a few of the "Personals" we recall:

"Mr. Slippery Dick fell on the sidewalk in front of Smile's drug store last Wednesday, but we are glad to report that he sustained no serious injury. We hope Mr. Dick will come to town often."

"Mrs. Nellie Nation, of Dummytum, drove to town last Tuesday and met some of her old friends, who are always glad to welcome her. Mrs. Nation is quite a celebrity in her home town, often entertaining her neighbors with her recitations. One of her favorites is 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight,' and we are always delighted when she gives this and other selections in Dummytum."

"Mr. John Pompero came to town last Thursday and brought us some fine squashes from his great farm five miles west of here. They are delicious, as we can testify from personal knowledge. Come again, Mr. Pompero; we are always glad to see you in the office of the 'Times.' "

"Mr. Wesley Easton was in town last Saturday, and while driving along Fleet Street in his wagon

and watching the train which was coming, it struck a tie and landed him in the ditch on the side of the track. We are glad that the damage was not more severe."

Some of the other items were still more important, tho perhaps no clearer, and their very importance leads to their omission lest the censor's duties might be unduly increased.

The editor's stock dropped from that time on, and when a few months later Edwin began to think seriously of starting a community paper in Mayville and a committee once more waited on the editor, he offered the printing plant for about twenty-five percent above value. It was finally bought for about ten percent more than its actual worth and Edwin took charge of the weekly publication. In announcing the change from a private concern to a community paper he stated that the purpose of the paper would be to keep the citizens informed regarding all important activities in the section; to describe as accurately as possible every important civic improvement made in other communities, either in this country or abroad, that came to the editor's notice, and to eliminate from its columns all unessential matter. Changes in the policy of the paper would be determined in open meetings of the Community Center, in which every citizen was privileged to take part. The name of the paper was changed to "The Mayville Community Weekly" and thru the hearty coöperation of all the citizens of the village the

subscription list was increased tenfold within the first five years.

In addition to his work on the local paper, Edwin became the editor and publisher of a little monthly magazine, which carried the good to be found in Mayville to other centers.

Any attempt to describe Mayville's educational development would require a separate volume and we shall give only a brief statement regarding a few of the more important features as they were at the opening of the great European war. The schools, the public health service, and the recreational work were the three main divisions of education; but other industries, such as the shoe factory and canning factory, were more or less affiliated with the work of education. The older children worked a few hours each day in one of the factories or on the farm and the work was genuine, earnest toil for the production of economic wealth and not a mere toy-job sort of effort. The school day had been materially lengthened, but the period devoted to study and recitation had been reduced to from three to four hours a day. Outdoor games involving the larger muscles of the body were a part of the daily program thruout the course, the dancing movements that have come to us from out of the childhood of the race being classed with these games. There was community singing daily under the excellent leader-

ship of Leo Parlotto, to whom reference has already been made, hundreds of citizens often joining in this singing day after day for weeks in succession.

The community dinner, provided for all children by the authorities and the menu of which was under scientific direction, was always an interesting feature of the day's program. Children under weight or under size received special attention, some of them receiving as many as five simple meals a day. There was a rest period each day, so arranged that each child would be stimulated to meditate and tend to form habits of independent thinking; and there was even a period for sleep for all children designated by the public health service. Rest and sleep were both taken in the open air whenever the weather permitted, and at other times in large, inexpensive open sheds. Every child was given a thoro medical examination at least once a year, and all children varying from the normal were examined more often. The hospital offered expert diagnosis and treatment in the various departments of medical and surgical skill, including dentistry. One of the finest tributes to Dr. Winter's excellent work was the fact that he never permitted his own personality to become a star among his co-workers, each department and each co-worker maintaining equal rank with the others.

A good illustration of Mayville's method of drawing upon the experience of other communities and even foreign states for the benefit of its people is

furnished by a trip which Fred and Jane made to Europe in 1912 for the purpose of investigating some of the latest and most promising educational ventures of the Old World. The *Community Center* requested that the trip be made at the expense of the community, but as he and his wife were planning to make a trip abroad anyway, Fred insisted on paying the greater part of the expenses out of his own funds. As soon as their boat had left the American shore they went on deck and watched the land recede until the last trace of shoreline had disappeared. They had often tried to imagine the experience of being out on the ocean beyond the sight of all land. The sun was near the western horizon when the last object on shore vanished from sight thru their powerful field glasses. As they stood together at the stern of the boat watching the beautiful sunset and looking out upon the waters all about them, visible nature awakened a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys. They stood silent, impressed with the sublimity of the scene, when a young man and woman approached, the lady leading a beribboned puppy. Stopping for a moment from her devotion to the dog and her chatter to the young man, evidently her husband, she looked toward the setting sun and exclaimed:

"Oh, look there, Oscar. See what a bright red that is. I've never before seen the sun set on the water. Isn't it pretty? Here you little woolly rascal I'll throw you overboard if you don't stop biting that

ribbon. You want to look nice, don't you?" and she took the puppy in her arms and forgot the sunset. When they had gone, Jane remarked:

"They didn't bring enough with them."

"I saw four large steamer trunks go into their state room, and you and I have only our bags," said Fred, smiling.

"Yes," mused Jane, "but they packed the wrong things."

At their hotel in London they were debating what they would see during the hours not devoted to investigating educational activities, and Fred urged her to select where they should go.

"I'm not interested in making the usual rounds as prescribed in the guide, tho I would be glad to visit some of the places described in Baedeker. If we could go into some of the buildings, like the Tower, for instance, that are centuries old and see the arrangement and fittings as they were in the long ago there would be real value in the experience, for it would help us to understand and appreciate the present; but many of the noted places have been spoiled by the artificiality with which the past has been imitated. I am most interested in seeing just how the people, all classes of people, live, and toil, and play at the present time," said Jane.

One day, thru the aid of an acquaintance, they were able to take dinner in the home of a poor but neat family in one of the poorer sections of the great city, and they talked with these people who knew

life thru long struggle against its enemies. They came in contact with the well-to-do and with the rich, studying all and hardly knowing whose lot was least or most enviable. There were trials and troubles everywhere, and all had their pleasures; but joy was seldom to be found.

They made an exception of their general rule and visited Stratford-on-Avon, permitting themselves to be "officially conducted" to every detail in the mythical-historical environment of the great master they loved. When the guide had nothing more that he could show them or explain, they left him and walked back again to the old "Grammar School" and stood thinking of all that it symbolized.

"How true it is that we get out of these things just what we bring to them," said Jane. "It seems almost as tho I had been here many times before. Only a few details are strange."

"Yes, after one has mastered certain basic elements of land and water forms and of life, and has been trained to image the whole out of the parts, one may visit almost any part of the earth without leaving his study. It is by the same method that skilled scientists, by the use of mere fragments, reconstruct the form and life of our ancestors of half a million years ago and throw onto the screen for our instruction pictures of how they struggled and fought among themselves and with the lower forms of life for food and shelter," Fred replied.

"After investigating the present schools of this

place and then seeing and hearing all that we have just been thru with that guide, I feel sure that if these people thought a little less about that mythical past, if they were a little less inclined to worship their own or somebody else's ancestors, they would have more time to think about the present and do more for their own children in the way of education. One is reminded of the old Russian fable about the geese of Rome," remarked Jane. And her husband replied:

"All that talk and twaddle is a sort of stupid strategy to cover up the real purpose, and the strategy wouldn't work if there weren't so many fools in the world. Every place you go in this village looks to me like a trap to catch geese or a bait to catch suckers. There is less love and reverence for the great 'Bard of Avon' than there is greed for dollars. Judging from the record of visitors, the American dollar is easiest of all to catch."

After visiting England, they went to France, then to Germany, and finally to Norway and Sweden. On their way home they tried to put together the best things they had seen in the various places visited—to construct out of fragments a superior whole for their beloved Mayville.

CHAPTER XVII.

In midsummer of 1914, when the first rumors of war reached Mayville, its people, like most people of all parts of America, believed that the difficulties would be adjusted peacefully. The governments might sputter, and threaten, and bully, but they would not actually go to war. The day that war was announced Fred was in the harvest field, shocking grain behind the binder. Just as he had half finished a shock, the paper was handed to him, and when he saw the big headlines announcing that war had begun, he dropped the paper to his side and cried:

"NO, NO, it can't be. They cannot be so insane."

He left the field and all its urgent work and, moving as a man might move who is courageously facing a desperate undertaking, he walked up the slope which in the olden days had been the scene of so many joyous coasting parties and sat down on the brow of the hill. On the way he had been saying aloud to himself again and again:

"NO, NO, it can't be true."

As he sat there, now looking at the paper, now lost in thought, the awfulness of the truth gradually found an unwelcome home in his bosom. Hours passed before he returned to the field and to his

labor, and months passed by before he had adjusted his mind to the unspeakable slaughter. During those early months of the war he was trying to construct the future out of the few and badly mutilated scraps of information available. His mind was too accustomed to this kind of thinking and his vision was too clear not to foresee that stupendous results must come out of the struggle, but what those results might be he never attempted to predict. That America might ultimately be drawn into the conflict never so much as flitted across the field of his consciousness. While he had no faith in the governing classes that had plunged their nations into the war, he had full faith in the great masses of his fellowmen thruout the earth; and this faith, together with the knowledge that the indirect results would far exceed the direct ones, were the foundation of his hope. Beyond this he felt incompetent to make prediction.

To Jane the news brought an awful fear, a feeling she had not known for thirty years or more. She bore the torture in silence, but her heart spoke faintly, indistinctly of her boys, she knew not why. There was not the faintest suggestion in her mind that our country might perhaps in time become involved. That was unthinkable.

Willis and Harold Nelson were in the prime of young manhood. Physically and mentally they represented the coming race of men. Little incidents in our lives are often the best indicators of charac-

ter and we recall a few out of the childhood of these boys that serve this purpose.

When Harold was about six he entered the barn one day and suddenly saw his Grandfather Sanger struggling with his own pet calf, which was bleating with pain. Instantly his pugnacious instinct rose to uncontrollable proportions and he leaped upon the old man as a tiger might leap on his prey. Before Mr. Sanger could explain or guard himself against the little fellow's anger, his face had been struck and scratched, and he had been forced to loosen his hold on the calf. Then Harold saw his mistake. The calf had caught its head in a small opening in the partition and was struggling desperately to free itself, injuring its head more and more with each effort. When at last the animal was freed, Harold looked up into his grandfather's face and said:

"What are you going to do with me?"

Mr. Sanger's anger had given way when he realized the mistake the boy had made, as he did when the lad had promptly joined him in helping free the pet, and so he looked at Harold, a little doubtful as to the discipline the situation demanded.

"I don't know. Let's go into the house and see what your mother thinks."

As the strange pair of combatants entered the kitchen where Jane was at work she exclaimed:

"Why father, what's the matter with your face? It's all cut and bleeding," and she hurried to the cupboard for the first aid box.

"Oh, this little lion here was just protecting his pet calf from the grip of an old wolf."

Jane looked into the big blue eyes that were gazing earnestly into her own and was about to ask for an explanation when Harold frankly described what had taken place. When he had finished she said:

"But Harold, did you ever see grandpa treat any animal unkindly before?"

"No," said Harold, simply.

"Suppose you were helping little Harriet and I heard her scream and immediately rushed out to where you were and picked you up and spanked you before I tried to find out anything about what you were trying to do, how would you feel about it?"

Harold only looked at her in open-eyed wonder.

"We've all got to think about what we do or we'll make very bad mistakes. Why didn't you think before you struck grandpa?"

"I don't know," said Harold, still gazing into his mother's face.

"Well, I know that grandpa has been thinking about this matter all the time we have been talking and, as he is the one who suffered because of your mistake, we'll just let him be judge."

Both she and the boy looked at Mr. Sanger.

"Absolutely innocent," said Mr. Sanger.

"All right," said Jane to the boy. "I'm glad you are ready to fight and fight hard when there is need, but we must be sure we're right before we strike."

When Harold had gone out to play Mr. Sanger said:

"I'm glad you didn't crush his fighting spirit, Jane."

As soon as the children were old enough to help in the house or on the farm they were given such tasks as were within their powers. When he was four years old Willis was carrying the wood for the kitchen stove from the yard to the wood-box and doing little errands for his parents. At six he began feeding the calves and doing other light work in the barn, and by the time he was ten he had become accustomed to drive a two-horse team in harrowing, and other farm work. He was a capable machinist by the time he was sixteen, having operated for years and frequently repaired such implements as cultivators, mowers, grain drills, binders, corn planters, corn harvesters, ensilage cutters, gasoline engines, and other farm implements. There was not a machine on the place whose mechanism he did not understand, and he was frequently able to locate and correct a difficulty which his father had not been able to find. The care and operation of the automobile was largely left to him, his father never attempting to make repairs. The efficiency of his knowledge was exceptional not because he was superior in intellect to other boys but because there were wise and profoundly interested teachers in his environment—on the farm and in the home as well as in the school—and because at every stage

thought and action were inseparably woven into the single strand of life.

Harold's development was much the same, tho his interests tended a little more toward cattle and other stock than to machinery. During their high-school years both boys were specially interested in the sciences and mathematics, but their leisure reading differed, Harold delighting in poetry, dramas, and such fiction as that of George Eliot, while Willis preferred history and biography.

Life on the farm may contribute to the creative, inventive impulse. Often the boys had broken an implement or a harness when at some distance from home and had contrived to make temporary repairs so as to prevent serious interruption in the work. At one time when they were preparing a large field to be sown to alfalfa Fred was harrowing and Willis was following with the planker, used to make a solid seed bed. Early in the day Fred was called to the house and a little later sent word to Willis to put one team in the barn as he was compelled to be away all day. When Fred returned at night just before quitting time he found both the harrowing and planking nearly done, Willis having coupled the two implements together and attached four horses to the combination. From that time forward the four-horse team was frequently used on the farm. At the age of ten Harold invented a little threshing machine which he operated by the use of a belt run over the grindstone. While the machine consisted

only of its wooden framework, an endless apron run over pulleys made of sections of a fork handle, and of a cylinder and concave with nails for teeth, the thing worked and gave a large amount of pleasure to the boy and his friends.

Fred came home from the field one day with a highly pleased expression on his face and immediately sought Jane to tell her of the occasion for it.

"You know Willis is down in the farther field, just west of the big oak grove, plowing. I was approaching from the east, and as I was walking thru the grove near the edge of the field I heard the boy talking to himself as he was working away at a stump. He evidently had run into the stump with his plow and been thrown against the handles of the plow pretty severely by the shock and was determined to get that stump out. He had nothing but an old axe to work with and he was using it for both digging and chopping. It was amusing to hear him cussing that stump and struggling desperately to get it out. He worked a full hour and a half, getting it out finally by catching the plow under a root on the loose side and making the horses pull so as to break the root he was unable to get at with the axe. I don't think anything could have made him give up until that stump was out. Several times I felt a strong inclination to go over and help the boy, especially when I saw him lift harder than I thought he should, but I didn't and he doesn't know I was near. That sort of thing de-

velops moral fibre as well as muscular and it's better to let the muscles be strained to their utmost occasionally than that the will should become flabby. He'll never need to fight physically but there are terrific moral battles ahead of the young men of this nation."

But he did fight physically a few months after his conquest over the stump. He had driven to the stone quarry for a load of stone, to be used in the foundation of a new building on the farm. Only a single worker happened to be in the quarry that morning and he was helping to load a wagon in charge of an old man. Just as Willis had stopped his team within a short distance from the other wagon the men had completed loading and the old man was fumbling about in his pocket for money with which to pay for the stone. A five-dollar bill dropped to the ground as he pulled his hand out of his pocket and it fell into a crevice between the rocks. Willis was leaning carelessly against his wagon waiting to drive in place as soon as the other wagon moved on and gave little attention to what the men were doing, but he noticed the bill as it fell. A moment later he saw the young stonecutter pick it up and slyly slip it into his pocket. The old man was feeling about in his pockets and then looked around him on the ground, remarking:

"I must have dropped that five-dollar bill here for I had it when I drove into the quarry and it's not in my pocket now."

Welton, the stonecutter, made no reply, and after the old man had looked again and again in his pockets and on the ground he turned and asked:

"You didn't see it, did you?"

Welton shook his head and the old man looked again, saying he must have dropped it when he pulled out the rest of the money. Once more he asked Welton:

"Did you see anything of it?"

"No, I didn't see anything of your money," answered Welton.

"You're mistaken, Mr. Welton," said Willis, who had joined the two a few minutes before.

"What do you mean, you little snoop?" Welton spit out at Willis.

"You didn't tell Mr. Plainer the truth. You picked up the bill he dropped and put it into your pocket."

Welton was white with rage and rushing toward Willis he shouted:

"You damn little impudent puppy, I'll show you what it means to call me a liar," and he struck Willis a blow on the cheek that felled him to the ground.

For a moment the boy was too stunned to act but the next instant he sprang to his feet and with one bound reached Welton and, in his blind fury struck him blow after blow. The attack was unexpected by Welton, and he was at first too bewildered to cope with the infuriated boy. A moment later, however,

he had regained control of himself, again hurled Willis to the ground and was stooping down to give him further punishment when the boy gripped his leg in his arms and sank his teeth viciously into his thigh. Welton shrieked with pain, then struck the boy a heavy blow on the jaw which once more felled him to the ground.

Before the fight could be renewed the old man had become so thoroly aroused as to overcome his infirmities and thrust himself between the two, holding a small "pinch bar" menancingly in his hands.

In the scuffle the five-dollar bill had dropped from Welton's pocket. As soon as he saw the old man pick it up he said sneeringly:

"There's your bill, now."

"Yes, I saw it drop from your pocket," said Mr. Plainer, and then immediately turned to Willis:

"Come on, my boy, I'll help you load your wagon."

The incident indicates the temper of the boy and also the temper of the community. Welton had lived in the village only about two years and several little rumors regarding him had made a rather unfavorable impression. Bill Jones and other citizens had recently investigated these rumors and as a result Bill Jones suggested to Welton one day:

"I've been getting the impression of late, Welton, that perhaps you might want to sell out your little house and lot. It's not worth quite as much as it was when you bought it, two years ago, but if you'll let me know when you want to sell I shall probably

be able to get some one to take the property off your hands at about the price you paid. You better look after it a little or you will lose money on it."

When Willis reached home with his load of stone and his father saw the cruel gash in the boy's cheek and had received an account of the affair, his face became tense as he said:

"Go to the house, my boy, and have your mother fix up that cut so that it will heal without leaving a scar. I'll be back before dinner," and he headed straight for the quarry.

But at the foot of the lane he met Bill Jones.

"I know where you're going, Fred, and I want you to let me go in your place. Plainer stopped at my place as he drove by and told me what happened and I'm making a few plans for tonight, but now I want to go in and see Willis and get the story from him. We can't afford to make any mistake in a matter of this kind."

Fred hesitated a moment. No other man could have taken his place, but Bill had always been as a brother and was as sure-footed in all he definitely set out to do as any man he had ever known. So the two walked back and entered the house just as Jane had completed dressing the wound, having cleansed it thoroly and drawn it carefully together with adhesive plaster. She was just saying:

"It might have been worse, and the experience may be worth what you paid for it. There are a good many such fellows as Welton in this world, but

there wouldn't be many left after a generation or two if every rascal was made to face his misdeeds as promptly and squarely as you made Welton face his."

Fred never knew just what plans Bill put into effect. Some one had seen him at Welton's gate when the stonecutter came home from the quarry that evening, and a few days later everybody knew that Welton and his wife had left town and that Bill Jones had bought the property.

When Harold was fourteen he bought a pure-bred suckling pig of a farmer living over five miles from his home. He had been a member of the "Boys' Pig Club" for some years and had twice taken second prize, and now determined to win first. He drove out to get it but when he came to pay for the animal he found that he had only $5.30 and the animal was to cost $5.50.

"Never mind, take it along," said the farmer, "and if I never get the money its all right anyway."

"I'll pay you," said Harold, as he drove off with the pig.

Weeks went by and he never found opportunity to pay that debt. The horses were pressed so hard with work that it seemed cruel to drive one on such a trip and so he walked the eleven miles one Sunday and paid the farmer his twenty cents. He did not speak of the matter and not until the farmer men-

tioned it, several months later, did his parents learn of the incident.

Both the boys attended college, but instead of taking a full course in any one university or graduating from any they spent a year in each of the three leading institutions in the west, selecting their work so as to bring them into personal contact with the ablest teachers in their departments in each college. Chemistry, bacteriology, psychology, sociology, economics, and history constituted the larger part of their work, but both took one or more courses in language, biology, and astronomy. Some of their "extras" were taken in agriculture and Harold took journalism for a single semester. Shortly after entering college they had decided that they would together start a daily paper run on entirely new lines as soon after finishing their work as their plans could be put into effect. Of course, it was not to have its home in Mayville, but after submitting the first outline of their plans to their parents and to Bill Jones they turned them over to the Mayville *Community Center* where they were repeatedly discussed and modifications in them made. Thus every stone that was to go into their temple was fitted and tested by experts before it was lifted into place and cemented to its fellows. We shall not attempt to picture this temple until we may tell the story of the new publication. On finishing their college work the boys entered the field of journalism, becoming correspondents for the large state dailies.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was early in the political campaign of 1916 that Jane said one evening as they were discussing events:

"Fred, both parties are headed for war. I fear the future."

"No, no, Jane; this nation has recognized just how a handful of government officials in each of the warring nations pulled their people into the hellish whirlpool and we are going to profit by what they have taught us. The leaders of both parties are giving abundant assurance of this."

"It's just because they protest too much that I fear, Fred," said Jane, a little sadly.

"I have absolute confidence in the President. If he should pull this country into war without there being overwhelming evidence of the necessity of doing so he will go down in history as either the most fanatical bigot or as the most diabolical knave of all time," said Fred.

When the efforts of our government in behalf of peace seemed unable to avert participation in the war, Jane made one desperate effort to stay the avalanche that was coming. She believed in woman suffrage, had often spoken informally at gatherings in Mayville and on the rare occasions when she had

visited a camp away from home. She had often been urgently beseeched to deliver an address in some distant village or city, but had always refused to enter upon such work because of the fear of its interfering with her home duties. But now she sought such an opportunity and wrote the leaders in the neighboring city of Castleton, frankly asking that she might speak in their hall under the auspices of their society. The offer was most welcome and the meeting was promptly arranged. Jane was known as a most effective speaker and the hall was filled to overflowing. Few speakers, men or women, had the charm of voice that was hers. The simpleness and directness with which she conveyed her thoughts, the fine, distinct enunciation, the deep, but well-controlled, emotion which revealed her refined and noble character, and the largeness of her conceptions combined to make a profound impression on her hearers. As she reached the climax which prepared for the reading of some resolutions which she said she would offer for adoption, the audience cheered tumultuously and it was several minutes before she could begin reading the resolutions, which were only a petition to the government to consider certain facts presented and continue to maintain the neutrality of the nation. When she had finished reading them a man in the audience shouted:

"You're a pro-German," and half a dozen of his political friends applauded.

Jane moved forward to the edge of the platform, stood firm and erect and confident, the whole force of her rich life revealed in her face, and said:

"Listen, while I tell you a little story. A little less than seventy years ago there lived in a little village in southern Germany a family consisting of four boys, two girls, and their parents. They were very poor people, the only possessions they had being a very humble little home on a tiny lot which gave room for only a very small garden. In riches of mind they fared better. The mother was the daughter of an official schoolmaster, a fact of more significance in those days than in our own time. In 1848, when political oppression became unbearable for heroic souls, that mother and her husband sold their little home, invested every dollar they had in tickets which were to bring them and their children to this land of the free and home of the brave. After seven weeks in steerage on a sailing vessel they landed in America. For a few years they worked at day labor and by industry and frugality saved a few hundred dollars. Then they migrated west and bought a little farm covered with trees and bushes. I need not tell you how that wild land was converted into a productive farm. Today the descendants of those emigrants number more than one hundred and fifty and not one has been suspected of the least violation of law. I'm proud of those grandparents of mine, not because they were Germans, but because they were heroic and good characters.

I'm proud of the mother of those six children because she dared to make her rebellious thought against the tyrannical autocrats of her Fatherland whole by taking action—action which risked all and brought her little ones to this strange land. My other grandparents were both of French descent. I have never thought of any of my grandparents as coming from this or that nation, and I do not know to which one of the four I am most indebted for what I am able to think and feel and do. Only by doing what is prompted by all that is best within me can I show my appreciation of the rich heritage they have left me. That is why I am here; that is why I am offering these resolutions. Ever since I was old enough to understand such things I have been earnestly hoping that the grip of the German military ruling caste might be loosened and their power overthrown, and I am yearning for it today more than ever before. But that same yearning compels me to oppose all tyrranical rule, no matter where it may be found, and I feel it my duty to oppose it at home in my own country and here in my own county before I point the finger of scorn at other people who endure it. Some one here has cried out 'Pro-German.' We are all so easily frightened by words. I remember how, when I was a little girl, I would shrink with fear when some one would mention the devil. But I have long since put away such childish fears and with them have gone many others of more mature years. Even if

such thoughts as are represented by the epithet 'Pro-German' should develop in your minds to the proportions of a monstrous incubus and you should tear me limb from limb, still would my soul be compelled to speak its conviction and you and your children and your children's children would be compelled to listen to its cry. I could not see the man who called 'Pro-German' a few minutes ago, but I credit him with the same conviction and the same cleanness of purpose that possesses my own mind. The harm is not that he or any man or woman should speak the truth as he or they understand it. The danger comes when the voice of another strikes terror into our own souls and makes us timidly and hurriedly hide the truth behind a false appearance. Should our nation decide that it must enter the war I shall seek to serve all that such a decision implies; but until such action is legally taken I shall use all the powers I have in the interest of peace. How could I ask my boys to face those monstrous engines of death on the western front in Europe if I should shrink ever so little from facing the gas bombs that may be hurled at me out of the mouths of men, or if I could not calmly face death for my country here at home. Put us women to the test and you will find that we would give our lives to guard our homes and our homeland against an aggressor, but we first demand the right to share our nation's councils and to testify freely to our faith."

Absolute silence reigned while Jane spoke and the

silence continued a moment after she finished. Then there burst forth such a demonstration as that hall had never witnessed before. When it at last subsided, the resolutions were passed amid the wildest enthusiasm. There may have been a few who did not vote, but not a voice was raised against it.

A few weeks later when war was declared and Willis and Harold announced their decision to enlist, their mother kissed them tenderly and said:

"Yes, I knew you would. We must all make the utmost sacrifice now in this cause. I shall not fear for you."

Later she said to Fred:

"No boys will be better equipped to conquer the worst enemy they will encounter. That enemy is not the opposing army."

At the time the boys left home for camp, their grandmother Nelson, then in her ninetieth year, was dying of cancer. Their other grandparents had all passed to their rest years before. When the boys went into Mrs. Nelson's room to bid her good-by she looked up cheerfully and said:

"I'm glad I'm still here to bid you God speed, my boys. We're all fighters in these times and I'm sorry I must do all my fighting here in bed. I've done pretty well to keep the enemy at bay for almost ninety years. I know he's going to win out soon and the cuts and wrenches he gives me every day are not pleasant to bear; still, I'm thankful he hasn't gassed my mind yet. I'm still able to read a little

and your mother and father come in here many times a day and tell me the news."

The boys stooped over the wasted form, pressed a tender and prolonged kiss on the wrinkled forehead and left the room.

Their father was in the garden when they came to bid him good-by. After visiting a few minutes with them he said:

"No other boys in the vast army our country is sending into this war will have so many beautiful pictures of their mother with them as you will have, and I want to give you one more. You know the world as it is today better probably than I do, its evil as well as its good. Certain forms of evil are somewhat more prevalent in the social life of today than they were in the past, but they were a serious danger even when we were of your age. I remember well the only fashionable society ball your mother and I ever attended during our college course. It was in our senior year. During one of the little intermissions I was standing near a group of young men who were making suggestive hints about some of the women. They were all superbly dressed and were polished in manners; but they had no more faith in women than they had in themselves. One of them, as fine a specimen of physical young manhood as I have ever seen, wagered that he could set up a flirtation with any young woman in the room whom he had met. The wager was taken and the rest challenged him to try his art on the "most

beautiful and graceful woman in the room," as they expressed it, indicating your mother, who was standing on the opposite side of the room visiting with friends. In a few minutes he and your mother were in animated conversation which lasted an hour or more. I knew that if there was manhood in him it must reveal itself in the presence of your mother, and when at last he left and passed me I noticed a nobility in his face which had not been there an hour before. He ignored his companions and when they came to banter him they, too, recognized the change and became serious. The only remark he made was:

"Would that all women were like Miss Sanger; then we would be men and not beasts."

Just then Harriet ran out with a couple of little mending cases she had made for her brothers and slipped them into their pockets. As they passed down the lane she waved to them cheerfully and stood watching them until they were out of sight. Then she ran to her room, dropped on her knees beside the bed, and hid her face on its snowy whiteness. Her mother followed her, kneeled down beside her, and the tears that had been held back so long now burst forth in torrents. For hours the house seemed deserted, and lonely as a tomb. Save for a lone negro, who had recently come from the South, and whom Fred had employed, not a soul was to be seen on the place. Fred had gone into the woods, at the farther limits of the farm, and did

not return until the approach of the milking hour necessitated his presence. As he approached the horse barn he heard Sam inside caring for the work animals, among which was a mule as light with her heels as most mules are, and of which Sam was as afraid as he was of a ghost. He would never venture into her stall or even near the animal. When Fred entered the barn he asked:

"Have you washed the shoulders of all the horses and mules, Sam?"

"Yas, sir; yas, sir, Captain. I'se washed 'em all, —all excusin' dat mule dar."

CHAPTER XIX.

Harold and Willis were among the first of our troops to embark for Europe. Both the boys wished to join the aviation corps, but Harold had been transferred to the infantry because of his military training at college. He was given the rank of sergeant and rapidly rose to be first lieutenant. When he first was under fire of the heavy artillery he was fascinated by it all and marveled at the fearful destruction wrought everywhere about him; but he knew no fear. When to expose himself to danger served no useful purpose he was cautious, but when the aid and safety of others were involved the most dangerous work allured him to reckless daring. The English captain with whom he was frequently associated said to him one day:

"Nelson, you act like a veteran under fire. You seemed to enjoy the fireworks from the first."

After his company had served its turn in the front trenches it was relieved and sent to the rear for rest and recuperation. A group of young officers were planning to use their leave of absence by going to Paris to have some fun.

"Going along, aren't you, Nelson?" asked one of the men.

"No, I always loved the country better than the city."

"Come on, we'll find you a girl," said the leader.

"I've got one," Harold replied.

"That so? Got her picture?"

"Yes, sir; I always carry it with me," said Harold.

They would have asked to see it had they felt a little freer, but Harold's natural refinement made them a little reserved. Some one asked:

"Who is she?"

"My mother," said Harold, simply.

They quickly withdrew in silence and Harold went back to his men.

Life in the resting camp was primitive, there being few conveniences; but even under such conditions intelligence finds means by which to keep clean and make life reasonably wholesome.

Harold had just taken a bath, having found an old can which served him as a bath tub. Several of his men were sitting about and he said to them:

"I can stand everything out there except the filth and the vermin. If Sherman had been out there a few weeks he would have had to coin a new word."

"I guess you're clean enough now. You've been bathing most of the time since we came back here."

"All due to bad habits formed at home," said Harold. "Strange how they follow us everywhere we go. Ever since I was a little boy I have taken a cold-water bath every morning."

"I should think your folks wouldn't have let you; at least, not when it was cold," said one of the men.

"Well, they couldn't preach very effectively against what they were practicing themselves. I suppose young ducks take to water partly because the old ones do."

"You don't mean that your mother took a cold bath every morning?"

"That's it; every morning, or at least a bath once a day, unless the doctor's rules forbade it," answered Harold. "And that isn't the worst of it. She was a great drinker, too; and I also formed that habit. It's been pretty hard on me out there, because I had to go without my morning pint, and when I did get it, it was such poor stuff that it almost gagged me to drink it."

The men looked at him doubtfully and he went on to explain.

"You see my father and mother had the idea that one ought to start the day clean inside as well as outside, and so they always drank a pint or more of either hot or cold water a half hour or more before breakfast. I remember my father saying to me one time that if I would only keep it up long enough I'd get drunk with joy, and I've come to believe that he was more than half right."

One time when he was with a group of young officers, one of them said:

"Say, Nelson, you said you were a newspaper correspondent before you enlisted. Why did you ever leave that fine job for this hell?"

"Just because I saw that it was going to be a worse hell for me than this is."

"You can't get away with that, Lieutenant. Just see how those fellows get around everywhere and see everything when it's safe; and they have a good time when we are fighting the Huns and the cooties."

"That's only the surface of things. Those fellows are all hanging on ropes and they're not allowed to see anything except what they can smell out along the part of the rope that's up above them. I'd rather be shot than hung, any time. Here it will all be over in a minute, but there you may hang on one of those filthy ropes for years and the higher up you get on it the worse it smells," said Harold.

They were telling about a fierce bayonet charge made by American troops farther up the line and how they growled and yelled as they rushed forward so that they had terrified the enemy.

"You can fight better, too, when you growl and yell as you rush forward," said one of the men. "We always growled when, in training, we rushed on the dummies with our bayonets, and when I heard all the men near me growling and growled myself, I got kind a crazy to stick my bayonet into something."

"It makes you feel like an angry beast," said the captain.

"I growled, too, when in training we rushed for-

ward against the dummies, but it never made me angry," said Harold. "It sometimes made me want to laugh. I've got the tiger in me, all right, but you can't wake him up in that way. He thinks that's just the wind roaring and keeps right on sleeping."

"He'll wake up all right when you get into a real charge some day," said a lieutenant, who talked from experience. "You'll be all beast when you get within bayonet reach of the Huns."

"Perhaps, but I never feel as tho' I were fighting the Germans," said Harold.

"You're a queer chap, Nelson. How the dickens can you fight the way you do and feel like that? You led those men the other day as tho' you gloried in it," said the captain.

"I glory in it because I see a great pack of ravenous wolves out there ahead of me and know that every last one of them must be killed or captured before this struggle can stop."

"They're not quite as bad as that, Nelson," said the sergeant. "The Boches probably think they are fighting the wolves, too."

"And they are, too," said Harold. "I'm going to tell you a little personal experience which happened when I was about six years old." And he told them how he had attacked his grandfather in the calf pen.

"I made a mistake that time, and yet I was right, too. Some child was losing his treasure and it looked as tho the old wolf was robbing him. I was too much of a child to distinguish at sight between a

sheep in wolf's clothing and a wolf in sheep's clothing. Fortunately, a wise little judge sat in the case," and his heart sang softly as he said to himself:

"My own liebes Mutterchen."

He sat silent for a time, looking out upon the landscape, lost in thought. At last he said:

"Boys, it's the children at home crying for help that rouses the tiger in me. I hear them calling constantly and I must fight, for this time there is a wolf, a whole pack of wolves, robbing them of all their treasures. They don't exactly understand what the trouble is, but they think that their pet is a golden calf that has its head caught in some awful trap and they are crying and slaving to get it out. Once they actually did get the golden calf's head out, and how happy our mothers and brothers and sisters were; but some wise judges were called to judge between the children and the golden calf. These nine wise judges said they knew the calf's head ought to be taken out of the trap, but they showed that it hadn't been taken out in the right way. And so the head of the golden calf had to be put back in the trap so that it may some day be taken out in just the right way. No one knows just what the right way is, but it will be found some day. I can't explain it all, but those wise judges wrote a very long and a very wise explanation of it all. I saw them once and they are nice-looking men in their robes as they sit in their niches of fame. A

few of them thought that it would be better not to put the calf's head back into the trap because it would make so many children suffer and cry again and then these children would not be able to eat and drink and sleep and think and love and grow as children should; but these few judges probably haven't worn their robes long enough to know how precious that golden calf is and how important it is that the sacred symbol shall be handled according to the ancient ritual of its godlike nature. I can't help thinking, tho, of how lucky I was that the nine wise men didn't have to be called when I scratched and pounded my grandpa. I wish, boys, you could all know my mother."

He sat musing for a little time and then said, half to himself, half to his companions:

"Those children, yes and their fathers and mothers, too, have not yet reached the age of six in the childhood of the race."

"I know there's a lot that's dead wrong, Nelson," said the sergeant, "and our courts will have to be reformed; but you've got to hang on to the past pretty tight or things will all go to smash. Gold is bound to be a big power, always."

"Let me tell you a secret," said Harold. "During the little time when the golden calf was out of the trap a good many people examined the beautiful object and some of these people noticed that where the trap had caught the calf's head an opening had been made thru which they could examine the inside.

When the high priests who guarded the sacred object were not looking, these people reached in thru the hole and found that the calf was all hollow and lined with dry skin and hair. They found that the great hollow was empty save for a few long, sharp, dead teeth which they say are like those of a monstrous wolf. You know that from a few such fragments, experts can work out the history of things and they have traced the great pack of wolves, of which the golden calf is only a fossil, to this part of the world. They say that the terrible beasts are all cornered and corralled here between our great army and the great army that is facing us, and that they must all be killed or captured before the cry of the children of the world can be stilled. It will take millions of guns and bayonets and bombs, and great quantities of deadly gas to annihilate those beasts. We've got to kill and get killed by the hundreds of thousands in order to get these beasts, but for every life that we give or take, a hundred thousand children will be given life and happiness."

"By George, you're right, Nelson, you're right," said a lieutenant. "I've often thought that, too, but I couldn't explain it."

Others expressed similar convictions. After a little time the captain said:

"I agree with you, Nelson, but when we get thru a lot of the wolves will have escaped and they'll breed more until by and by there will be just as many as there are now. People won't be alert

enough to hunt them down one by one until they are all penned up or killed. They don't know enough to distinguish between an idol and a real God."

"Well, the beasts are leaving some mighty plain tracks that can be read more easily than the fossils of the past, and a lot of very common people in every part of the world are becoming very skilled experts in reading such records. Soon there will be a thousand experts where now there is but one."

"They're clever at covering up their tracks and there will be very few keen enough to smell them out," replied the captain.

"See here, captain," said Harold, as he drew from his pocket a small bone and handed it to him. "Some years ago there was found in a quarry near my home a few small pieces of stone that looked like bones. I hunted around until I found this little piece."

"Well, what is it?" asked the captain.

"It's a bit of a record left by an animal that lived perhaps one million or two million years ago. Six bits of that record were found in that quarry and they were all sent to a man who has learned to read such records. A few weeks later a drawing of the animal as it lived in those ages of the past came back to us. It had been made by that fellow who has learned to read this sort of history. Out of those few bits of fossils he had reconstructed the great monster, indicated his approximate length, height, and weight; told the kind of food it lived on, and even described how it happened to write its own

history. It's going to be a thousand times easier to read the past, the present, and the future of these wolves we are fighting."

About the middle of June, during the last year of the war, the captain and Harold were making their way toward the front trenches from an errand to the rear. It was past midnight and the sky was clear and beautiful.

"I've thought a lot about what you said of the wolves and the hunting we fellows are doing here," said the captain, "and I've been able to trace a good many tracks for myself, lately. The golden calf for which your children are crying isn't the only sham god the beasts have set up. And a lot of people who aren't children are running after them, too."

"We're all only children," Harold replied. "The whole race is still in its childhood and it is making many such mistakes as the little boy made when he fought his grandpa, but it's better to make mistakes than not to act at all. We learn most thru action. That is why we are all learning so much during this war. We are likely to learn more during the next five hundred years than the race learned during the past million years."

"I'm afraid the race will always be about the same as it is now," said the captain. "I can't see much improvement."

"That's because you don't think backward and

forward in time. Suppose that when you go back to your home in England you should find that one-half of your famous island had sunk beneath the sea and that only one-half as much land was left as there was when you last saw your home, would you think that England was just about the same as it always had been? Well, that's just where England was at one time and if you go back far enough in time and make a map of the earth as it then was there would be no British Isles at all; and if you let your imagination go far enough ahead in time you will see just as big changes as there have been in the past. Why, man, even the heavens change. It may take a hundred million years for the Great Dipper to take on the form of a shepherd's crook or some other object, but even that change will come. Look at that brilliant star up there in Aquila. You couldn't have seen it there a week ago, even tho it was more truly there then than it is now. The change that took place, where that star is, during a few days was so tremendous that all the havoc and destruction of this war pales into absolute insignificance in comparison. And that change probably took place hundreds of years ago. It's wonderful that we are able to see and actually photograph changes that took place centuries ago."

"Say, Nelson, where did you get your education, and what kind of teachers did you have?"

"Oh, I got a good deal in my home and on the farm, and some in schools. The big advantage I

have had, as far as I can see, is that I had to struggle with mind and muscles for every step of progress that I made. My education was connected up thru action with the life around me. That was especially true in the training I got at home. Our village schools are different, too, from any others I have ever seen or heard about. Some day I'll tell you of them. Every boy would do as well and a great many would do better if they had the same opportunities I had."

Two days later the order came that the opposing trenches must be taken at all cost. It had been expected for days, and now officers and men crouched desperately in their niches ready to leap over the top at the signal. The frightful picture of such a bayonet charge is too familiar to need description and we shall only attempt to follow Harold as he led his men across that death-dealing field. With the first bound he had gained several yards on his men, then rushing forward at full speed, his head turned so as to partially face his men, he called and shouted to them almost joyfully as he beckoned them forward. His leadership was irresistible. As he approached the enemy he gripped his rifle desperately for its final mission and at the last moment turned his face upon his enemy to direct the thrust, but in that instant the cry of the children had ceased, the tiger within him slept, and then a bayonet pierced his heart. He fell, his face turned to the stars he loved and yearned to understand.

CHAPTER XX.

When news of Harold's death reached his parents it found them somewhat fortified to meet the terrible blow. Harold had written two or three times a week and had told them as much of his life as the rules of the censor permitted. It was evident that every experience was teaching him volumes and his letters were intensely interesting. They had also received letters from friends which told of the joyous and daring leadership of the bright-haired young lieutenant who never needed the presence of wine or women to lighten his heart. The letter from the captain describing his death told touchingly of how the cry of children had steeled his heart to the task in which he had enlisted. It told, too, how in that last fatal, vicarious moment he had given the "last full measure of devotion." How much it all meant to Jane and Fred. They were proud of their boy. No life could be given to a holier cause than the one to which Harold's had been dedicated. But they could not look into each others faces without tears flooding their eyes.

Willis went thru the usual training given to aviators and then was sent to the front to serve as a scout. He had been assigned to this service because of his keenness of vision and because of exceptional

skill in interpreting small but significant details. He proved to be an excellent source of information and quickly became of great value to the service. He labored incessantly to make himself proficient. In order that he might interpret what he saw in the enemy ranks he visited the infantry and artillery on his own side, studying every detail, asking questions of officers and men, and using every means available for mastering the language of his work. He talked with other scouts whenever possible, asking innumerable questions, and always giving any information that might help others with the same frankness that he asked his questions, but he seldom volunteered information or sought ordinary conversation. Thus he came to be known as the "Silent Eagle." He devoted much time to attempts at constructing the whole out of such parts as he could observe and the information he was able to get from others, and he always tested this skill by later developments.

Willis was always protected in his flights by an air squadron and thus felt indifferent toward the enemy, giving his whole time and attention to the detection of vital points and movements. Until just previous to his brother's death he had been extremely fortunate, not having met with a single accident of serious import. Then as he was flying over the enemy lines one day he ventured unusually near the earth to observe certain suspicious details at closer range and found himself the target of a ter-

rific fire from a nest of anti-aircraft guns. Before he could escape the wings of his machine had been seriously shattered and his engines made useless. His great coolness and mechanical skill enabled him to return to his own lines, but not without being severely wounded in both legs. The intense pain and the condition of his aeroplane prevented his exercising the control required for a safe landing and his machine crashed into a crude wooden structure, breaking his left arm and crushing the bones and tearing the flesh of the left side of his face. In the hospital it was found necessary to amputate both legs near the body. Every effort was made to rebuild the face and much skill was displayed in the work, but nature could not be imitated. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered to be able to stand the journey he was sent back to America and placed in a Chicago hospital.

His parents did not hear of the accident until weeks afterward, and then they were not given details. They simply knew that he had been severely wounded and was being cared for in the hospital. Shortly before his arrival in Chicago they heard that he had sufficiently recovered to recross the ocean but that it would be necessary for him to remain in the hospital for some time before attempting to return home. The letter bringing this information seemed to take for granted that the parents knew about an amputation that had been necessary, but just what the operation had been was not stated.

As soon as Jane learned of her boy's return she planned at once to visit him in the hospital. Fred feared the result, but she had announced her decision so decisively that he did not wish to even suggest a little delay. When she reached the hospital a few hours after Willis had been received, she found many others seeking, as she was, some loved one, and she tried to give cheer and comfort to sorrowing mothers who crowded the hospital. She learned that Willis would likely be found in a certain room and she hastened toward it. As she entered the open door, fear—that most fundamental instinct of all animal nature and which draws its sustenance in thru the tiniest rootlets that are lost in the darkness of primeval life, thru the larger fibers formed during millions of years of development, and finally thru the tap root from which human life itself has sprung—overwhelmed all the inhibitions and culture with which a rich life had endowed her. She moved noiselessly, stealthily as a lion might creep, into that scene until her eyes rested on a basket, too small for human form. All but the face of the form within was hidden under the white counterpane, but it could not hide the missing limbs. That mutilated face could not reveal to the little mother the beauty and glory of the universe that might still live in the invisible soul behind those features. She stood tense and rigid in muscle and mind, staring toward that human wreck. A moment later the tautness slowly relaxed, her form shrank, her head drooped, and

just as she was about to sink to her knees she once more rose to the full stature of her beautiful womanhood, and with face turned toward the heavens she sank to the floor. In that last brief moment the demon of fear, the monstrous product of millions of years, slowly, softly dissolved into the vision of the nobler life that lies beyond the dawn of the twentieth century.

We have all "supped full with horror" in this war, and we shall not attempt to draw the curtain behind which passed the tragedy of Fred Nelson. It was all crystallized into a brief statement by his friend, Bill Jones. Referring to the effect of Jane's death on her husband Bill had said:

"It was as tho they had nailed him to a cross and when he had passed thru the agony of death and his mind had sunk into peaceful slumber Science and Love, joined in holy union, received him as their child, gently nursed him back to life, filled him with the hope that other joys might grow from the pain and anguish, and pointed to the future, to that better day which Jane personified."

CHAPTER XXI.

It will be recalled that at the close of one of the earlier chapters of our narrative we followed Senator Bergson to the Nelson home and after seeing him to his room for the night turned back the clock for nearly half a century. The hour for his awakening has now arrived. After his super Van Winklean sleep we shall find him, not in the condition of him whom the gnomes of the Catskills seduced, but, "sustained and soothed" by the more kindly spirits of Fairfield Farm, we shall find him well arrayed in a neat business suit and well-polished shoes, and we shall see him with smiling countenance, for he was not to meet dame Van Winkle but Harriet Nelson.

When the Nelson family had eaten breakfast and had remained seated about the table talking for a short time, Fred said to the guest:

"I've got some work that demands my attention for a few hours, Bergson, and so I am going to leave you with Harriet."

"Nothing could suit me better than to have a visit with my bootblack," replied Bergson. And a little later he said to Harriet:

"I would like to have kept these shoes as they are and shown the Fairfield Farm Fancy Polish—is that right?—to my colleagues, but I'm afraid they

wouldn't perceive the excellence of the work by looking at the shoes, for they're a good deal like the good old Scotch preacher's congregation. You remember that the preacher justified his pulpit exaggerations by explaining that if he 'Di'na mak' ilke thing as big as a barn door thay wadna see it a' tall.' Of course, I could make a real impression on them if I were to take my bootblack with me, but even then I'm afraid the impression would not be of the right kind. They might be interested in what I said about the polish, but they wouldn't permit their eyes to wander down to my shoes. What's the secret of being happy, even when polishing shoes?"

"Mamma used to say that joy in what one does did not depend on the work but on what the worker brought to his task, and I've come to realize that that is about all there is to be said in explanation."

"There is a good deal of truth in that, but I am afraid it will hardly stand all tests. You would hardly want to blacken my shoes every morning, would you?"

"Oh, that all depends on conditions, one of the most important being what I think about you," laughed Harriet. "If I had thought about nothing else this morning as I was cleaning your shoes than the way I thought of Senator Bergson yesterday morning as he walked so proudly from the train to the platform, wearing a fine silk hat and carrying a beautiful gold-headed cane, there would have been more drudgery than pleasure in the work; but as I

polished the shoes I thought of you as dear daddy's friend, John Bergson; I thought of you as you walked behind that plow yesterday, and of what you said in your speech last night. Daddy had always told us of so many interesting and fine things in your friendship that even your dirty shoes could suggest some beautiful thoughts, just as when I mend a coat for Daddy I am always reminded of the many splendid things he does. But just excuse me a minute. I hear Sam calling in the yard," and she hurried out of the room.

When she came back a few minutes later she said:

"That darky certainly amuses me. He came here early last spring and father has given him work ever since. Every morning when he comes he says to me:

" 'Mornin', Miss Harriet right smart, thank you.' all in one breath, just as tho my name consisted of five or six words. He has no idea that the 'right smart, thank you,' should not be said until I had asked him how *he* was feeling. He learned the whole thing back somewhere, perhaps in his early childhood, just as children in school today learn thousands of things that they say glibly but of the meaning of which they have just as little conception. I noticed that he wasn't feeling very well yesterday and so this morning when he came I asked him how he felt, and he answered:

" 'I'se powerful weak, Miss Harriet.'

"The new words he hears us use have a great fascination for him. He picked up the word *Anarchy* not very long ago, and the other day when he bruised his ankle and I took the arnica out to him and told him to rub some of it on the bruised part, he said:

" 'Yes'm, yes'm, Miss Harriet; I reckon dis 'ear anarchy is good fer it.'

"I couldn't help laughing, and as I thought of the docility, timidity, and utter lack of any moral stamina in him, I said:

" 'I wish you'd rub so much in that your whole system would become soaked in anarchy.'

"He got enough out of the remark to take some pleasure in the rubbing process, but I'm afraid he hardly appreciated the joke. But we were talking about blacking shoes, I believe."

"Yes, I'm interested in that discussion of yours and I've been wondering if under any conditions you could really be happy blacking shoes. Can you imagine any such conditions?"

"Of course under present conditions it would be very hard to imagine such conditions. But let us suppose I had the skill of one of the great fakers of today in advertising and set myself up as an artistic bootblack and inventor of a new kind of polish that would never come off and appear in an attractive costume in an artistic booth, how many Congressmen would pay me one dollar for a shine and how many thousand dollars might I pick up in Washington and other large cities? But, of course, I could not be happy in that fake sort of a business, even

tho I knew that at the end of a year I would have plenty of money and could devote the rest of my time to any other work I might wish to do, and so it's useless to think about that. But I could give you a condition under which that work would bring me real joy. It would take too long to explain it, but some day I will write a book on the subject and dedicate it to Senator John Bergson—no that wouldn't do, for I never think of you as *Senator* but always as father's friend or brother."

"Why not call me that. I would be proud to be your uncle."

"All right. Uncle John, then," said Harriet.

"That gives me the right to ask what your work has been, for an uncle should be interested in what his niece does."

"I've taught school three years in all. Since graduating from college two years ago I have been teaching in the Silver City high school, but I have resigned and shall not go back into the work."

"Well, I don't blame you for quitting the profession. Teachers don't begin to be paid what the work is worth."

"It isn't that," said Harriet. "The salaries are not adequate, but I would have been glad to go on with the work if that had been the only difficulty, but there are so many other objections. I don't know if I can make clear why I left the profession which, if the conditions were as they should be, is the finest of all professions. The last 'straw that

broke the camel's back' was a so-called educational meeting, held last spring. Nearly all the superintendents and principals in the state, as well as a very large number of high-school teachers, attended. It was a very large meeting and, as usual, was controlled by a ring of the 'way-ups.' The ring had prepared a set of resolutions that sounded very democratic and they were read so as to make the very air vibrate with democracy, but any one who listened closely could tell—provided, of course, he knew the men who comprise the ring—that they represented another step toward absolute autocratic control of all the appointments and promotions in the educational system of the state. The last hours of the convention were set aside for the discussion of the resolutions, but there was no copy to be had so that study might be made of them. The way those resolutions were railroaded thru that convention would have done credit to the United States Senate and every member of the ring looked as innocent as a little child and paraded the 'very democratic' way in which the business was transacted. More than eighty per cent of that convention was opposed to those resolutions, but the twenty per cent ruled absolutely. The eighty per cent are composed of the younger men and the great body of women and they are kept from acting on convictions by the fear that unless they stand in with the ring they will have no opportunity to advance in the profession or may even lose the position they have. Thus

they bargain away the last vestige of an opportunity for independent thought and action and themselves become timid and servile and lose the very name of action.

"But that isn't the worst phase of the teacher's profession. It's impossible to go into details but I just can't breathe freely in the work. If you attempt to teach live things naturally and frankly you get into all sorts of trouble. If you want to be a 'school marm,' male or female, and keep the machine running smoothly you must confine your instruction to cold storage goods, especially the canned variety, and if they are tainted with age so much the better. The children everywhere are hungry for fresh, wholesome, nourishing food and they are fed on meat that has been buried for years—yes, some of it has been embalmed for thousands of years. No wonder the children are under-nourished and suffer all sorts of disorders.

"And it really is such an inspiring work, naturally. If I could feel wholly free to teach life as it is and give the children a glimpse of the beautiful, joyous thing it may become, there is nothing I would rather do than teach. The possibilities are almost infinite. There ought to be thousands of Burbanks in the teaching profession, but if there were only a score in this country who had done for children what he has done for plants they would be the most blessed beings on earth and childhood would have new promise. It is difficult, however, to imagine

even a single one developing in the profession during the next generation. They would crucify him before he had made a real beginning."

"There isn't any doubt about it," said Bergson, "and it is much the same in other phases of present day life. I have thought more of these matters the past twenty-four hours than I had before in years. You are so fortunate to have been brought up in such a home and in such a community as this. I know what a fearful blow your mother's death has been and I really have not dared to mention it to your father. Even as a very little girl she was a most exceptional character. No one could help loving and respecting her."

"I wish you *would* speak to Daddy about her," Harriet replied. "For the first month after her death I feared we would lose him, too, but since then he has been gaining the upper hand of his grief. Even you who knew her so well as a girl and young woman cannot appreciate the wonderful reach of her mind and the beauty of her life. Daddy and I can never see in any other woman anything like the perfection we have always found in her; but we cannot look upon her death in the same way. When I allow myself to think about the tragic causes that led to her death, and realize that never again can we feel the presence of her wonderful personality, I, too, am overcome with anguish, but I do not allow myself to dwell on these things. I even console myself in the belief that her suffering was

brief; that in the moment of her death the bitter agony was quickly replaced by her great vicarious love. I try to think only of the precious heritage she has left us, a heritage of unbounded spiritual wealth, a treasure to be used and not hoarded. Poor Daddy cannot give her up. He hoards the vast treasure. It is all his. No other must ever enter the door that leads to this private wealth. It's strange, almost, for Daddy is the most generous man I ever knew. Not even our beloved Liebes Mutterchen, as we loved to call her, excelled Daddy in self-denial and self-sacrifice, but he clings to his treasure and shuts himself up with it for hours even now. I think he is beginning to share it with a few friends like Bill Jones, and I'm sure he will with you if you suggest it, and it will do him good. One reason I would like to teach is because it would give me an opportunity to share my heritage with just as many others as possible so that it may multiply and bring an abundant harvest to many, many lives."

"You ought to teach—you really ought to teach," Bergson urged.

"Do you really think I ought to teach under present educational conditions, Uncle John? (You see I am trying to make you a real uncle.) And then, too, we all teach more or less, and perhaps when Willis gets his magazine started I can learn to write well enough to contribute something now and then and so teach in that way. I shall need a little practice of that kind before attempting to

write that book that I said I would dedicate to you. I'll find something to do that will be useful."

"I'm sure of that. But don't stick to blacking shoes, my little niece. It's all right to shine your Daddy's, and your Uncle John's once in a great while, just for the fun of it, but I don't like to think of my brilliant little niece doing such dirty work often."

"You're just thinking of a little dirt on the outside. Shining shoes is not half as dirty work as teaching school in most school rooms as they are today. I mean physical dirt, too, not merely mental filth. When I cleaned and polished your shoes this morning I had a large rubber sheet over my lap and my arms were bare, so that, after washing my hands and arms, there was not a bit of dirt left on me. In the school room the air was often so bad that lungs and throat and nasal passages got filled with filth, and one cannot wash that off with soap and water. And the dirt on the inside of the body is much more apt to injure health than that which gets on the outside. No, it isn't because the work is cleaner that I want to teach school. Last summer a lady who is a high school teacher visited me here for a few days and I am sure she was quite shocked when she saw me milking several cows each night and morning. She would go with me, but would always step on tiptoe, hold up her dress, and look worried all the time, tho the barn is kept scrupulously clean; and yet I have seen that same lady buy an apple from a

dirty man with a push-cart, take it from his filthy fingers, and eat it without thought of peeling or even washing it. Yes, all mental roads lead to your ideal Rome. Milking cows *may* be cleaner than being a United States Senator, tho, of course, it ought not to be."

"I wish you were a United States Senator, my little niece. I mean it. A dozen such women as you would give those old halls such a house-cleaning that there would be a big improvement in the health of the infirmary. I would resign today if my state would elect you in my place—but, of course, no state would. It isn't at all likely that they'll re-elect me after what I said last night."

"All my uncles are partial and you're just like the rest. But I'm glad we have a few men like you in the Senate. You're not going to say that you don't want the position again when you see a big wave of opposition coming against you, are you, Uncle John?"

"Never," said Bergson, as he jumped to his feet. "I have other things to say, too, and if I have not the courage to risk every dollar I possess and every item in my reputation, as well as the little position I hold, in support of my conviction and the program I have mapped out in my mind, then I'm no true American—I'm not even fit for citizenship in any nation. The fearful, the sublime sacrifices made by your two brothers, not to mention the millions of others who have sacrificed their all, are far greater

than our whole body has made. I have known it all before, but knowing and living a thing are quite different realities and I have just begun to really live it. If I did not fight for my re-election, using to the fullest every power I possess, even tho I know beforehand that I shall be defeated three to one, then I shall not be worthy of looking into your face or that of your father and my other Mayville friends again; and that would be to give up the best there is in life. I have been trying to think how I and the other members of Congress would feel if we had each given what your brother Willis has sacrificed. I cannot bear to think of his future," and tears came to the Senator's eyes.

"Oh, Willis is going to be happy because he is going to be very useful. Daddy and I have been making some plans and we each write him every two or three days. He used to dictate answers, but he is able now to write his own letters on his typewriter, and they are getting more and more interesting and enthusiastic all the time. Fortunately, he didn't see Mamma in the hospital and we have not told him that detail in her death; but he knows everything else. He sees a great work ahead that needs doing and how he can help in it. Any one who has given so much as he has done for a great and noble cause—an ideal that lived in his mind and was constantly working itself out in what he did from day to day—cannot but find a good deal of joy in life so long as he has a sound mind and two good arms to use. He

and Harold were going to be the editors of a new kind of daily newspaper they planned years ago, but that didn't seem feasible under the circumstances, and he has decided to edit and publish a magazine which he can do right here at home. The people of Mayville are all deeply interested in the plan, which includes some of the features the daily was going to have, modified, of course. The *Community Center* has made arrangements for receiving Willis when he comes. I don't know just what they are going to do, but I know there will be no laudatory speeches, bouquets given in public, or even medals. They're trying to find some way of making him happy and, what is most important of all, they are going to do their utmost to *keep* him happy. Daddy is having two rooms on the ground floor of our home here fixed up especially for him, with bath and every convenience so that he can do everything for himself and so feel that he is a free and independent man. Daddy got some of the best authorities on such subjects interested and they helped him to find the very best equipment. Some of the furniture is going to be very ingenious. The experts say he is going to be able to move about quite freely and after a time will even be able to get out of doors a good deal. There's Sam again; I know you'll excuse me a minute."

"One must have keen eyes and ears to perceive that underneath the surface of this heroic girl's enthusiasm a desperate battle is being waged. Hope

will win the campaign, but some battles will be lost," mused Bergson as the girl left the room.

Harriet came back laughing:

"What do you think that darky called me for? Daddy told him to take the drill and sow the field of winter wheat this morning as soon as he had finished the chores. After he had been at work sowing a while his wife came over with his 'dinner bucket,' as he said, and wanted to know why he was sowing wheat when the moon was waning. Sam hadn't thought about the moon, but was immediately very much wrought up about the matter and came at once to tell me. After explaining the situation to me, he said:

"Ye shure won' git no crop, Miss Harriet, ef I sow it neow. I reckon ef de Cap'n wa' 'ear 'ed say: 'Sam, ye betta' wait till we git a new moon."

"I suppose you gave him a lesson in astronomy, didn't you?"

"I told him the land had been prepared for the seed during a waxing moon, so that it would be all right, and he went away quite satisfied. How easy it is to find a mental road that leads to your Rome. I suppose you have often thought, just as I have, that the ignorance of other people is the greatest obstacle to telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. How much richer we would all be if every one with whom we come in contact had the capacity to receive the truth—by truth I simply mean a frank and honest expression of our

own convictions. Such expression, if accompanied by an attitude receptive to like expressions on the part of others, would hasten progress a thousand-fold."

"Two days ago I would have said that that time will never come," said Bergson, "but now I can see its possibility. Not that it will ever be possible for all people on earth to comprehend all truth, no matter how carefully and clearly it is presented; but the time may come, and I am almost inclined to think that it will come, when every person will have the courage to face truth smilingly, anxious to receive and profit by it, tho it be against him."

"There comes Daddy. I'm sure you will be glad to get out of doors, for the air is as fresh as on a beautiful spring morning."

"The air has been as fresh as a spring morning in here, too," responded Bergson, "and there has been an abundance of beautiful sunshine. The only cloud of the morning was that darky, and even that had a silver lining."

"My Uncle John ought to be promoted to the diplomatic service and sent to France," said Harriet, as she accompanied Bergson to the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Bergson and Fred had examined the cattle and hogs and sheep, and Fred had pointed out the many facilities for feeding and otherwise caring for them, he suggested that they walk over the fields.

"I'm really surprised, Nelson, to find what a wonderful farm you have made of Fairfield. Everywhere the soil is as rich and mellow as can be found anywhere. Then look at those buildings and that stock and other improvements. The whole plant is a regular factory. It must be bringing a splendid income."

"I'm not so sure about that," Fred replied. "We get plently to live on and there always is a surplus, even after making needed improvements and meeting community needs, but these returns are partly due to the surplus wealth gradually accumulated by our parents, wealth for which they never received credit and is represented not only by buildings and other improvements, but also in increased soil fertility; partly to like accumulation during the years we have been on the place, made possible by frugality and simplicity of living, and partly to what may be considered the farm itself. It would be extremely easy to increase our annual expenditures, without any seeming extravagance, to the point where they

would exceed the returns. If it cost us one-half as much for our living as it costs you for yours we would be bankrupt in a few years. The fact is, our farmers are going to become bankrupt unless there is a change in our social order. Just think how different things would be even here on Fairfield if we didn't have the wholesome community spirit everywhere about us and if we were not getting the best prices both on what we sell and what we buy. What rate of interest this farm actually pays on the capital invested no one can determine, but it is far below six per cent, and if we allow wages that are at all commensurate with the work that is done there would be no interest at all. You remember the Newcombe farm, don't you? Well, thru our parents we know the history of that farm fairly well. Henry Newcombe bought those two hundred acres for a few hundred dollars and when, after holding it for nearly twenty-five years, he sold it for $25,000 everybody said that he had had a wonderful investment and had made big money. But just stop and think the matter thru. There were less than ten acres cleared when Newcombe bought it, the balance being covered with trees and bushes. There was not a building on the place, either. Now figure the cost of clearing about one hundred and seventy-five acres of land, build a good seven-room house with a porch attached, a good barn, stables and sheds; put up fences and make other improvements, and how much will there be left out of the twenty-five thou-

sand dollars? And all thru those twenty-five years Newcombe and his family probably received less than half wages, for they lived very frugally."

"I remember the Newcombes very well," said Bergson. "They were industrious people and Newcombe was regarded as a good farmer."

"He was, too, as farmers went in those days, and yet he probably robbed that soil of thousands of dollars' worth of fertility, for it was not as fertile when he sold as when he bought it. No one has ever been able to figure out just what the fertility in the virgin soil was worth, but that was a good farm and it is quite conceivable that the twenty-five thousand dollars would hardly pay for the loss in fertility if we take the present prices of fertilizers. He was just drawing on his bank deposit and didn't know he was using it up. You probably also remember that Jack Snowden bought the place of Newcombe. Jack paid down about five or six thousand dollars and gave a mortgage on the farm for the balance. He and his four boys, with the help of his wife and a couple of daughters, started a good dairy, and in ten years had paid for the place and made some excellent improvements, and in another ten years they had probably saved twenty-five thousand dollars or more and invested it in mortgages. That looks like a good financial return, but just stop and think what the wages of those seven or eight people would come to at normal rates during that period. I am certain that their living expenses did not consume half of

such wages. The children scarcely ever went to school, Snowden claiming that the local school was worthless and that he couldn't send them six miles to Mayville, and so those six children grew up in ignorance. But they all had money, probably about ten thousand or perhaps even fifteen thousand dollars apiece, when Jack died about twelve years ago. The farm went to the youngest boy Ben, and it was worth a good deal more than when his father bought it because there had not only been some improvements in buildings but the soil had been greatly enriched. If Ben were as industrious and frugal as his father was he would get along in spite of his lack of education. Some people said Jack Snowden was a good manager, but really there was little managing necessary the way he farmed. He saw that his neighbor had a good dairy herd and was making money and so he bought a herd of dairy cows. They were only grades, but they were fairly good. The Mayville creamery was taking whatever milk was offered, provided it was produced according to its rules, and Snowden followed his neighbor's milk wagon until it landed him at the creamery. We found it necessary to refuse his milk at one time and he was perfectly helpless to know how to make the changes required until a committee visited his barn and specified exactly what must be done. The committee even directed the work of the mechanics, and Snowden was very glad to make every change demanded. He was, however, the only absolutely dead

weight our creamery carried and he made us all realize the vast difference between a man who is a vital constructive factor and one who is a mere mechanical imitator.

But Ben Snowden is actually losing out in spite of the good start he was given by his father. I understand that he isn't even paying running expenses this year and I am sure his soil is growing poorer all the time. He'll either have to give up the farm entirely or be satisfied with a bare hand-to-mouth sort of a living. It takes a long time for people to learn that just to keep putting more and more money in the bank, as Jack Snowden did, is not the same as accumulating riches.

"When I think of the vicissitudes of that farm and the complex factors involved in determining the returns I am never ready to answer offhand whether Fairfield is paying or not. If my workmen were to strike for an eight-hour day without reduction of wages, as they have a perfect right to do, and I could get no others on the old basis, one of two things would have to result: I would either be forced to quit farming entirely or the prices of farm products would have to increase materially. Of course, I might for a time continue to operate by living on the capital accumulated in the past and not directly represented in the farm, but the end would come in time. Farmers do not begin to get the returns to which they are entitled."

"I wish every member of Congress might have

the privilege of spending a couple of days here as I am doing. They need to get at the situation from the farmer's standpoint, but I'm afraid they would hardly understand if they did visit Mayville and its farms. Only thru the actual toil of years does one finally come to really understand such things. Even with my training on the farm I feel myself absolutely incompetent to shape such legislation as is needed for the agricultural interests of this country. Most of the members of Congress are lawyers and should not attempt the formulation of such laws. The farmer himself is the only one who can give proper form to the needed change. He must directly represent his own interests just as every other important body of producers in our nation must be likewise directly represented," said Bergson.

"I'm glad you feel that way about it, Bergson. Great changes are bound to come during the next few years. There is a good deal of motion and commotion just now and it will become more active when the war actually closes; and out of this dissipation of motion there will result a vast amount of integration, or organization, around new centers."

The afternoon was spent under the direction of the *Community Center*, and John Bergson visited the schools, observed the recreational activities, inspected the shoe factory, canning factory, and the large coöperative milk condensery which had recently taken the place of the creamery. He also vis-

ited several of the humbler homes of the village and was surprised to find that every one of them had all modern conveniences, including shower and tub bath. He was greatly interested in the fine large community swimming pool which was used thruout the year by both grown-ups and children, and which he visited when a hundred and fifty boys were swimming and diving about in it like fishes.

On his return to Fairfield Farm Bergson said to his friend:

"It is almost inconceivable that all these marvelous changes have been made in a little more than thirty years. If the nation were organized as Mayville is and was controlled by a body as vigilant, elastic, frank, and determined as your *Community Center*, what a splendid country this would be."

"It's going to be just that, or better," said Fred. "We have a large number of the best people from every land, and by taking the good they have brought to our shores we can construct a finer civilization than can be found in any other nation of the earth, And we're going to do it, too. But the first step necessary is that we shall give all classes absolute freedom to express the truth as they see it. Trust people, and they will deserve being trusted—I do not mean every individual, but the people as a whole. The great majority of every group in every land are worthy of such trust."

CHAPTER XXIII.

At the close of the last chapter our friends were entering the Nelson home after having spent the afternoon in a study of Mayville's activities. The evening work kept Fred busy until nearly eight o'clock, during most of which time Harriet visited with "Uncle John." As soon as her father could join Bergson in the study Harriet excused herself that she might attend to necessary housework preparatory for the coming day. Bergson's eyes followed her to the door and when it closed behind her he said:

"She is so like her mother, and yet so different. It is a pity, Nelson, that she cannot pass her splendid, broad philosophy of life on to millions of children. She told me she had decided to quit the teaching profession, and I cannot blame her."

"She either had to do that or else abandon her philosophy of life. Of course, she might teach and continue to think that same philosophy of life, but not being able to live it, it would atrophy, and tho in time she might gain the whole world she would lose her own soul. Did she tell you how the doctor and a few citizens of Silver City took her to task the first year she taught there for telling her pupils that an air bath every morning, followed by a shower or hand bath, was wholesome and that she

took such a bath every morning herself? No, well it's rather interesting. It happened just before this country entered the war. It seems that a number of high-school girls followed her advice and began taking such baths. Harriet had been very careful to suggest to take them only when there was no danger and had talked to the girls separately about the matter, but several of the mothers were terribly shocked when they learned of the practice, regarding it as quite barbaric. Two of them called on Harriet to protest. She explained to them very kindly, but as forcibly as she could, the value of such a habit and cited several of the best medical authorities in this country in support of her position, but the two mothers were not to be appeased. They went to their local physician and laid the matter before him and it would seem that he equivocated for a time, but finally gave them what they demanded, a written statement advising against the teaching. The statement was a confession of the weakness of the doctor's position, but it gave the women a formidable weapon. You can imagine that such a statement by a physician in good standing and presented by two of the leading society ladies of the city confronted Harriet with a somewhat puzzling situation. She had fully expected support from that doctor for she had mentioned her own habit to him early in that first year and he had expressed warm approval. Now she called at his home to talk over his note with him and I remem-

ber how we all laughed when Harriet told us the incident and personated the doctor in that little scene. At one point she said to him:

"So, doctor, privately you agree with me and privately you agree with your two lady patients, Now where do you stand publicly?"

Of course, he didn't "stand" at all. When Bill Jones heard Harriet tell the whole experience he remarked:

"That doctor ought to be sent to the United States Senate to take the place of one of the obstreperous independents."

"Bill has always placed you among the obstreperous ones, so you see he had designs on your seat."

"Yes, I have known that all along and I only wish there were thousands of fellows in my state with the same designs Bill has," said Bergson.

"It's rather amusing that that doctor later, when we went into the war, became a sort of recruiting officer and was very successful in getting other fellows to want to fight and enlist. He was quite heroic in the work."

After a little pause, Fred went on:

"The educational system in the state, and in other states as well, is really in a bad way. That incident is but one of many she had, all tending to block her just as soon as she took hold of the vital forces of life and began explaining their operations to her students. You remember the trouble I had in my first school when I began teaching the children in

the Moore district about the movements of the earth, the sun, and the planets. You would hardly believe it, but even last year in Silver City Harriet was taken to task by a few parents and the minister of their church for the same sort of teaching. Of course, those parents had little or no education and the minister had about the same amount of intelligence, and the world's thought had passed them half a century ago without their knowing it, but they were able to cause some annoyance nevertheless. With the right sort of a city government no attention would have been paid to these benighted people who were trying to block progress, but two or three petty ward politicians helped to agitate the matter and so it was not pleasant. Such things couldn't happen here because here every conceivable subject of public interest is discussed and no one expects to find himself in agreement with all that is said. We have often had practically every man and woman in the community out at some of these discussions."

"I don't see," said Bergson, "how you manage to get such teachers as I saw at work this afternoon. One does not find that kind in other schools."

"Why, we simply have to have them made to order. The ready-made teachers never fit the heads of the Mayville school board. Even the made-to-order kind have to be reshaped somewhat after they get here. That is usually a rather easy process, tho it does not always succeed, as was the case three years ago when we hired a new teacher and found

we had made a very bad mistake, but we corrected it by offering her several months' advance salary if she would resign, which she gladly did. Most of our teachers have been with us for years and practically every one of them takes special work for a month or two each summer, the board paying the expenses of this special education because we regard it as a good investment for the community. Of course, they never go to any of the regular summer schools for teachers, but we always find some special work that either is life itself or is so merged with practical everyday life that the various state teachers' associations never heard of them. Two years ago one of our teachers worked in a textile factory all summer for about two-thirds pay on condition that she be permitted to change from one kind of work to another and thus learn a good deal about a number of departments. She used the public library at night to learn about the supply of raw material, marketing of the products, and management of the factory so far as this could be learned. The past summer two of our teachers spent their vacation in Chicago studying the social welfare and educational work carried on by some of the big corporations and factories. We always have a substitute teacher and just now one of the regular teachers is studying the United States Employment Service, actually doing the work in one or another of the Philadelphia exchanges. When he comes back three months from

now he will have first-hand knowledge regarding labor and the government's method of handling it. He uses his out-of-office hours in studying the housing, transportation, and the turnover of labor. Whenever a teacher or any citizen is away from home he tries to pick up information and points that will be useful in some activity of Mayville, not merely in his own particular line or department.

"When we employed our present principal several years ago we had great difficulty in finding a suitable man. Our wages are good and we had many applicants, over a hundred, but not one of them really had the attitude and the training we wanted. We finally hired Mr. Norbeck on condition that he would spend the whole summer vacation in taking certain special work. One thing we insisted on was a real knowledge of elementary astronomy, with ability to do field work in that subject."

"Well, that's a new one for me," said Bergson. "Astronomy is a very interesting subject and I regret that I do not know more about it; but I hardly see why you regard it as essential."

"I must tell you a little experience we had with one of the applicants at that time, a young man we liked very much in many ways and had placed with those we regarded as possible choices. At our request he appeared before the board and we proceeded to question him."

And Fred here gave a very brief synopsis of the

proceedings, but we shall reproduce the entire conversation as recorded by the clerk of the school board and preserved in the minutes. The applicant was a man by the name of Minton and Fred Nelson was, in this instance, the questioner. For the sake of economy of space we shall use initials to indicate the speaker in the dialog:

N.: You say, Mr. Minton, that you are much interested in science and have had long courses in physics, chemistry, and biology, but that you have never studied astronomy. Why not, please?

M. Because I believe in sticking to practical things.

N.: You will find us all very much in sympathy with a practical program. Do you regard geography as a practical study?

M.: Yes, very. It is the basis of all the sciences.

N.: I agree with you. I suppose you have never regretted the traveling you have done and feel that it extended your knowledge of geography very materially?

M.: The journeys I have made to various parts of this country have not only increased my knowledge of geography but made all my earlier knowledge of the subject more practical—filled it with meaning.

N.: Yes, and I suppose you are now quite able to get a fairly accurate mental picture of sections of the world you have never visited, even of China or Spain?

M.: Yes, sir. One is able to picture many of the distant areas almost as accurately as tho one had actually visited them—that is after you have the basic data. That is one of the big advantages of an education. One can live so much more because one can picture so much more.

N.: Would you be willing to employ in the primary or intermediate grades of our schools a young lady who has never traveled a hundred miles from home and who is not interested in the geography of that part of the world that is beyond her experience, assuming that she is intellectually capable and has very practical knowledge of the geography of the country in which she lives?

M.: No, sir; her views in every phase of life would be too limited. She couldn't have any true conception of life as a whole.

N.: Your view is mine, too. Do you think that a teacher who is so trained and experienced that he can bring into his mind a pretty clear picture of England, Germany, Japan, and other countries and see the main forms of human activity in each of them is better able to create similar pictures of human activity and human progress in the minds of his pupils?

M.: Yes, I often wish I had more power in such teaching for the vital things in life are its changes and one cannot understand these unless he is able

to picture the present and the past more or less accurately.

N.: I see you believe in evolution. To understand that theory is it necessary to have a clear idea of the earth's form and motions?

M.: I should say it was—yes, sir; it is.

N.: How far back in life do you go in your teaching that all life is a gradual growth out of the preceding life?

M.: As near to the beginning of life on earth as I can; millions of years.

N.: I suppose you look upon the earth itself as in process of evolution?

M.: Yes, sir; that was one of the things that interested me most when I studied geology.

N.: Have you ever seen a series of specimens showing a natural gradation or evolution of the horse from an ancestor that looks a little like a sheep and was hardly any larger?

M.: No, sir; I never saw that, but I have seen several other series to show corresponding development, one of them being a large number of well-graded skeletons showing both the differences and similarities of man's bony skeleton and those of animals most nearly resembling him.

N.: Did you ever try to apply this same sort of thinking to the whole solar system? Of course, it, too, has evolved to its present stage from a primitive one.

M.: I know it has, and when I studied geology

I got a little idea of how it developed from a nebulous mass, but I never got a clear conception of the process. No doubt astronomy would have helped me.

N.: It will yet. Would you be interested if some one offered to show you a series of skeletons of solar systems, suggestively indicating the main stages of evolution from a homogeneous nebula to the stage reached by our own solar system? Of course, you know that astronomers can do this, and it really enlarges one's conception of human life and human destiny immensely to get the viewpoints which astronomy can give, as well as to get the viewpoints which the microscope can give us of the infinitely small. But let us get back to geography. Don't you think that one's geography is somewhat enlarged by passing from this little earth out to the planets and stars with all their wonderful changes and movements?

M.: I certainly think it is, but I had never thought of it in that way before.

N.: I have not tried to lead you where you did not want to go, but we liked your application, and while we shall probably not elect you—unless we find that the other two applicants who are to appear before us are no better able to meet our requirements than you are—I am sure the whole board appreciates the intelligence and frankness with which you have answered my questions, and it is possible that some time in the future you may again

apply for this position and may then be prepared to qualify in all phases of the work as you are in most of it now. But even if you should never again become an applicant for the Mayville principalship, you will not regret any exploring you may do in the field of astronomy."

"Fred, I never knew that you were so much of an astronomer," said Bergson. "You and your school board are right, too, tho I had never thought about the matter and do not know very much about astronomy. How did you come to be so interested?"

"I wish I really did know astronomy, for I am deeply interested, as I am also deeply interested in such knowledge as radium and other substances disclose regarding the universe of the infinitely small. Do you remember the time when I was laid up for three weeks or more with my arm? The fork tine pierced it, you know. Well, that little vacation changed me in many ways, largely because it gave me time and opportunity to do a good deal of thinking. Among other things, I decided at that time not to go to the academy, but to teach school for a few winters and prepare for college by doing home study. I also decided to make farming my life work, influenced a good deal by some articles by Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greeley and others regarding the future possibilities of agriculture. You remember, too, how Dr. Winter, when he taught here, got us all interested in the solar system and the movements of the planets, especially Venus. That was one of

the subjects I thought a great deal about as I lay under the appletree watching the moon. I was talking to Jane about it one day—she has always been as much interested in the subject as I have been—after she had been reading to me from Tennyson, and it reminded her of a little passage she had read a few days before. She turned to it now and read it to me and it impressed me so with its suggestiveness that I at once committed it and have never forgotten it.

> "This truth within thy mind rehearse,
> That in a boundless universe
> Is boundless better, boundless worse.
>
> "Think you this mould of hopes and fears
> Could find no statelier than his peers
> In yonder hundred million spheres?"

"I can't hold petty personal things in my mind when I think of such things.

"From that time on I have always studied astronomy more or less and finally bought a small four-inch telescope, crudely mounted, with which to do a little amateur field work."

After they had talked of other things for a time, Bergson said:

"I haven't dared ask you about Jane, Fred, for I didn't need to be told how deeply you felt your loss, but I really would like to know about her death."

For a moment Fred gazed into vacancy, his face pale and rigid. Then he roused himself from his dream of the past and said:

"You have a right to know, John, and I should have written you, but until the last few weeks I have not had the strength to speak of her going. You know the details, do you not?"

"Yes, I have been given pretty full accounts of both Jane's and Harold's deaths, but nothing from your standpoint and I want to share your grief with you if you will let me."

"It has been a terrible struggle for me and it has made me realize my own weakness as nothing else could have done. You will hardly understand unless I go into detail a little. I hardly remember anything in regard to the first ten days or more after her death except that Harriet always seemed to bring some little comfort just when I could accept it. I marvel at that now, but at the time I was simply conscious of the fact that she was, apparently, as full of joy and gladness as she had always been. This irritated me a little after a time and aroused me to do a little thinking. A little later she said to me one day:

"I know, Daddy dear, you'll think it all thru and everything will come out all right and we'll be happy here, you and Willis and I."

"I kept thinking about that tho I couldn't see how I could ever be happy again. Then I thought of Willis, too, and almost despaired, for how could that poor boy find any happiness in the life he had to look forward to? And yet, an inner voice kept saying that that was the one hope for him, for us all, other-

wise life would be unbearable. A letter from him one day surprised me with its cheerfulness and then some little things suggested by what Harriet said brought the truth home to me that it was she who thru her deep insight into human life and her devotion to her mother's life rather than to her mother's person was leading us both out of the night into the sunshine. Not until then had it once occurred to me that I might be selfish in my grief, but now I realize it clearly. I was intensely selfish. She was mine, it was my treasure and I was hoarding it. I was hoarding it just as Silar Marner had hoarded his gold. I hid it away from all eyes just as he hid his bright gold pieces under the bricks. I was, like the selfish capitalist, unwilling to use my precious heritage for the benefit of all mankind. I was hiding it in the vault of my own heart and it was to multiply for me personally, the residue to be left to my children when I could use it no longer. I, too, belonged to the capitalistic age and could only be freed from the last bond of selfishness and slavery by her sublime sacrifice.

"At first I hardly dared trust the little trace of joy that began to flow back into my life. It seemed disloyal to her; but slowly the conviction grew that I could only be disloyal by failing to give to the world as much of that great treasure of mind and heart as the world would receive at my hands. All thru life it had seemed to me inexplicably stupid that our great capitalists could never learn the joy of using

their treasures for the good of all, and now I found that I was not wholly lacking in kinship to these selfish misers. I recognized that Harriet, instead of showing any lack of appreciation, represented a higher reverence for the life of her mother than I did. But I have at least in part overcome the selfishness and have reached the stage where I can talk freely of her death.

"Harriet told you of our plans for Willis. He will probably get home in a month or six weeks. Until just recently I have dreaded, was almost appalled at the very thought of seeing him with his legs gone and his face mutilated. How blind, how stupid we mortals are. We can't see spiritual things, just physical ones, and in our blindness we create hells in our own minds and in the minds of those about us. Just imagine the effect on Willis if, when he gets home, his quick perception and alert mind reads dread and fear in the minds of his sister and father. Harriet is leading the way in the right direction and I can see her now going clear-eyed to meet her brother, kissing his cheeks, both of them impartially, and lifting his spirit into the bright and serene sky where her own dwells. Yes, and all the friends of Willis, the whole community will respond to her influence, and Willis will live in an atmosphere of joy that he cannot resist, even tho he should attempt to do so. That is our duty not only to Willis but to all returning soldiers, civilian as well as military, women as well as men. To

permit a single man or woman who has been injured or maimed for our safety and comfort to be without every need to make him happy, if by any means it is possible to make him happy, must be to our everlasting disgrace. How trivial and inappropriate must mere words of welcome or monuments of commemoration seem to those mutilated warriors!

"I am saying these things because you have asked me to express my views as to what should be done for the returning soldiers. My views are best represented by what Mayville is planning to do for its returning soldiers. The *Community Center* has already made plans for receiving Willis, special plans because his case is a special one. I don't know all the details, but I do know that practically every citizen of this community, which extends many miles about Mayville, has gotten him two or more subscriptions for his forthcoming magazine. Bill Jones alone has gotten him over five hundred, and the total number must be above fifteen thousand by this time. When he comes and learns of this and the many other things the people of this place have done for him it will not be necessary for any one to tell him that he is welcome home, that he has been a hero, and all that sort of thing. Every man and woman who has served this nation honorably during this war and returns to Mayville is going to find a job awaiting him. It's not going to be any sort of a job, either, but it's going to be a job that the man or woman can do and take some pleasure in doing.

The committee has fully decided that there shall be no speeches, but the committee has also decided that every deserving soldier shall have from one to three hundred dollars placed to his credit, to be used for his self-improvement according to a few general and simple rules that have been made."

"When I spoke last night," said Bergson, "I thought I understood this community, and it seemed to me marvelous. Now I find that I had but a poor conception of Mayville's life and, what seemed strange, incomprehensible then, now seems only natural and practical. It can be duplicated wherever there is intelligence with right ideals to direct it. Of course, it cannot be done in a year, or ten years, or even in a single generation. Dr. Holmes was right when he said that a man's education ought to begin with his grandparents."

"Yes, I know," said Fred, "but every success makes the next one easier and shortens the period of evolution, which is passing into the conscious stage where progress will be much more rapid. It is surprising how quickly new families coming into the community adapt themselves to their new environment. We probably get an exceptionally good class of people as you will agree when I tell you that there has not been a single arrest during the past three years. That bright young woman whose teaching you admired so much this afternoon came to Mayville a year ago and at the end of the year she was offered the principalship of a good high school

up state at a salary larger than we could afford to pay her as a high-school teacher, but she turned it down without a moment's hesitation because she has come to realize that the joy of living does not depend on the amount of money you get."

"This morning when I was talking with Harriet," said Bergson, "I thought what a pity it would be that such a brilliant young woman should always live in this little village, but I am almost persuaded to tell her in the morning that it would be a pity that she should live in any other atmosphere."

"No matter where Harriet may live she will always breathe the Mayville atmosphere and have such neighbors as she has here. I don't mean neighbors in the geographical sense, of course, for a person living a thousand miles away may be much more a real neighbor than a person living in the same building with you. Harriet is working on some plans of her own and she will be of service in the world and so will live a happy life. If you had not already become convinced of her ability and promise I wouldn't refer to these matters, but your interest in her and your friendship would not be justified if I were not frank with you."

After telling Bergson of some of the general features of Harriet's plans, Fred went on to say:

"Some day I'm going to tell the story of Harriet and one of the most interesting chapters will be her love and probable marriage, but the time hasn't yet come for that. I have always felt that there

could never be a love story as beautiful as the one Jane and I lived and I shall never be able to feel differently, but Harriet's love affair does appeal to me strongly, especially to my intellect. You shall be one of the first to know its history."

The two friends had been so absorbed in their conversation that they had not noticed the passing of time. The clock suddenly struck the midnight hour just as there was a pause in their discussion and they decided to retire at once. Bergson lay awake for an hour or more after going to bed. He was thinking, crystallizing his experiences of the past two days, and the central thought ran something like this:

"For two generations and more the people of Mayville have been building substantial social roads converging toward the Rome of their hope. Those roads are so well established and so well fortified that nothing short of revolution could capture them and destroy their Rome. Abundance of life, physical and spiritual, is the boundless wealth they have accumulated and they will fight for those precious riches with a valor and loyalty that will be almost invincible.

"And, likewise, for two generations and more the people's representatives in their government have been building substantial roads converging toward the Rome of their hope also. Those roads are so well established and so well fortified that nothing short of a complete social revolution can capture those

roads, and destroy that Rome. Unlimited gold stocks and bonds and slush funds, make up the boundless wealth these forces have accumulated, and they are prepared to hire vast armies to protect those precious riches.

"These two Romes cannot live side by side. There must be a decline and fall of one or the other. I ask but a few years more in the service of my country, but whether that be vouchsafed me or not no one can ever again doubt whether John Bergson is, or is not, a free man."

When Bergson had retired Fred seated himself before the hearth fire instead of going directly to bed. His thought, too, had been crystallizing for weeks and now took definite form:

"In the weeks past, gloom and black night encompassed me. I saw, not Jane, as I thought, but only the hellish demons that had taken her from me. My eyes were turned toward the past and I was retracing the steps of progress back toward life's primeval state. I was descending from the lofty life of Jane back into the jungle where, sooner or later, I would have met and been devoured by those beasts of prey, envy, hatred, and greed. How could I have been so blind, so selfish? Beautiful, beautiful Jane. The boundless wealth of your life must be put to use. However lavishly it is spent, the supply cannot be exhausted. Never again shall there be doubt whether or not Fred Nelson is a free man."

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